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MEMORIALS OF THE SEA.

MEMORIALS OF THE SEA.

MEMORIALS OF THE SEA.

BY THE

REV. WILLIAM SCORESBY, B. D.

INCUMBENT OF BEDFORD EPISCOPAL CHAPEL, EXETER;
FELLOW OF THE ROYAL SOCIETIES OF LONDON AND EDINBURGH;
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"The Works of the LORD are great, sought out of all them that have pleasure therein."—*Psalm* cxi. 2.

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TO THE VENERABLE

THE ARCHDEACON WRANGHAM, M.A., F.R.S.,

AS A SMALL TOKEN OF RESPECT AND AFFECTION,

THESE MEMORIALS OF THE SEA,

ARE INSCRIBED

BY HIS FAITHFUL AND OBLIGED FRIEND,

THE AUTHOR.

CONTENTS.

MEMORIALS OF THE SEA.

Memorial I.

Sabbaths in the Arctic Regions.

PAGE

Chapter I.—General Testimonies of Nature and Providence to the Divine Institution and Perpetuity of the Sabbath 3

Sec. 1. Introduction 3

2. The Testimony borne to the Law of the Sabbath, by its influence on the physical condition of Nature 7

3. The Testimony to the Law of the Sabbath, from its influence on the moral condition of Man .. 11

4. The Testimony of Providence as to a Curse on Sabbath Desecration 18

5. The Testimony of Providence as to a Blessing on the Conscientious Observance of the Sabbath .. 22

PAGE

CHAPTER II.—SPECIAL TESTIMONIES OF PROVIDENCE ON TEMPORAL PROSPERITY, TO SABBATH OBSERVANCES IN THE ARCTIC REGIONS 28

SEC. 1. Preliminary Observations 28

2. Indications of a Providential Blessing, in connection with Sabbath Forbearance, in the Fishery of 1820 35

3. Capture of a Whale of uncommon size, after a peculiar exercise of self-denial, in honour of the Sabbath, on the preceding day 45

4. Remarkable Indications of a Providential Blessing in the Fishery of 1823 51

5. Trying Case of Forbearance in the Fishery of 1823, followed by the usual Testimony 58

6. Indications of a Providential Rebuke for Sabbath Violation 62

7. General Results of the foregoing Testimonies .. 71

CHAPTER III.—SPECIAL TESTIMONIES OF PROVIDENCE TO THE SABBATH, AS INDICATED BY STRIKING DELIVERANCES FROM PERILOUS SITUATIONS 76

SEC. 1. Preliminary Observations 76

2. Record of a happy Deliverance from a perilous situation in the Arctic Seas, at the conclusion of the Sabbath 77

3. Providential Manifestations, in connection with Sabbath-day duties, experienced in a striking deliverance from a most dangerous entanglement among the Arctic ices 92

CHAPTER IV.—GENERAL RESULTS OF THE TESTIMONIES OF NATURE AND PROVIDENCE TO THE SABBATH, WITH A PLEA FOR ITS OBSERVANCE 122

MEMORIAL II.

Loss of the Esk, Whaler.

CHAPTER I.—PRELIMINARY HISTORY AND REMARKS .. 137

PAGE
CHAPTER II.—NARRATIVE OF THE SHIPWRECK.. .. 146
III.—OBSERVATIONS ON THE LOSS OF THE ESK, AND A COMPANION WHALER; WITH CONCLUDING REFLECTIONS 163

MEMORIAL III.

A Glance at Iceland.

A GLANCE AT ICELAND 185

MEMORIAL IV.

The Mary Russell.

CHAPTER I.—NARRATIVE OF THE VOYAGE OF THE BRIG MARY RUSSELL ON THE HOMEWARD PASSAGE FROM BARBADOES TO CORK; WITH THE TRAGICAL PROCEEDINGS THEREON 211

SEC. 1. Introductory Remarks 211

2. Preparations for, and progress on, the homeward Voyage: Captain's suspicions of an intended Mutiny 215

3. Precautions of the Captain for self-preservation,—Chief-Officer put under restraint—successful device for securing the majority of the Crew .. 223

4. Adventure in subduing the remainder of the Men, with measures adopted for the effectual security of the Cabin Prisoners 236

5. Extraordinary conflict betwixt the Captain and the seaman Howes 247

6. Tragical issue with the Cabin Prisoners 257

7. Conclusion of the calamitous Voyage 272

CHAPTER II.—INVESTIGATIONS, PERSONAL AND LEGAL, OF THE CASE OF CAPTAIN STEWART 290

PAGE

Sec. 1. Personal examination of the Mary Russell, and of the Survivors of her Crew 290

2. Coroner's Inquest 298

3. Personal interviews with Captain Stewart, and further investigations concerning the lamentable transactions on board the Mary Russell .. 303

4. Arraignment and Trial of Captain Stewart .. 311

Chapter III.—Captain Stewart's Change of Mind, and subsequent Condition 321

Sec. 1. Cautionary Reflections 321

2. Communications with Captain Stewart, exhibiting the change in his condition of mind 326

3. Further Communications, personally and by correspondence, with Captain Stewart, after a relapse of his former Disorder 338

Chapter IV.—Reflections and Observations on the Memorial of the Mary Russell 353

Sec. 1. On the Nature and Discrimination of Providential Guidance 353

2. On the Mystery of Providence in the awful Transactions described in this Memorial 359

3. On the Responsibility of Maniacs 370

Memorial V.

The Hurricane.

The Hurricane 381

MEMORIALS OF THE SEA.

Sabbaths in the Arctic Regions;

OR

TESTIMONIES OF NATURE AND PROVIDENCE TO THE DIVINE INSTITUTION AND PERPETUITY OF THE SABBATH.

SABBATHS IN THE ARCTIC REGIONS.

"The Sabbath was made for Man."—Mark ii. 27.

Chapter I.

General testimonies of nature and providence to the divine institution and perpetuity of the Sabbath.

Section I.—*Introduction.*

Though the institution of the Sabbath is found recorded in the fore-front of the appointments of God, embodied among the ten precepts of the moral law, and repeatedly enforced by Moses and the Prophets; yet its perpetuity of obligation, is, with many persons amongst us, unhappily questioned. Whilst the nine other commandments of the Almighty are acknowledged to be of universal authority—as constituting the plain and undisputed rule of man's obedience—this one, though given before any of the associated words, is now strangely held by some professing Christians, as an appointment binding

only upon the Jews, but not upon them! And although our Lord, as himself declared, came not to destroy the law or the prophets, but to fulfil; whilst he denounced those 'who should break one of the least commandments, and teach men so,'—yet this command, thus generally confirmed and guarded, is daringly asserted to be now annulled!

But it comports not with the object of this publication to controvert the question after the laborious and learned methods in which, in modern times, it has been taken up, and, in different instances, we regret to add, most perniciously pursued. For the obvious tendency and observable effects of the specious arguments of Dr. Paley, and his too numerous followers on this subject, may be perceived to be, not only to undermine and break down the authority of the fourth commandment, but to justify and encourage that lamentable desecration of the Lord's day so greatly and injuriously prevalent throughout the land. Considering the subtle and far-fetched reasonings of some of the impugners of the perpetuity of the Sabbath,—the masculine efforts of others in explaining away the common sense of the word of God, or in confounding the natural understanding of man,—one cannot but lament such prostitutions of learning as have too often produced an undue prejudice on the minds

of sincere Christians, against those high attainments and superior powers of intellect which, when strictly directed to God's glory, stand forth as the most noble endowments of our species. Were such the necessary tendencies of superior attainments—though, happy are we in the knowledge of very numerous and distinguished examples to the contrary—then, indeed, one might envy rather the faculties of a little child, or be willing to "become a fool," so as to "be wise" in the comprehension of the word of God in its simplicity and truth.

According to the simple tenor of the sacred Scriptures, if left unperplexed by the perversion of learning, and unprejudiced by human dogmas, the command assuredly remains with us of unabated obligation, to "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy." But it is not merely an obligation; it is an appointment full of wisdom and mercy. Mankind, in their natural blindness and ignorance, are apt to suppose, that any of the commands of God, which present a bar to their carnal desires or unhallowed pleasures, are at once grievous and unnecessary; and are, therefore, disposed to deal with them, even by the most monstrous reasonings or subtleties, so that their consciences may find quiet in the imagined abrogation, or mitigation of strictness, of the ungenial precept. But in our consideration

of the Divine government, it is most important to be borne in mind, that God neither appoints any observance, nor gives any command, without a special object. He lays no arbitrary demands upon his people; he denies them no real blessing which they are in a condition to receive; he vexes them by no useless burden, nor unnecessary restriction; but he requires them to keep his commandments and statutes *for their good.* And this is one of his blessed statutes, involving most essentially the good of mankind—"Keep my Sabbaths: I am the Lord your God."

On this ground even, the seeking of good,—greatly inferior though it be as a motive of obedience, to that of a sense of obligation due to the command of the great God,—we may obtain a very powerful, and, we trust, a persuasive plea, for the consecration of a seventh part of our time, as a sabbath, *that it may be well with us, and that a blessing may rest upon the land in which we dwell.* In evidence of these effects being really derivable from a reverent observance of the sacred day of the Lord, it is only necessary, with a mind spiritually enlightened, to mark the frequent, and ofttimes manifest providential attestations which are occurring around us. For God doth bear continual witness to His own appointment, that the Sabbath is no peculiar law for the government of a peculiar people, but part and parcel of

the constitution of nature, and of the order of Providence. And nature itself bears testimony that the Sabbath is an actual *law of Creation;* and if so, then must it be as perpetual in its obligation as the existence of nature in its general constitution.

Among the various arguments derivable from observation of nature and Providence, in relation to the law of the Sabbath, we may notice, briefly, the following:—the testimony borne to the law of the Sabbath by its influence on the physical condition of nature, and on the moral condition of man, with the testimony of Providence as to a curse on Sabbath desecration, and as to a blessing on its conscientious observance.

SECTION II.—*The testimony borne to the Law of the Sabbath, by its influence on the physical condition of nature.*

In the fruitfulness of the soil of the ground, and in the physical vigour of both the lower animals and man, we find the most manifest and beneficial influence from particular periods of rest, alternating with longer periods of labour.

For the refreshment and invigoration *of the earth*, periodical fallows are not only useful, but, if we would expect to elicit the best condition of fertility, essential. Of this experimental fact, the

most eminent and intelligent agriculturists give the appropriate testimony, that where the practice of fallows prevails, "the farmer's produce and profits are found to be far superior to where fallows are omitted." And why? Because the constitution of the earth was made subject to the law thus experimentally elicited, being designed for a periodical portion of rest; and this portion was strictly defined when Jehovah issued the decree to Israel,—"Six years thou shalt sow thy land, and shall gather in the fruits thereof; but the seventh year thou shalt let it rest and lie still."

In regard to the physical condition of the *animals* employed in domestic labour, experience bears witness to a similar law, requiring for their health and strength the rest of a Sabbath. "Take," for example, "that fine animal, the *horse*, and work him to the full extent of his powers every day in the week, or give him rest one day in seven, and it will soon be perceived by the superior vigour with which he performs his functions on the other six days, that this rest is necessary to his well being." Of this corroborative fact, the experience and observation of one of the most successful coach-proprietors in the kingdom, afford very striking evidence. Speaking with him on the management of his well regulated business, he made this remark in respect to the number and period of employment

of his horses,—that he found it requisite to have a spare horse in every six, not only for supplying the place of any that might be sick, but, chiefly, for giving each horse a day's rest once every week! For he found, he added, 'that when the horses were worked continually, though employed only for an hour's stage to and fro daily, they were rapidly worn out; it was but economy, therefore, in horses, to give them a weekly rest!'

In the effect of continuous labour on the physical condition *of man*, the existence of the same law is clearly observable. The frame of the labourer who is without his sabbath of rest, either breaks down through the pressure of his unceasing toil, or sinks into premature decay; whilst the man of study, who applies closely every day of the week in continuance, discovers, sooner or later, by painful experience, that his laborious diligence has been but improvident draughts upon the resources of nature. Of this latter effect of continuous efforts of mind, we have numerous and obvious examples among the learned professions. 'The premature death of medical men from continued exertion, especially in warm climates and in active service, has been frequently observed; and among the more active of the Clergy, who have neglected the substitution of another day of rest in compensation for

the sabbath, many have been seen to be destroyed by their duties on that day.' And it has been shown by some of the most eminent among Christian physicians, that, in a medical sense, as well as in a religious, the Sabbath, as a day of rest, is a most beneficial institution. It is held "as a day of compensation for the inadequate restorative power of the body under continued labour and excitement." And its rest, physiologically considered, has a "sustaining, repairing, and healing power."* The working of Providence, in respect to our bodily frame, therefore, attests to the present day, the declaration of our Lord, that "the Sabbath was made for man." It further attests, that the Sabbath is not an arbitrary institution, nor a mere judicial regulation, nor a ceremonial observance designed for the Jews only, but an "appointment necessary to man."

Thus, it appears, that Nature, in its physical constitution, bears a special and multifarious testimony to the perpetuity of obligation, and beneficence of character of the divine injunction,—"Six days thou shalt do thy work, and on the seventh day thou shalt rest; that thine ox and thine ass may rest, and the son of thy handmaid, and the stranger may be refreshed."

* This observation, with some other quotations in this Section, is derived from the very intelligent evidence of Dr. Farre, before the Select Committee of the House of Commons on the observance of the Lord's Day.

SECTION III.—*The Testimony to the Law of the Sabbath, from its influence on the moral condition of man.*

In this have we another description of perpetually recurring testimony to the law of the Sabbath. For both observation and experience yield the most marked indications of the existence of an inseparable relation betwixt the due regard of the Sabbath, and the *moral* condition of mankind. Hence are there but few particulars in the practice of a Christian, which more strikingly indicate the personal acquirement of real religion than the habitual conscientious observance of the Sabbath. And as with individuals, so with nations, the manner in which this divinely appointed day is kept, is found to afford a fair comparative estimate of national piety. That such, indeed, must have been the case, from the earliest ages of the world, we may infer from this declaration of Jehovah himself—"Hallow my Sabbaths, and they shall be a SIGN between me and you, that you may know that I am the Lord your God." If this, then, was an appointed sign in ancient times, betwixt Israel and Jehovah, the analogy of our mutual faith would itself indicate, that the Lord's day with us, must continue to be also a sign between the Gentile believer and his God—between the Christian and his

Saviour.* And the closest observation and experience elicit the general proposition, that the sanctifying of the Sabbath may, in any country, or age of the world, be regarded as a spiritual barometer, exhibiting, by its fluctuations, and comparative height, the state of the moral atmosphere wherever it is observed.

Such, indeed, is the natural consequence of the Divine appointment of the Sabbath; for all the appointments of a God infinitely wise and good, must have a relation and tendency to good. Being originally designed, not only to commemorate a rest, but to be a sanctified rest from labour in order to personal and spiritual edification, the conscientious observance of it necessarily becomes a *sign*—a sign distinguishing "between him that serveth God, and him that serveth him not."

In truth, the present welfare and eternal happiness of man are most intimately and inseparably involved in the right improvement of God's holy day. Physically speaking, its observance, as we have shown, is necessary to the weal of the body; but religiously considered, it is still more essential to the welfare of the soul. Were men, then, as much in earnest about their immortal spirits, as

*As the discussion of the question of the Sabbath on the usual grounds, falls not within the intention of this publication, it is not requisite to go into the reason for the change of the day from the seventh to the first. It is sufficient for our object, and, I apprehend for all the purposes for which the Sabbath was designed, that one-seventh portion of our time be set apart for rest and spiritual improvement.

they are about the gratification or prosperity of their poor perishing bodies, how differently would that sacred day, expressly designed and wisely calculated for spiritual edification, be spent! We should not then see the great mass of the world working with unwearied diligence from day light till dusk for the perishing things of time, and stinting the labour for the soul, *if they labour at all*, to two or three meagre, listless hours of the Lord's day. We should not then find them strenuously contending for the abolition of the Sabbath, or denying its continued obligations, or questioning and rejecting its holy sanctions! We should not then hear so many complainings respecting the restraints of the Sabbath, nor find the continued adoption, in spirit and action at least, of the language of the prophet—"When will the new moon be gone, that we may sell corn? and the Sabbath, that we may set forth wheat?" We should not then see the sacred repose of the Sabbath converted into a rest of sloth and indolence; nor the observance which is a sign between God and his people, bearing the sign of the Prince of this world; nor the momentous occupations of the Sabbath pursued with careless indifference; nor the time due unto the Lord, and claimed by him as his own, stolen from Him to be given to business and self; nor the sacred hours of His holy day prostituted to

worldly indulgences or carnal enjoyments. No! were mankind in earnest about their moral weal, and religious advancement, as essential requisites for future glory, they would account the Sabbath a peculiar blessing; they would consider it as the day of their special happiness; they would improve it with lively diligence in seeking for spiritual gifts and graces; they would be most careful to "remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy."

Not only, however, doth the moral elevation of man hold an essential relation to a right improvement of the Sabbath; but his temporal happiness and welfare are found to be equally involved in a due regard to this divine appointment, yea to call for its *strictest* observance.

It is a popular objection to a strict keeping of the Sabbath, that it deprives the poor labourer, borne down by six day's severe toil, of his only opportunity for necessary recreation for the good of his health. But we have a two-fold answer, derived from general experience, to this popular reasoning. The first is, the simple fact, that the pious poor, who conscientiously and strictly regard the Sabbath, are not less healthy or less happy, but as a body much more so, than those who take the free and unrestricted use of Sabbath day recreation. And the next answer is the notorious truth, that the Sabbath recreations of the labouring classes

are, in the great majority of instances, at once subversive of happiness, and prejudicial to health. For their prevalent infringement of the sanctity of the Sabbath is found by experience to generate more intemperance, sensuality, and lewdness, than mere recreative indulgence on any other equal portion of the week.* And in Roman Catholic Countries where the Sabbath, as to its greater portion, is professedly given up to purposes of recreation, it is found to be the day which largely exceeds all the rest in the practice of immorality and vice, instead of being improved, as it is designed, for "the promotion of true religion and virtue." And if we might take Paris, when Catholicism was most predominant, as an example, the result of actual investigation was this—that there was decidedly more gambling on the Lord's day than on any other day of the seven, with good grounds for believing, that there was more dissipation, and sensuality, and sinful indulgence, on that fearfully profaned day, than in all the remainder of the week together!

The testimony to the law of the Sabbath, from its influence on the moral condition of men, as elicited in the evidence given before the "Select Committee of the House of Commons on the

* The evidence before the Select Committee of the House of Commons, on the due observance of the Lord's day—especially that in reference to steam-boats and tea-gardens—affords many corroborations of these statements.

observance of the Lord's day," is so decisive in its character, that I conceive it advantageous to give here a few extracts in support of the foregoing observations.

Mr. Wontner, the keeper of Newgate, stated, that "he had heard many prisoners express their regret that their crimes had originated with a breach of the Sabbath;" that "he had known them caution their relatives and friends to observe the Sabbath, tracing their own crimes to their non-observance or breach of the Sabbath;" and that "nine-tenths of the prisoners coming under his care did not value the Sabbath, or were not in the habit of attending a place of worship."

Mr. Benjamin Baker, who had been in the habit of visiting the prisoners in Newgate for the last twenty years, stated that "he had almost universally found the prisoners who became impressed with a sense of their unhappy condition, lamenting their neglect of the duties of the Sabbath;" that they almost universally considered Sabbath-breaking as the leading cause of their transgressions; and "that the deviation from the Sabbath led them on, step by step, into that degree of crime which had brought them" to their lamentable condition. Mr. Baker had attended the execution of not less than 350 criminals, "and nine out of ten," said he, "have dated the principal part of their departure from

God to the neglect of the Sabbath; that," he added, "has certainly been the case!"

The Rev. David Ruell, Chaplain of the New Prison, Clerkenwell, stated, that 100,000 prisoners, at the lowest calculation, had passed under his care; "that he had had many opportunities of learning from the prisoners themselves the courses which had led them into crime, and generally found that the neglect or gross violation of the Sabbath was one;" that "he had in many cases heard prisoners regret that they had been so regardless of the Lord's day;" and, in reference to the method of Sabbath violation he stated his impression that "by far the greater number desecrate the sacred day *from taking their own pleasure.*" As to the inseparableness of crime and Sabbath-breaking, he said, "I do not recollect a single case of capital offence where the party has not been a Sabbath-breaker, and in many cases they have assured me that Sabbath-breaking was the first step in the course of crime!" To the question, "Have confessions to that effect been frequent?" he answered,—"Frequently have they acknowledged it, and in some cases they have requested me to warn others against it from their example. Indeed I may say in reference to prisoners of all classes, that in nineteen cases out of twenty, they are persons who have not only neglected the Sabbath, but all other ordinances of

religion. So powerfully is my mind impressed with the subject, that I cannot forbear adding my conviction that Sabbath-breaking is not only a great national evil, but a fruitful source of immorality among all classes, and pre-eminently of profligacy and crime among the lower orders."

Section IV.—*The Testimony of Providence as to a Curse on Sabbath Desecration.*

In manifold respects the course of an unerring Providence bears continual witness to the truths, that there is a *blessing* on conscientious Sabbath observance, a *curse* on its violation. Of this latter truth the voluntary account of thousands of suffering transgressors, and the dying words of many criminals, afford, as we have seen, striking and convincing evidence. Numbers of miserable creatures who have paid the forfeiture of their lives for their manifold crimes, have been constrained to confess, that the vicious practices, which brought them to ruin and to the gallows, commenced, and were fostered, by their neglect or abuse of the Sabbath. Nor are we without manifold warnings of other kinds, crying to us as a voice from Heaven,—"What evil thing is this that ye do, and profane the Sabbath day?" —"Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy;" whilst the warnings, we may perceive, seem to

realize the fulfilment of the solemn language of the Psalmist, where he says—"It is time for Thee, Lord, to work: for they have made void thy law." The curse, indeed, on the violation of the Sabbath, may be discovered in all its modes. If we calculate the number of lives which have been lost among persons seeking their pleasure on the Lord's day—among those who have been lost in sailing-boats, or have been maimed or killed in coaches and other conveyances—among those who have been drowned whilst skating, or otherwise amusing themselves on the ice,—a proportion, I believe, much greater than arithmetically due to a single day, will be found to have met their death whilst pursuing their unhallowed pleasures on the Sabbath.

A very remarkable testimony was given under the Levitical dispensation, of Providential judgment, in the seventy years captivity of the Jews, for the violation of the Sabbath. What portion of guilt in this matter related to the desecration of the hebdomadal Sabbath we are not informed; but the chastisement referred to is connected, in the Scriptures, with the neglect of the septennial repose of the ground. It had been commanded the Israelites as a nation, to give 'the seventh year of their land a Sabbath of rest unto the Lord;' but, in case they should transgress, and walk contrary to their God, it was judicially

declared that they should be scattered among the heathen for their chastisement; and "then," it was added, "shall the land enjoy her Sabbaths as long as it lieth desolate and ye be in your enemies' land; even then shall the land rest, and enjoy her Sabbaths. As long as it lieth desolate it shall rest, because it did not rest in your Sabbaths, when ye dwelt upon it."

Notwithstanding this special warning which had been put upon record by Moses in the book of Leviticus, [ch. xxvi. 34-35.] Israel did defraud the land of its Sabbaths, and the poor of its spontaneous produce. Then was the sure judgment fulfilled to the very letter; for the Jews were carried away captive into Babylon, because of their transgressions, "until the land," as it is strikingly written, "had enjoyed her Sabbaths; for as long as she lay desolate she kept Sabbath, to fulfil three score and ten years." [II. Chronicles xxxvi. 21.] And this, probably, was the very amount of time of which her fields had been defrauded of their portion of rest.

If such, then, was the visitation of the Jews for their violation of a judicial precept of the Sabbatical Institution; it would be prudent in those who are in the habit of offending 'after the similitude of their transgression,' through the neglect of the permanently authoritative weekly Sabbath, to consider, whether they like-

wise, in their temporal weal, will not be made to pay the penalty? Would to God that the great multitude of persons of all grades and professions, who violate, for purposes of emolument or pleasure, the sanctity of the Lord's Day,—the Christian's Sabbath—would carefully weigh the consequences, and they would probably find that their expected gains were in reality loss, and their supposed enjoyments unreal; whilst for these they brave the wrath of God and bring down a curse on their pleasures and on the work of their hands! For however little the great mass of the world may think of the sin of violating the Sabbath, and however venial Sunday trading or pleasuring may be considered among men, there is good reason for believing that our eternal happiness is as much perilled by the wilful, habitual desecration of the Sabbath, as by the transgression of some of the commands of highest acknowledged importance in the decalogue. And if, as some imagine, the Sabbath may be neglected or broken without the charge, before God, of sin, then could we bring forward the strongest reasons for the repugnant and dangerous conclusion, that idolatry and blasphemy, theft, and adultery—the laws against which have no higher authority—may be committed without sin!

Section V.—*The Testimony of Providence as to a Blessing on the Conscientious Observance of the Sabbath.*

Having touched upon the experimental manifestations of evil to man, both physically and morally, as well as in regard to his temporal happiness and prosperity, from Sabbath desecration; we now proceed more particularly to remark upon the special acknowledgments of Providence, in accordance with the promises of Scripture, of a *blessing* on the reverential and scriptural observance of the sacred day of the Lord. For thus the word of Jehovah declares, "blessed is the man that keepeth the Sabbath from polluting it, and keepeth his hand from doing any evil." And thus also is it graciously promised, in the lviiith of Isaiah,—"If thou turn away thy foot from the Sabbath, from doing thy pleasure on my holy day; and call the Sabbath a delight, the holy of the Lord, honourable; and shalt honour him, *not doing thine own ways, nor finding thine own pleasure, nor speaking thine own words;* then shalt thou delight thyself in the Lord; and I will cause thee to ride upon the high places of the earth, and feed thee with the heritage of Jacob thy father: for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it."

Such then are the assured blessings attached

to a conscientious and sanctified observance of the Sabbath,—delight in the Lord,—temporal dignity or respect,—and temporal prosperity or sufficiency of sustenance; and, behold, how strong the assurance on which these blessings rest,—"the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it!"

And that such blessings, either wholly or in part, in a greater or less degree, are actually bestowed upon those who keep the Sabbath from polluting it, and remember it to keep it holy, the experience of all good men, who have been enabled to make the experiment, abundantly proves. Such, for example, was the oft-recited experience of the celebrated Lord Chief Justice Hale, who has publicly testified the singular comfort and advantage which he derived from the due observance of the Sabbath. "I have found," says he, "by a strict and diligent observation, that a due attention to the duty of this day, hath ever had joined to it, a blessing upon the rest of my time: and the week that hath been so begun, hath been blessed and prospered to me; and, on the other side, when I have been negligent of the duties of this day, the rest of the week hath been unsuccessful and unhappy to my secular employments; so that I could easily make an estimate of my successes in my own secular employments of the week following, by the manner of my passing of this day: and *this I do not write lightly*

or inconsiderately; but upon a long and sound observation and experience."*

Now if such an effect was found to be produced on worldly comfort and prosperity, by the mere variations of manner and strictness in the Sabbath day observances of a Christian, how much greater must be the influence where the Sabbath is entirely disregarded or openly desecrated? If there was a constant observable difference in the worldly prosperity of a religious man, according as the duties of the Sabbath were piously or carelessly performed, how much greater a difference, in all reasonable analogy, must there be, between the habitual breaking of the Sabbath or keeping it holy. But the proof of this will always be more convincing to the person making trial of the measure, than it can possibly be made unto others. For as to the experimental proof, my firm persuasion is, that any one who from proper motives gives up his usual Sabbath-day pleasuring or trading, and sacrifices his supposed Sabbath-day enjoyments and gains, will find by his own experience the *sign* which God hath appointed and promised—a blessing so manifest, either in body or soul, that his own convictions will constrain him to confess, that the Lord God omnipotent reigneth! He will experience an internal evidence of the obligation of

* Hale's "Contemplations, Moral and Divine," p. 260.

the commands of God, and of the acknowledgment given to him that conscientiously follows them as his rule of life, which shall speak more powerfully to his heart on the benefit and authority of the religion of the Bible, than the most unanswerable verbal arguments. And this, perhaps, may be one description of the manifestation, attendant on obedience and love, spoken of by our Saviour when he said—"He that hath my commandments and keepeth them, he it is that loveth me: and he that loveth me shall be loved of my Father, and I will love him, *and will manifest myself to him.*"

The blessing from God on those who sanctify the Sabbath, and his curse against others who openly desecrate it, are often made so obvious, even to worldly or irreligious men, that they are constrained to observe and avow that the results are Providential.

Speaking with an intelligent and observant Captain of a merchant vessel, on the subject of Sabbath abuses among seamen, he made the following judicious remarks as the result of his own experience;—'His firm conviction,' he said, 'was this, that the work done on the Lord's day never prospered. He had seen vessels in the West Indies engaged in taking in their cargoes on Sundays, the same as on other days, the

owners paying the present penalty of double wages to the labourers; he had noticed many ship's companies habitually employed in various duties expressly arranged for their occupation on that sacred day; he had witnessed ships in the timber trade taking in their cargoes, and making the Sunday a time of common labour, with a view of hastening the voyage; but he never observed, and he had paid great attention to the result, that any of them were the gainers by the efforts they made. On the other hand, he had observed different cases, (though he could not, in Christian charity, ascribe them to the Divine judgment) in which accidents and stranding had befallen several of the vessels in which the unhallowed efforts had been made for hastening their voyage, and thus entirely defeated the contemplated object.' Let the sea-faring reader calmly consider whether these important deductions of an intelligent observer may not be founded in truth? Let him reflect, since they are in accordance with the Word of God, whether they are not more than probabilities, yea, important certainties?

An extensive proprietor of steam-vessels, a man of sound understanding and acute observation, expressed, in my hearing, very similar sentiments as the result of his experience. 'The Company,' he said, 'with which he was associated, (being one of the most extensive and best

regulated Companies in the kingdom) did no voluntary business whatever on the Sunday; they sailed none of their vessels on that day, except when any happened to be out of course, and then, being obliged to despatch a steamer for preserving the periods of sailing, no profit was made of the passage, for the vessel was sent away empty.' The result of experience in this laudable practice was most satisfactory; 'they found no particular inconvenience, and they were not aware of any loss being sustained by the observance of the Sabbath!'

These examples of this kind of evidence, out of a great body of corresponding statements, may suffice; for the quantity of corroborative experience among those whose endeavour it is to "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy" is, in reality, inexhaustible.

Chapter II.

Special Testimonies of Providence on Temporal Prosperity, to Sabbath Observances in the Arctic Regions.

Section I.—*Preliminary Observations.*

That "the works of the Lord," as well in Providence as in Creation, "are great," as "sought out of all them that have pleasure therein," is a *general* scriptural truth. It is a truth, however, which obtains more peculiar manifestations with those who "go down to the sea in ships, that do business in great waters;" for these see, most strikingly, "the works of the Lord, and his wonders in the deep." If, then, the observableness of the actings of a special Providence—as exhibited in the foregoing chapter, in the general testimonies in regard to the Sabbath,—have yielded any measure of conviction to the mind of the serious and candid enquirer; a still more powerful impression might reasonably be expected from particular manifestations of similar providences

observed by those engaged in the adventures of a sea-faring life. The opportunity of seeing "the finger of God" under these very circumstances, and of witnessing such striking testimonies of Providence to the Sabbath as carried conviction to the minds of hundreds of impartial observers, having been my personal and repeated privilege, I am induced to put some of the more remarkable cases on record, with the prayerful hope, that, under the Divine blessing, the edifying impression which was produced on those around me, may be extended likewise to others.

The cases to which I allude occurred in the Greenland whale-fishery,—a service peculiarly calculated, from its difficulty, uncertainty, and hazardous nature, to yield perpetual evidences of Providential interferences. For the observation of such interferences I had ample opportunities, having for twenty-one years been personally engaged in this adventurous occupation, in twelve of which I held the chief command. It was, however, in the last four voyages, wherein my personal interest in the fishing, from holding a considerable share in the concern, was the greatest, that the Providential testimonies to Sabbath observance were the most striking; and in these latter years the incidents here related chiefly occurred. During this period, the pecuniary interest to myself alone, in the

capture of a large whale, was not unfrequently near £300, whilst a single day's successful fishing might afford a personal advantage, as in one instance or more it did, of upwards of £800. Consequently every motive of self-interest was in favour of unceasing exertions, during the whole seven days of the week, for promoting the success of our undertaking. The practice, moreover, among the northern whalers, at that time, was almost universal,—with the exception of one revered individual now no more, and occasionally, perhaps, of another honourable example of forbearance,—to pursue the fishery equally on the Lord's day, as at any other time, whenever whales were astir. Works connected with the fishery, indeed, but considered of less importance, were, for the most part, suspended, in honour of the Sabbath; but the capture of whales, if opportunity offered, was considered as such a kind of necessity, as to justify that departure from the ordinary rest of the day. For it was argued, and that with reason, that the whales which were seen on the Sabbath might not remain till another day; and, therefore, it was inferred, though by no means with the same strictness of truth, that it was a *necessary duty* to pursue the objects of the fishery whenever they were within reach.

Through the goodness of God, however, I felt

the line of duty to be otherwise. The strict command concerning the Sabbath, rendered, in my apprehension, the duty imperative,—*to refrain from labouring in a worldly calling for worldly advantage on that holy day;* and this, for several of the most recent voyages in which I was engaged, became our undeviating rule of conduct. And here, it is but justice to those who were latterly united with me in the adventure,—Messrs. Hurry and Gibson, of Liverpool,—to mention, that they, with other partners in the concern, most fully accorded, and on the same principle of reverence to the Divine command as myself, in the practice I had adopted,—having given, indeed, to another of their Captains, engaged in the same pursuit, very strict directions to sanctify the Sabbath as a day of holy rest. And not these gentlemen only, but others with whom I was previously engaged —Messrs. Fishburn and Brodrick, who were the sole owners of the ship Esk, which I commanded out of the port of Whitby,—most cheerfully acceded to the plan, leaving me fully at liberty to deviate from the usual practice in order to sanctify the Lord's day.

Before proceeding to state the result of this practice, I would earnestly solicit the kind indulgence of the reader for speaking so much of myself. The necessity, indeed, of doing this, if I became the narrator of circumstances arising out

of my own conduct, made me for some time hesitate as to the propriety of publishing these personal experiences of the testimonies of Providence to Sabbath observances. But as these testimonies, which could not else be known, might serve as encouragements to others to refrain from Sabbath desecration, when urged to it by the apparent necessities of important worldly interests, the hope of usefulness seemed to justify their being thus recorded.

Another circumstance connected with these personal records, calling perhaps for still more indulgence, is the apparent ostentation of putting forth the details of cases of peculiar self-denial, or of marked reverence for the Lord's day, beyond the general practice of those engaged in the same occupation. But here would I most solemnly disclaim any title to, or assumption of, personal praise. On the contrary, rather, from a heart-felt consciousness of prevailing imperfection, would I adopt the words of our Lord and say,—"we are unprofitable servants: we have done that which was our duty to do." And deeply humbled with a sense of personal short-comings in other things, and even in the practice of keeping the heart with all diligence, on the holy Sabbath,—I feel bound thus publicly to give the entire praise to God, in whatever, by His grace, I may have been

enabled to do or to suffer, to bear or to forbear, in respect to the authority of His holy law.

One other precautionary observation may here be called for, as a guard against the imputation of superstition or enthusiasm with which some of these incidents may possibly be charged by those who are not in the habit of observing the passing indications of "the finger of God." Our defence, as to this, is simple. If it be superstition to refer any special success vouchsafed to the work of our hands to the blessing of God, or if it be enthusiasm to expect such a blessing when in that very work we have humbly endeavoured, in dependence on Christ strengthening us, to fulfil the conditions to which a blessing is promised,—then must our every-day prayers, in which we ask for the divine help and furtherance, be only the ceremonials of superstition, and belief in the faithfulness of God to His promises, a mere enthusiasm. If, moreover, to hope for deliverance from peril, in answer to prayer, or for guidance in danger and difficulty, on asking it of God, were really enthusiasm,—then must the reception of the Scriptures, which both invite and admonish us to do so, with the belief in a special providence so perpetually taught therein, become a similar weakness, and the wonder-working power of faith a vain shadow! But, as the

word of truth is true, *there is a special providence* disposing, guiding, and controuling the affairs of this lower world, for "the Lord reigneth;" "he is a great King over all the earth." And that this government is not merely general, but particular, and special, we find among a variety of evidence, these statements, —that "man's goings are of the Lord;" that "the steps of a good man are ordered by the Lord;" yea, that whilst "a man's heart deviseth his way, the Lord directeth his steps." And such is the guidance and blessing on "every one that feareth the Lord, and walketh in his ways," that he has this assurance in scripture,—"thou shalt eat the labour of thine hands; happy shalt thou be, and it shall be well with thee."

Doubtless the grand endowments with which it pleases God to reward the poor and unworthy endeavours of his servants to honour Him and keep his laws, are spiritual blessings; and these, did we fully realise their unspeakable superiority over the mere transient enjoyments of time and sense, would be the objects of our special anxiety and desire;—nevertheless, it doth please the Almighty Giver of all good things to yield over and above, and in no mean degree, real and manifold temporal blessings to those who, on Gospel principles, and

in reliance only on the merits and righteousness of Christ for the acceptance, both of themselves and their poor performances, earnestly strive to walk "in all His ordinances and commands blameless." Hence, though the expectation of temporal benefits in recompense of obedience, were, as the motive to obedience, unworthy of the generous spirit of Christianity; yet is the doctrine unequivocally stated in the Scriptures, that, in keeping of the commandments of the Lord, there is, in every respect, "great reward;" and that "Godliness is profitable unto all things, having promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come."

That such a result was actually realized in my own humble endeavours to honour the Sabbath, and keep it holy, let facts speak.

SECTION II.—*Indications of a Providential Blessing, in connection with Sabbath forbearance, in the Fishery of* 1820.

Though, for several of the latter voyages which I undertook to the Arctic Seas, it had been our general rule and endeavour to refrain from fishing on the Sabbath; it was not until the year 1820, that I was enabled, undeviatingly, to carry the principle into effect. But in the voyage of that year, the principle of the sanctity

of the Sabbath was not violated, as far as I am aware, by any endeavour whatever to pursue the fishery on that sacred day. Several of the harpooners—whose interest in the success of the voyage was such, that even a single large whale being captured yielded to them an advantage of from £6. to £8. each—were, in the early part of the voyage, very much dissatisfied with the rule. They considered it a great hardship that, whilst other ships took advantage of the seven days of the week, for the furtherance of their fishing, they should be restricted to six. And as the obtaining of a full cargo was then the lot only of a very few, they reasoned that our chance of a prosperous voyage was but as six to seven, when compared with that of our competitors in the fishery. The chief officer, however, was frequently known to remark, that if we, under such disadvantages, should make a successful voyage, he should then believe there indeed was something like a blessing on the observance of the Sabbath.

The early and middle part of the fishery, in the voyage referred to, having proved very unproductive, our principles, towards the conclusion of the season were put to a severe test, when, for three successive Sundays, a considerable number of fine whales most invitingly appeared around us. But, notwithstanding the great temptation

to "hungry fishermen," we were enabled to persevere in our system of forbearance, and with such a result, that all on board, I believe, considered it as providential.

On the first occasion, during the night, in neglect or forgetfulness of the general order, a boat had been sent off in pursuit; but it was recalled when I arose, in regard to the Lord's day, and none afterwards permitted to be lowered, though an unusual number of fish, from time to time, were in view. The three or four following days were very unfavourable for our object, being foggy, and, for the most part, calm; but on the Wednesday, whilst the fog was yet exceedingly dense, a fine fish was struck in a crowded "patch of ice," and though its pursuers could have no other guides in the chase, but their mutual shouts, and the sound of the blowing of the distressed animal, yet the result, notwithstanding the difficulties in the way, was unexpectedly successful, and the prize secured.

The next Lord's day, though fish were astir, was a day of sanctified and happy repose. Early in the week, on the appearance of several whales, our efforts—put forth with augmented power, in consequence of the restraints of the Sabbath, and furthered, no doubt, by Him who hath promised his blessing to them who "call the Sabbath a delight, the holy of the Lord, honour-

able,"—were, under various anxious hazards, highly successful. Two large whales were taken on the Tuesday, and another on the Friday, yielding a produce of the value of about £1600.

Of the fishing of Tuesday—accomplished during a gale of wind, in thick weather, and among numerous large masses of very dangerous ice—the following particulars, supplied in some minor respects from a recollection of the circumstances, are derived from my Journal of the day. After a brief narrative of the proceedings in killing the two whales, and the difficulties and anxieties attendant on getting them secured to the ship, the Journal, in substance, thus proceeds:—Both the fish being secured, or at least taken in tow by stout hawsers, three of our boats were dispatched to a large "floe," where one of the whales had been harpooned, in order to save the lines which, to an unusual extent had been run out, (5760 yards in length) and, hanging only by a hummock of ice, had been, for the time, abandoned. Meanwhile, as the most feasible proceeding, the ship was allowed to drift to leeward, with the intention, if practicable, to moor to the leeside of the floe to which the lines were attached, that the boats might have some guide, should the dense fog continue, to their return. But the ice was so crowded, and the gale so strong, that, with

the encumbrance of two "heavy fish," the ship became almost unmanageable. In this state we fell in with a small floe under our lee —a sheet of heavy flat ice perhaps a quarter of a mile in diameter—from the danger presented by which, we had a narrow escape, having, with every exertion in the management of the sails, and the slacking away of the hawsers attached to the whales, only cleared the extreme point by about half the breadth of the ship. My anxiety at this moment was extreme. If, on the one hand, we made fast to any loose piece of ice, we should probably be driven away to a great distance from the boats, so as to endanger the safety of their crews; yet if, on the other hand, whilst contending to reach the large floe, we should unfortunately fall in with any compact body of ice to leeward, we might be so circumstanced, (not being able to see a hundred fathoms before us) as to be under the necessity of casting the fish adrift for the preservation of the ship. And in such an event we should be at once in danger of losing our valuable prizes, and of perilling the lives of our absent people. It was a situation in which a reliance on a gracious and special Providence, was peculiarly consoling and advantageous. For whilst looking most anxiously and prayerfully to Al-

mighty God for guidance in our manœuvres, and for wisdom to act in so critical a situation, we were most providentially directed to a clear edge of the very floe we were desirous of reaching, so as to have the opportunity of selecting a suitable spot for placing our ice anchor. To effect this, however, with a diminished crew, and during our rapid drift along the edge of the ice—to discover a position sufficiently to leeward for fixing an anchor, where the extent of vision was so exceedingly contracted—and to bring the sluggish and encumbered ship to the spot within the few moments which were allowed us for the various important preparations,—required, not only the utmost energies of which man was capable, but the special blessing of Almighty God to give his energies success. Whilst the topsails were kept shivering, in order to diminish as much as possible the leeward pressure of the wind, and to give time for what was essential to be done, a convenient place for mooring was sought out, and an ice anchor dexterously fixed; but with every effort and possible despatch the ship had fallen too far to leeward. In a moment the encumbering fish were cast adrift (the ends of the hawsers being dropped into a boat with a single hand to secure them) and, then, by the prompt

management of the sails we fetched just within range of the desired spot, and happily effected a mooring. Thus was the requisite blessing yielded.

The sailor, who, out of the dangers of a lee shore and overpowering gale, has ever found unexpected refuge in the commodious harbour, will enter into our feelings, when, having thus escaped the immediate hazards of the ice and the gale, we rejoiced and 'were glad because we were quiet, the Lord having brought us,' as it were, 'to our desired haven.' And he who has been accustomed to regard the hand of God in his own deliverances, will not hesitate to unite with the writer in the concluding expression, standing in the narrative of this day's proceedings,—" Thanks be to God for all His mercies !"

The ship being well secured to the floe, all the remaining boats were sent out to tow up the whales ; and, in the course of the next morning, the other boats, guided by the edge of the ice, returned, with all the lines and fishing tackle, in safety.

A day of sweet and welcome repose was the succeeding Sabbath. The gale had for some time subsided ; and now a genial and cloudless atmosphere cheered the spirits, whilst all nature sparkling under the sun's bright beams,

seemed to participate in the gladness. Several whales sported around us; but, as far as we were concerned, they were allowed a Sabbath-day's privilege to sport unmolested.

The men were now accustomed to look for a blessing on Sabbath observances. And within the succeeding week, even before we were in a comfortable situation for receiving further accessions to our now considerable cargo, the blessing was realized. We were employed in "making-off"—that is, packing the recently acquired blubber in casks for its preservation, when a fine stout whale rose close by the ship. As quickly as the lumbered state of the decks and disposition of the crew would permit, a boat was dropped to pursue it. Being a thick fog at the time, the boat was in a few moments out of sight. But before we had arranged for the dispatch of a companion for their assistance and security, the usual alarm of a successful pursuit,—"a fall! a fall!"—resounded through the calm atmosphere from the lips of our absent people. The noise of the lines in "the fast boat," as they were dragged out under the resistance of several turns round the stem, served as a guide to the assistance now yielded; and one of the boats fortunately got up with fresh resources, just in time to save the lines, and to preserve the connection with the

entangled whale. The distinctness with which sounds are transmitted through a calm atmosphere across the unruffled surface of an interglacial sea, enabled the boats to pursue the chase by the resounding only of its own excited respirations, so that in brief space four additional harpoons were struck, and the vast animal soon yielded its life to the skilfully-plied lances of its pursuers. This was a most important acquisition to our cargo, inasmuch as it was calculated to fill up our remaining stowage, and to authorise us to quit the present scene of labour, which, however animating and interesting during a successful fishing, is generally found to be oppressively anxious in its progress and adventures. In token of the happy circumstance of the attainment of a complete cargo, or "a full ship," the important prize was towed by the whole of the boats in a line, with flags flying, and constant animating cheers, till they arrived alongside.

This proved a third and impressive instance of unusual success, closely following upon special self-denial in remembrance of the Sabbath day, and in humble endeavours to keep it holy. Nor was the result less remarkable when put in comparison with the fishing of the ships in sight around us,—amounting occasionally to between twenty and thirty sail,—for scarcely was

there an instance throughout this large fleet, though most of them, if not the whole, employed every day alike in the capture of whales, in which one-half of the like success resulted from the labour of the same interval of time. This remark, I trust, will not be ascribed to any feeling of personal vanity, but as the mere statement of a fact necessary to the verification of the position proposed to be established by these memorials of providential experiences. For in justice to others engaged in the same field of enterprise, freely do I admit, and with pleasure yield the testimony, that many of the Captains with whom I happened to come into competition evinced a measure of laborious, skilful, and persevering zeal in their adventurous pursuits, not merely praiseworthy in itself, but scarcely to be exceeded. And in further justification of my own motives, I feel it right to add, that however it pleased Almighty God to bless me, personally, in the work of my hands, there were others whose active and able exertions were, in the general issue, crowned with equal, or even greater success. All, therefore, which I am desirous of claiming, by the putting forth of these various incidents of personal experience, is, that they might serve as specific testimonies of a providential blessing on the work of our hands, yielded to sincere endeavours, on

Christian principles, to honour the Sabbath day. And that our self-denial in the now-cited cases yielded, at the time, such testimonies to the minds of most of those around me I have no hesitation of distinctly affirming. The chief mate, indeed, who, in the outset, had been most free to express to his brother-officers his dissent from the rule on which we acted, was, at the conclusion of this voyage, so fully convinced of the fallacy of his former reasonings, that he candidly acknowledged his error, and, never, on any future occasion that I had an opportunity of witnessing, either forgot the impression, or retracted the opinion which he now avowed.

SECTION III.—*Capture of a Whale of uncommon size, after a peculiar exercise of self-denial, in honour of the Sabbath, on the preceding day.*

The next voyage, which was not very successful either with ourselves or with the whalers in general, was yet pursued throughout, without any open desecration of the Sabbath by either attempting to fish, or even pursuing the search after better fishing stations on that holy day. Very soon after our entrance into the fishing stations our principles were put to the trial. On Sunday, the 27th of May, (about 3 A. M.) a large fish made its appearance close by the ship, and

remained sporting about for nearly three hours, a circumstance, in the habits of the whale, of very rare occurrence. Captain Manby, who was my companion on this occasion, has given a record of the circumstance alluded to, in his "Journal of a Voyage to Greenland," an extract from which may appropriately serve as an introduction to the present narrative. "Early this morning (Sunday"), says the writer, "the officer of the watch reported to the Captain that a very large whale was lying on the surface of the water near the ship, and asked permission to lower a boat and attack it, but was refused; two or three hours afterwards, on its rising again, the officer returned, making the same application, urged by the crew, who, [having risen from their beds, almost to a man, to look at the tempting object before them] had actually carried one of the harpooners by force into the boat, and were preparing to lower it down; but the same denial was not only peremptorily made, but an order issued that the fullest reverence to the day must be observed. Thus," adds the intelligent author, "did the Sabbath bring with it the charms of peace." The trial of our forbearance, however, was again exercised by observing a ship at a little distance engaged in flensing a whale which had just been captured; and likewise by the appearance of another whale temptingly near

us in the afternoon. But, by the help of God, we were enabled still to resist the accumulated incitements to violate the sanctity of the Sabbath, and to continue our usual devotional exercises throughout the greater part of the day.

The weather, which during the Sunday had been clear and serene, and particularly favourable for the prosecution of the fishery, changed during the night, and in the morning was dark, windy, and cheerless. Though I myself had no apprehension whatever that our self-denial during the Sunday would be any eventual disadvantage, even in a worldly point of view, I was particularly anxious that my crew, whose ardour had been so tryingly repressed, should have the comfort and benefit of the same conviction. As far, therefore, as any efforts of my own could contribute to this end, I felt desirous of exerting every diligence, and with this view, immediately after breakfast, I went to the mast head prepared for "a long spell." But the aspect of the sea around was discouraging. No whale had been seen during the night, and for some hours my own observation was exerted in vain. The ship at this time was surrounded by sheets of ice, with a large compact body of detached pieces, called "a pack," lying to the westward of us. Observing a part of this pack that was looser than the rest, I ran the ship into

it, and pursued, among its devious windings, a very critical navigation, as far as I thought it useful or safe to penetrate. We then, reluctantly, began our retreat. After traversing, for a considerable time, the different channels presented by the surrounding ice, lingering still for the chance of finding some stray game in this thick and congenial cover, the search was at length given up as hopeless, and the helmsman was directed to steer out of the pack into the open water adjoining. Just, however, as I was turning myself to descend from the mast head, as I cast my eye to the westward, I caught a glimpse of the tail of a whale in the act of descending—for the whale, when playing about at its ease, and having sufficiently refreshed itself by respiration, generally terminates its stay at the surface by two or three "high backs," with the exhibition of its huge tail out of the water, as it finally disappears. The distance of the whale now discovered, I considered to be nearly two miles; but as the glimpse I had obtained of it was only momentary, no accurate observation could be made as to its situation. A boat, however, was despatched at a venture—the officer in charge of it being one of our most hardy and adventurous harpooners. With him, indeed, it seemed to be a matter of reckless indifference, in the pursuit of his object, whether the whale

were quietly lying at the surface, as if courting the attack, or floundering with excited vehemence in its dying agonies, or leaping ever and anon, in its mighty gambols, clear out of its native element, and threatening with certain destruction whatever it might encounter in its action. The direction, and the estimated distance of the chase, were hastily pointed out to this zealous harpooner, who, followed more leisurely by an assistant boat, set forward, as if rowing a race, neither deviating to the right nor to the left; so that the leading boat, thus manfully urged, seemed almost to fly on its way. According to usual probabilities, one would not have expected a favourable result; but fortunately, as the boat approached within about the third of a mile of the place where the whale had been seen, it re-appeared, when its pursuers were further animated to exertion by an increasing hope of success. And it so happened, contrary to the ordinary habits of the animal, that it remained at the surface of the water for several minutes together, till the boat, without ever relaxing its speed from the moment it left the ship, was rowed "high and dry" upon the back of the chase! With palpitating anxiety I had been watching through my glass the amazing efforts of the men, and their encouraging progress, till the blow was

struck. Perceiving that it was effectual, I gave announcement of the joyful tidings by the usual exclamation of "a fall—a fall!" Forthwith the delighted crew spring upon deck—some in their sleeping dress, with eyes half closed, and their bundle of clothes in their hand—and literally, as on such occasions they are wont, tumble in animated confusion into the boats,—the half-naked arraying themselves during the few moments of "lowering-away," or subsequently as opportunity may permit. Five other boats were thus added to the force already engaged in the adventure, and their exertions were singularly effectual. By the time we were enabled to reach the scene of action with the ship, several additional harpoons had been fastened in the body of the animal, and the lances so actively plied, that already it exhibited signs of exhaustion. It roused itself briefly for a final struggle—warning the boats to keep clear of the ponderous blows of the fins and tail of the dying monster—and then, rolling over on its side, ceased to live. Three cheers from the victors announced this interesting, and unexpectedly speedy result,—the capture having been completed within the short space of an hour from the striking of the first harpoon. And it proved a magnificent prize, being the largest

animal of the species, as estimated by the length of the whalebone—the usual measure of comparison employed in the fishery—which, in an aggregate of several hundreds, I had ever seen captured. The extreme *length* of the animal, indeed, was not unusual, not being more than 52 feet; but the fatness and bulk were remarkable. The longest lamina of whalebone measured within a quarter of an inch of 13 feet. The width of the tail was 21 feet. The produce in *blubber* was above 30 tuns, together with about a tun and a quarter, in weight, of *whalebone*.

Every one in the ship was struck with the size and appearance of this seasonable capture; and most of the crew, I believe, reflecting on the previous day's temptation and forbearance, drew the unprompted inference, that there was a blessing attached to the observance of the Sabbath.

SECTION IV.—*Remarkable Indications of a Providential Blessing in the Fishery of* 1823.

The voyage of 1822, the journal of which is before the public, did not fail in yielding its portion of evidence in favour of the proposition, that a blessing, providentially, is connected with the humble endeavour to sanctify the Sabbath.

One very satisfactory instance on that occasion occurred, which, together with another, or two, of a similar kind, in a previous voyage, might, with propriety, have been brought forward among these records of providential testimonies; but, as there was nothing peculiar in these cases, this mere notice of them may suffice.

In the fishery of 1823, however, being my last adventure to the Arctic Seas, one of the most striking incidents of the class, under consideration, yet recorded, occurred.

About the middle of the month of May, we arrived on one of the usual fishing stations, in the 78th parallel of latitude, off the western coast of Spitzbergen. On Saturday, the 17th, several whales were "astir," and all our boats, manned with eager fishermen, were sent out in pursuit. One of the boats at length came within reach of its chase, and a harpoon was struck; but, after great and fruitless efforts, during seven or eight hours, to come at the wounded animal, it escaped us by the breaking of the instrument with which it had been entangled. Shortly afterwards, ere the sun had crossed the meridian below the Pole to usher in the sacred day of the Lord, we hoisted up our boats, and rested from our labour. In the morning, our principles of Sabbath forbearance

were put to a severe test, by different incitements to pursue the great object of our voyage. Whilst a competitor in the adventure, close by us, and another at a distance, were employing their entire crews in the business of the fishery, several fine large whales were seen sporting, unmolested, around us, and some of them came temptingly near. One of these excited the ardour of our hitherto unsuccessful crew in the highest degree, playing immediately around the ship, first on one hand and then on the other, and sometimes only a few fathoms distant, for almost an hour together. Being anxious myself to "remember the Sabbath Day to keep it holy," the ship was laid to, and the too ardent crew sent below, with a view of avoiding all unnecessary complaint or excitement. But without sentries at the hatchways, it was found impossible to keep them down. Every now and then they were caught stealing into the forecastle; and faint suppressed exclamations might be heard—"there she blows! there she blows!"—as the unconscious animal sent forth, in roaring expirations, the dense compound of air and vapour from its mighty lungs. By means, however, of our different religious services, which were attended to as usual, the men, for a time, at least, were effectually kept away.

from the interesting scene abroad, and some of the disturbing excitement happily subdued. The impression that was on my own mind, indeed, had been extended, through the like personal experience, to many of my officers and crew, as to the advantage of pursuing the path of duty, rather than to expect any temporal benefit from the desecration of the holy day of the Lord; this, therefore, had its influence on several of our people, in inducing a more willing accordance with the established order of the ship, for a temporary respite from our every-day labour. At the same time we were not without some examples amongst us, I trust, of a higher order of faith and obedience, in those who felt the propriety, and acknowledged the duty, of refraining from ordinary occupations on the Sabbath, whatever might be the temporal loss or disadvantage in so doing.

Towards evening, the whales which had hitherto been so numerous and tantalizing in their approaches to the ship, gradually disappeared, and at night, when I retired to rest, not one was any where to be seen. Nevertheless, when I left the deck for the night, I playfully directed the officer of the watch, whilst giving him the usual and requisite orders, 'to catch a whale as soon as the Sabbath was ended,'—a duty which, how-

ever hard or indeed impracticable it might seem to have become, was punctually and literally fulfilled. Immediately after twelve at night, the sun being still above the horizon,—for it may be proper to remind the reader that we were in a latitude in which, during three months of the year, there is continuous day-light,—the prompt and zealous officer lowered a boat in readiness for service to be manned by the forthcoming hands out of the middle watch. But before the watch was yet fully relieved, whilst the harpooner was adjusting and cleaning his weapon and the boat's crew were rubbing their scarce half-opened eyes, a solitary fish, the only one that had been seen for several hours, arose within a commodious distance of the ship. The boat was instantly in pursuit, and in brief space the harpoon was struck into the back of the chase, and all hands were aroused from their beds by the usual alarm to assist in the capture. Our excited hopes of a prize, however, were greatly damped in the very onset, by observing the wounded whale urge its way towards a large contiguous sheet of "bay-ice," a shelter which it succeeded in reaching before any of our boats could overtake it. Here it had us at great disadvantage. For whilst the ice was too weak to bear the weight of a man to attack it by travelling across the surface, it was at the same time

so cohesive in its substance as to render the penetration of the boats exceedingly tardy; besides the noise of their advance through the tenacious medium gave such timely warning to the fish as to enable it without difficulty to avoid our lances. Hence, for several hours, during which it adhered to this shelter, it effectually kept us at a distance, till our first excited hopes of accomplishing the capture had almost sunk into despair. But at length, contrary to the usual habits of the animal, it arose, most unexpectedly to us, in a small spot of clear water, in the interior of the ice, where one of our boats, more advanced than the rest, was fortunately lying ready to receive it; and there it immediately received the additional security of a second harpoon. In the course of an hour more, four other harpoons were struck, and eventually, though the capture was tedious, the prize was secured. Thus was our refraining from Sabbath desecration satisfactorily rewarded by the capture of a fine whale under circumstances most unfavourable for success, and the oft-repeated conviction once more afforded to the crew, that a strict obedience to the Divine commands is not only the way of duty, but likewise the source of manifest blessings.

An incident occurred in this day's fishing

which, though not immediately connected with the object in view, may here be recorded, as illustrative both of the common hazards of the fishery, and of the merciful preservation of some of our people. Just as we had started with the operation of "flensing" the captured whale, another appeared very near to the ship, was forthwith attacked, and struck with a harpoon. It set off with prodigious velocity to the westward, dragging the "fast boat" through the channels of the surrounding ice, at a rate defying any attempt to yield either assistance or protection. Whilst thus "flying through the water," the boat unfortunately passed the shelving margin of a large lump of ice which it grazed on the side, when the impulse, under the extraordinary speed, turned it completely bottom upward, and in a single instant of time projected the astonished crew into the sea! Being at a great distance from all their comrades—hard as they were labouring at the pursuing oar—and some of the poor fellows, I believe, being unpractised in swimming, they were for a time in imminent peril of their lives. But a gracious Providence watched over them; and, like the persons with Saint Paul in his shipwreck on Melita, those that could swim got first a footing on the piece of ice by which they had been overwhelmed, and of the rest, some

followed supported by oars, or by the help they were enabled to give each other; and so it came to pass that they escaped all safe to the same temporary refuge. No sooner was the whole party safely landed, than they got sight of the line to which the whale was yet attached, as it was sweeping across a submerged projection of the ice; this they dexterously contrived to hook up so as to recover their hold of the fish; but an unfortunate obstruction occurring in the running of the line, the harpoon snapped, and the prize they had anticipated was lost.

Section V.—*Trying Case of Forbearance in the Fishery of* 1823, *followed by the usual Testimony.*

An instance of forbearance in worldly enterprise—the most tantalizing in its circumstances of any which I remember to have experienced throughout the period of my occupation in the business of the fishery—occurred on the same voyage as that of the case last recorded.

On the 13th of July, blowing hard with rain or sleet, we moored to a large and heavy floe (a sheet of ice about three or four miles in diameter) in order, the more commodiously, to enjoy a Sabbath day's repose. A ship from Peterhead, which had for some days been accom-

panying us in our progress through the western ices, followed our example, and a considerable number of her officers and crew joined us in our usual Sabbath devotions. An evening service, designed chiefly for the instruction and benefit of the apprentices, had been concluded, the sacred day of the Lord was drawing to a close, and our visitors were preparing to return to their ship, when a large whale was descried by one of our own seamen in a situation very inviting for attempting its capture. No doubt it was contemplated by many with an ardent and longing gaze; but the orders for sanctifying the Sabbath being quite peremptory, no attempt, on the part of any of our people, was made, to pursue the tempting object. Our fellow-worshippers, however, being less scrupulous, instantly manned the boat which had brought them on board of the Baffin, and set forth, along with some others from their own ship, in eager pursuit. Nor were their ardent hopes disappointed; for in a short time the usual quietness of the day, with us, was broken in upon by the shout of success from the pursuing boats, followed by vehement respondings from the contiguous ship. The attack being followed up with the wonted vigour, proved successful, and the prize was fully secured by the middle of the night.

That such a result should not be exceedingly trying to the feelings of our people—who saw that their competitors had won the prize which we had first declined—was more than could be expected. Nevertheless, both the trial of their obedience, and the exercise of their patience, were so sustained, as to be at once satisfactory to me, and creditable to themselves. Their minds, in general, seemed disposed to admit the principle on which we acted; for, in addition to the religious sanctions, their repeated experiences had testified that the principle was acknowledged of Heaven.

It was my intention to have "cast off," in the morning of Monday, to explore the navigable spaces of the ice to the westward, with a view to the furtherance of our voyage; but the day being still stormy, with constant thick weather from snow, sleet, or rain, we found it expedient to remain in somewhat anxious idleness, whilst our successful comrades were joyously and usefully occupied in flensing the valuable fish obtained almost under our stern. This was doubtless an additional trial of the good feelings of our crew; but whatever might be the regrets of any in yielding up, for conscience-sake, our chance of so fine a prize, I heard of no other dissatisfaction than the mere expression of a natural anxiety to be under-

way that we might find a fish for ourselves. The state of the weather, however, induced us to continue at our moorings, till forced off by the movements of the contiguous ices, which threatened the safety of the ship. Soon afterwards we set forth on our object; and having made a stretch to the westward, all hands were speedily called into exhilarating action, by the discovery of several whales. The eagerness of the men, indeed, was, in the first instance, against us; more than one of the objects of their anxiety being unnecessarily scared, for want of that wise and considerate prudence which, under the circumstances, was peculiarly needed to temper and direct their excited zeal. At length, however, after a variety of mortifying failures, a harpoon was ably struck; and though the boat received a desperate heave, and some of its oars were projected high into the air, happily, no accident ensued. The excess of ardour among the men, was now in full demand, being appropriately drawn off by the vigour with which the wounded monster vainly struggled for its liberty and life. Outstripping the utmost speed of its pursuers, in the beginning of the chase, it obtained shelter amid a compact accumulation of numerous masses of ice, where it was most difficult to reach, and from whence it seemed

next to impracticable to be dislodged. After encountering, however, a variety of little adventures, as well as some very threatening obstacles, all of which were safely overcome, or spontaneously gave way, as the pursuit and lancing advanced—we succeeded in subduing the powerful animal; and no sooner was it cleared of the lines, and in a condition to be removed, than the compact aggregation of ices by which it was enveloped, began to relax, so that with little further embarrassment a channel was cleared out, and the prize effectually secured. Thus before the very first day available for the fishery, after the Sabbath, had come to a close, all our anxieties were relieved, our forbearance compensated, and our efforts crowned with the desired success.

Section VI.—*Indications of a Providential Rebuke for Sabbath Violation.*

If the cases, heretofore cited out of my own experience, be sufficient to indicate that a special Providence doth now, even as in former ages of the world, yield continual acknowledgments to the conscientious observance of the Sabbath; other cases might be brought forward to verify a similar indication of Providential rebukes for the neglect or violation of

that holy day. For as, on the one hand, a positive blessing has been distinctly realized in the humble endeavour to "keep the Sabbath to sanctify it, as the Lord our God hath commanded us;" so, on the other hand, a consistent experience of the contrary truth has also been realized—that *in the violation of the Sabbath by secular employments, a positive loss and disadvantage are often found to result.* And this observation, it is but candid to say, was suggested by what I felt, personally, to be Providential rebukes, long before the admirable remarks of Chief Justice Hale on the subject, fell into my hands; and I can heartily join him in every word of the declaration in respect to the Sabbath, already quoted, that "when I have been negligent of the duties of this day, the rest of the week hath been unsuccessful and unhappy to my secular employments."

By my Father, whose attention to the religious welfare of his sailors was generally both strict and exemplary, the important duty of honouring the Sabbath was first impressed upon me; and for several voyages before it pleased Almighty God, by his grace, to make me desirous, I humbly trust, of living by the rule of his holy word, and for the promotion of his glory, I was induced, by strong convictions of the obligation of the fourth Commandment, to

endeavour to observe it. In the outset of his adventures, indeed, my Father did not altogether refrain from fishing on the Lord's day, if any whales happened to come immediately across his course, yet he seldom looked out for them at a distance, or went out of his way to seek for them,—whilst in the regularity of his performance of divine worship, and in his carefulness to abstain from ordinary labour and from worldly intercourse with his fellow Commanders, he set an example so far above what was usual in his occupation, as to impress those around him with the conviction, that his aim was to "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy." As to myself the impression was such, that, on being appointed to the command of a ship, it naturally became my endeavour to follow closely that part of his commendable practice, in respect to the Sabbath, which had so strongly approved itself to my mind. Divine service was, therefore, regularly performed on the Sundays, from the very outset, and all unnecessary work, as far as I then saw it right to draw the line, was steadily, and for a considerable period, perseveringly abstained from. One very conscious deviation, however, at length occurred, which, from the circumstances felt at the time to result from it in the way of rebuke, is too remarkable to be passed over in silence. For as, from motives

already stated, I have ventured to set forth a considerable series of personal efforts to sanctify the Sabbath; both Christian duty and candour call for the avowal that, as to manifold and great defects in these efforts, "I do remember my faults this day;" and in regard to a very particular and well-marked example, am free to record them.

My first trial in command, in the adventurous occupation to which I had been brought up, was attended with most satisfactory success; and so rapid was our progress in the fishery, that by the middle of the season usually available for the object, we had obtained a cargo nearly adequate to the capacity of the ship, and were in sanguine hope, if not in full expectation, of a speedy and joyful return to the land of our birth. On a Sunday morning, however, whilst cheered by the indulgence of these hopeful prospects, we fell in with two ships from the same port as my own, and commanded by personal acquaintances. After some hesitation and scruples of conscience about breaking in upon the sanctity of the Sabbath and Sabbath-day duties, I invited the Captains on board to breakfast. Being all, on this occasion, successful fishers, the excitement of social intercourse provoked further departures from duty; the Sabbath seemed forgotten, and

the conversation, which I had not resolution to attempt to divert, proved worldly and vain, and altogether unsuited for the sacredness of the day. And although I felt conscience-stricken and unhappy, even in the height of our self-indulgence, yet, from a foolish and mistaken politeness, I asked them, as they were preparing to retire, to prolong their stay till after our usual early dinner. As they unhappily acquiesced, the religious duties of the day were, for the most part, prevented, and the best of the Sabbath passed away, not only unsanctified, but desecrated, so that when they left me in the afternoon, I could realize no other feeling but that of the deepest self-reproach.

Before leaving the deck for the night, as my custom was, I went to the mast-head, when I forthwith discovered a tempting opening among the ice in which we lay, leading, by no very difficult navigation, to a situation in the visible distance most encouraging for prosecuting the fishery. The helm was immediately put up in order to traverse the opening, when, having occasion to pass under the stern of the ship of one of my morning's associates, he recommended me, on being informed of the intention of the manœuvre, to desist till the following day, a recommendation

which, with an indecision that I should have been generally much ashamed of, I listened to and followed. But when I arose in the morning, what was my mortification to find the passage entirely closed up, whilst a ship that had penetrated when the channel was open, was seen to be fishing, and, as by her signals we could discern, with great and continued success. No effort to join her, however, could be in any way availing; so that we were constrained to lie idle spectators of the interesting but inaccessible scene.

The next day numbers of whales came around us where we were; but, although every nerve was strained in anxious pursuit, and although the situation and circumstances seemed most favourable for success, all our endeavours utterly failed. On the Wednesday, having taken a circuit of the intervening ice, separating us from the place at which we had previously aimed, we again came in sight of the interior opening, and now we could perceive that several ships had obtained an entrance, the crews of every one of which were busily engaged in a successful fishing. We penetrated towards them, in a new position, as far as we could; but, here also, we found a barrier of ice, in the act, indeed, of opening, though as yet impenetrable, and shutting us out from

the interior lake. In this tantalizing situation,—in full view of a fishing site, almost swarming with whales, to which additional ships were every now and then finding access from a different quarter, and, as soon as they entered, were observed to hoist signals indicative of success,—we were constrained, a second time, to remain in anxious inaction, whereas could we have accomplished a passage through the barrier, we might have obtained, probably in a few hours, the residue of a cargo whereby we should have been in a condition to retreat from the hazards and anxieties of an adventurous occupation, consummated by complete success, and in full assurance of universal welcome at home.

Painful as the continued disappointment was to those associated with me in the toils and rewards of the adventure,—to me it was feelingly instructive. The impression was irresistible, that I was chastised for the desecration of the Sabbath. But the course of disappointment was not yet completed. The barrier of ice, which was not more than a mile and a half in width, was found towards mid-night to be pervious for boats; though, from the direction of the "slack," being head to wind, it was not possible at that time to accomplish the passage with the ship. As such, to anticipate our more tardy advance, *five* boats,

fully equipped for service, were despatched, with instructions to the leading harpooner,—'to penetrate the barrier into the interglacial sea beyond, and, crossing it to make for the nearest edge of a "field"—a sheet of ice of *apparently* interminable extent—which formed the limit of the navigable space on the north: having gained this position he was directed to trace the margin of the ice *westward*, 'in search of whales, as, in that direction, the current of success was now observed to set.' Impelled by ardent fishermen, the boats were soon beyond the barrier, and were traced to the margin of the field, where I lost sight of them among those of the adjoining fleet. About four hours after they left, the wind still blowing fresh "directly in our teeth," the ice was found to be so much separated as to encourage the hope of our being able to beat to windward through it. An anxious, difficult, and hazardous navigation of two or three hours, brought us through the interposing ice into the opening beyond, where I had the most confident expectation of joining my boats in possession of one or more whales. But what was my disappointment, when, after a night spent in very harassing labour, I discovered the boats returning to the ship—not from the westward, the direction in which they had been sent, but from the very opposite quarter—and the people

thoughtlessly exulting over the idle capture of a polar bear,—a thing of mean and contemptible importance, when the grand objects of the fishery were so abundant, as, if judiciously sought out, and vigorously pursued, to afford every reasonable prospect of success. Unfortunately, they had mistaken the orders; and urging their way with a headlong zeal, took up their stations in the only position where there was a probability of their failing! By the time we reached the field with the ship, the "run of fish" was nearly over; whilst the prosperous fleet assembled before us were found exulting over the prizes they had captured. Almost every ship had been successful. Several of them had taken two large and valuable whales, some sufficient to complete their cargoes, so that a portion of the fleet immediately bore away for the land of their hopes, "full ships," of which their flying colours was the usual token.

The rest of the week was spent in harassing, and laborious exertions to attain to the like condition of our rejoicing competitors, and, eventually, with a small measure of success; but even this, the capture of a single whale, was in reality a mortification, for instead of yielding the considerable produce which its ample size seemed to promise, it proved lean, meagre, and singularly unproductive!

As, therefore, the week commenced, so it ended; anxiety, mortification, and disappointment were continued in painful succession, throughout, and the lesson which was read to me, by this manifestation of a chastising Providence, has remained in vivid recollection to this very day! May God grant that the present record of it may be the means of inducing some of those who violate the Sabbath for vain amusements, worldly compliances, or worldly gains, to consider their ways, and be wise! May they be induced to examine into the events of their own lives, whether the hand of God, bringing curses upon their unsanctified indulgences or labours, may not sometimes be as clearly discerned! Other circumstances might here be adduced in illustration of the same doctrine; but this, which had so powerful an impression on my own mind, may suffice.

SECTION VII.—*General Results of the foregoing Testimonies.*

The traces of the special workings of God in Providence, and the declarations of His mind in the written word, are equally, with the great mass of the world, as sealed books, because they believe not. And amongst the portion of

mankind who do really believe, the whole book of Providence is by no means equally intelligible. There are pages written for individuals, and distinctly perceptible to them, into which another entereth not. Others there are of so palpable a nature, that all who acknowledge the doctrine may read. Sometimes, indeed, the voice of Providence is thundered forth in such terrific manifestations, that the multitudes exceedingly tremble and quake; yet, whilst the believing portion see distinctly the finger of God, there are many, whose hearts are so hard, and whose minds are so dark, spiritually, that they see nothing but the events of time and chance, or the mere contingencies of nature. That these memorials, therefore, should be received by all, into whose hands they may fall, with the same accordance of feeling and interpretation, is more than could reasonably be expected. For those who reject the doctrine of a special Providence—written though it be as by a sun-beam in the Word of God—will not be likely to receive, as evidence of the doctrine, the experience and testimonies yielded to others; yet, there may be some among those whose minds are in the condition of enquiry, as to whether these things are so, to whom the present testimonies, under the Divine blessing,

may subserve the intention of the writer, by being received as manifestations of a special Providence, and as yielding the evidence of fact and observation, both to the divine institution and perpetuity of the Sabbath.

Striking, however, as the circumstances herein recorded are, and satisfactory as they proved in regard to the impression which they produced, in favour of the Sabbath, on those who witnessed them,—they are not calculated, without some further explanation, to yield any thing like the same measure of conviction to others. One particular of information, at least, is essential for deriving from them the fair measure of evidence which they are capable of yielding. For whilst various cases have been brought forward in which particular success immediately followed examples of peculiar self-denial, as to Sabbath-day labour; it has not yet been intimated in how many corresponding instances, the like testimony of success, during the ensuing week, failed to be given. Now it is not a little remarkable that, after a careful examination of the journals of my four last voyages to the whale-fishery—being the same to which the foregoing records chiefly refer—I can only discover *three* instances,*

* June the 10th and 24th, 1821, and July the 20th, 1823, were the three Sundays on which whales were seen but not pursued, and no capture made in any of the next ensuing weeks; whilst in the great majority of instances the testimony was decisive as to a blessing on the honouring of the Sabbath.

wherein, (after resisting the pursuit of whales seen on the Sabbath) we were not successful in the fishery of the ensuing week; and, in respect to these, it must be obvious, to all persons at all acquainted with the nature of the adventure, that the loss was highly problematical, since, though we had pursued them, we might not have made a single capture!

With this word of explanation, the confiding reader will be able to draw his own conclusions as to the weight of evidence, hereby yielded to the proposition with which we started. But as to those who may yet question the result of our argument—that the statements here presented afford decisive evidence of a Providential blessing on the endeavour to keep the Lord's day holy—we would claim, at least, this fair and candid admission, that our refraining from Sabbath violation, when urged to it by the prospect of worldly gain, was not the occasion of either loss or disadvantage, in the ultimate result of our labours. Could, however, the convictions of those who accompanied me in the voyages referred to—consisting, probably, of 150 different men—be conveyed to their minds, an impression, of a much more decisive and satisfactory character, methinks, would naturally and generally follow. For on occasions when we refrained from fishing on the Sunday, whilst

others were successfully engaged in that object, our subsequent labours, as has been seen, often succeeded under circumstances so peculiarly striking, that there was scarcely a man in the amount of our crew who did not seem to consider it as the effect of the Divine blessing!

Independently, indeed, of the positive duty of sanctifying the Sabbath, and of the blessing of Providence connected therewith,—we oftimes realized the wisdom of the institution, in the mere physical benefits resulting from its observance. For when the preceding week happened to have been laboriously employed, the day of rest became sweetly welcome, and obviously beneficial in its restoring influence on the energies of the people for fitting them for a renewal of their arduous duties; whilst the temporary restraint thus put upon the ardour of the seamen, operated, no doubt, with no small measure of advantage, by stimulating to additional energy in their subsequent labours. So that in every point of view, and in every relation to the well-being of man, spiritual and temporal, this sacred appointment stands commended both for its wisdom and goodness.

Chapter III.

Special Testimonies of Providence to the Sabbath, as indicated by striking deliverances from perilous situations.

Section I.—*Preliminary Observations.*

The facts and incidents recorded in the foregoing Chapter have been adduced, as testimonies of Providence to the Sabbath, in the blessing on temporal occupations observed to follow a conscientious and humble endeavour to hallow that sacred day.

But if, in the appointments of Divine Providence, there be a gracious connection between the conscientious observance of the Sabbath, and our worldly prosperity; there must surely be, at least, an equal connection between such sanctified observance, and our personal preservation and well-being. Were we to argue from what we observe in the world, as to the frequency and preponderance of accidents among desecrators of the Sabbath already referred to,—we might arrive at the conclusion, justified by the testimony

of Scripture,* that the circumstantial evidence is highly indicative of the Divine displeasure against the sin of Sabbath-breaking. Specific cases, indeed, have not unfrequently come before the public, so striking in their character, that, were it not wrong in man to judge his fellow-men who have suffered by the visitations of God, one would be led to consider them as awful manifestations of Providential judgments upon the profane violators of the Sabbath. But instead of bringing forward any cases of this kind, I prefer, as the less objectionable mode of illustration, to pursue the course hitherto followed, and to show, from personal experiences, some examples of remarkable providential deliverances, strikingly connected with an humble attention to religious observances, and an earnest endeavour to sanctify the Sabbath. And these, like the former, are derived from the journals of my voyages to the Arctic Regions.

SECTION II.—*Record of a happy Deliverance from a perilous situation in the Arctic Seas, at the conclusion of the Sabbath.*

This instance of a providential deliverance from a situation of much danger and anxiety,

* Exod. xxxi. 14, 15; xxxv. 2; Numb. xv. 32—36; Jer. xvii. 27; Ezek. xx. 21; Amos viii. 4—10.

occurred at the close of the fishery of the year 1820, some particulars concerning which have already been recorded. It is not a case, indeed, which comes so directly, as evidence of providential interferences or testimonies in respect to the Sabbath, as some others, and could not therefore be put forward as such without risking an injury to those which are felt to be more satisfactory, if not quite decisive; yet—from the consoling influence, under circumstances of deep anxiety, of a reverent attention to the religious duties of the day referred to—from the unlooked-for way of escape subsequently opened out for us—and from the remarkable effect and success given to our efforts for extricating ourselves from our intricate situation of peril—this case, I trust, may not inappropriately be included among other Arctic experiences of the advantage derivable from the observance of the day appointed to be kept holy.

When our cargo, obtained under circumstances of peculiar blessing, was completed, and we began our retreat from the scene of our successful labours, we found ourselves very deeply involved among the heavy and dangerous ices ranging along the eastern coast of the peninsula of Greenland. Four or five days, however, of diligent and cautious sailing, brought us, late on a Saturday evening, safe within the cheering

sight of the open ocean. But as we neared the margin of the unencumbered waters, we found them separated from us by an extended aggregation of ice, called a *sea-stream*—not uncommon, indeed, in such situations—upon the outer edge of which the waves were breaking with alarming violence. Such an interruption, at all times dangerous with an agitated sea, was now, in the latter part of the season, the more so, when almost every mass of ice—from the snow and other softer parts being washed away—presented a solid front in all parts of its circumference. The deeply submerged points in the ice, moreover, were calculated, in the event of a ship running foul of them, to strike her in a position peculiarly dangerous, being so deep beneath the surface of the water as, in the event of damage, to render repairs impracticable, and so low, in regard to the extent of the extra strengthenings of the whalers, as to present the weakest surface for the resistance of the blow. Dangerous, however, as was the encountering of such an obstacle even to the strongest and soundest ship,—in our case, in consequence of damage previously received, it was in the greatest degree formidable. For the lower part of the ship's stem, or "foreground," had, in the early part of the voyage, been actually cut off by a severe blow against the shelving edge of a heavy mass of

ice, so that the keel, in calm weather, might be seen projecting in front, and alarmingly exposing the ship to fatal accident, even on a very moderate concussion within the limits of the previous damage. Under such circumstances, in regard to the crippled state of the ship,—and where a survey of the ice composing the "sea-stream" resulted in the discovery that it mainly consisted of ponderous masses, with multitudes of the much-dreaded submarine projections, or tongues, at every variety of depth from ten up to even thirty feet,—we could not but shrink from attempting to force a passage when the risk seemed so great. Whilst, however, in natural anxiety to escape from our entanglement, I continued, from the mast-head, the survey of every visible portion of the barrier, hesitating, whether to make trial of the inner part which was the least compact and the least dangerous, or whether to wait till the wind, now blowing a brisk gale, with a heavy sea rolling in, should have subsided, or else a safer passage in the ice should be opened,—the coming up and consequent procedure of an accompanying ship, decided me on the former. This ship, being without the peculiar risks to which we were exposed, and being, moreover, lighter as to cargo, and more nimble in her construction than our's, took the

lead, and began venturously to attempt to force a passage. Having such a pioneer for breaking the various lines of continuous ices in the way toward the sea, I was tempted, in the hope of being able to avoid the otherwise inevitable collisions, to take advantage of the temporary channel that must be made.

Commending myself first to the merciful protection of that God who is a present help in time of need and danger, and looking to Him for His gracious influences to aid and direct us in our progress,—all hands were ordered up to attend the sails, and we began to follow the track that was opened before us. In this way, under increasing hopes and encouragements, we proceeded safely, until we approached very near to the exterior edge—the position of greatest danger—where, from the violent action of the swell upon the ice in that situation, with the collecting together of the largest and most ponderous of the masses composing the sea-stream, it would have been madness to attempt *to force* a passage. The pioneering ship, however, skilfully and smartly managed, continued her advance, when, by happy coincidence, it happened, that just as she reached the critical point alluded to, the very outward masses, which were constantly changing as to their relative positions, pre-

sented, at the instant, a narrow and transient channel, and of this the adventurous navigator proceeded promptly to avail himself. Trembling with anxiety and sympathy at the manifest hazard to be encountered, we backed our sails to await the issue. The suspense was keen, but brief in duration. Under a smart management of the sails, and a surprising quick action of the helm, the ship bounded through the tortuous and frightful gap, whilst the sea was breaking with tremendous violence on one of the heaviest of the masses of ice within a fathom of her lee, the slightest touch against which must have done damage, if not destructive injury, to the vessel. Happily, however, our adventurous companion avoided the imminent danger, and forthwith hauled upon a wind rejoicing in his escape and safety; but, before we could fill our sails so as to get way on the ship—even before we could have passed the narrows, had we been at the very stern of our pioneer—the chain of ice in the front had so overlapped, that the channel was utterly impracticable. To attempt, under such circumstances, to throw ourselves upon a chain of ice composed of masses of from ten to twenty thousand tons in weight, and these in a state of violent agitation, could not have been justified—it would have evinced a feeling of presumption,

rather than faith—a tempting of Providence rather than a Christian dependance on providential assistance. As the only means, therefore, of avoiding the danger, into which, with all sails aback, we were rapidly drifting, we hastily grappled the nearest piece of ice, by a hawser out of the stern, so as to enable us, by its resistance of the ship's velocity, to wear round, without any violent concussions, in a navigation so encumbered, as to render impracticable the ordinary method of effecting the evolution. The ships' head being thus directed away from the sea, we penetrated inwards, with our safety-drag astern, through a chain of heavy lumps of ice, so compacted together as to afford us a temporary shelter from the violence of the swell, and then we seized upon the largest of the masses within reach for affixing our ice-anchor. The immediate danger being thus overcome, all eyes were naturally directed to our now happy fellow-adventurers, and with feelings something like those of the perilled seamen in a tempest-tossed wreck, who perceive the safe escape to the shore of some of their more daring, or more favoured shipmates, we beheld them crowding all available sail, and fleeing, as if followed by an enemy, the scene of their anxieties and hazards. Entering, so fully as we were able to

do, into their joy, the consciousness was the more depressing, that for us there was now no escape.

The power of a compact *stream* of ice,* however narrow the chain of pieces, in resisting the force of the waves, is most remarkable, and, in the present instance, proved strikingly efficacious. Still, however, from the rapid and sometimes unaccountable changes of the ice, under the action of a heavy swell, our situation was one of peculiar peril. Hence, for many succeeding hours, we were kept in a state of varying but increasing danger; and had it not been for the consoling assurance, that all our ways were under the direction of that gracious Lord whose assistance and guidance, at the outset of this perilous adventure, had been earnestly invoked, we must have suffered most intensely from the various and formidable risks with which we were surrounded. The hazard we at first voluntarily encountered had increased ten-fold by our proximity to the open sea; and this again was constantly augmenting by an unfortunate and unexpected change in the state of the weather. For the wind increased to a gale; rain began to descend in torrents;

* A *stream* of ice is an oblong collection of pieces of drift-ice, or bay-ice, the pieces of which are continuous. It is called a *sea-stream when* it is exposed on one side to the ocean, and is calculated to *afford shelter from* the sea or waves to vessels within it.

the sea rolled with frightful violence upon the margin of the contiguous stream, and was constantly warning us of its destructive power by its sublime action upon the sea-ward ices, and its constant terrific roaring.

It would be tedious to detain the reader with a description of the different resources to which, under Providence, we looked for preservation, in the event of the swell breaking in upon us, —with which in one instance we were more than threatened—as these, to our much thankfulness, were not otherwise requisite except as to the repetition of the manœuvre in the first instance adopted, for retreating from the immediate margin of the open sea. For a channel having broken out to windward, unnavigable indeed because of its direction, the waves began to roll in upon us with alarming force;—in this case, having again grappled a small lump of ice, with which the ship could make a little head-way, we forced a passage further into the interior. And when a position of temporary security in a smooth sea had thus been gained, —for we were not disposed to retreat farther from the proximate sea than was absolutely necessary for safety—we moored to the largest piece of ice within reach as before.

The sacred day of the Lord had commenced about the time when we were hesitating as

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to the propriety of attempting a passage to seaward; and by the time that our last removal was completed, the usual hour of morning prayers had more than arrived. Our present situation, being one of appropriate quiet, the anxiety of feeling hitherto so painfully excited was sweetly soothed by the uniting together of the whole of the crew, whilst, in our humble manner, the truly devotional and comprehensive Liturgy of the Church, was read. Deeply, I believe, *was felt* the force of the supplications wherein we say —"Mercifully," O God, "assist our prayers that we make before thee in all our troubles and adversities, whensoever they oppress us;" —"and for the glory of thy name turn from us all those evils *that we most righteously have deserved;* and grant, that in all our troubles we may put our whole trust and confidence in thy mercy, and evermore serve thee in holiness and pureness of living, to thy honour and glory; through our only Mediator and Advocate, Jesus Christ our Lord!"

This devotional and profitable service being over, with a plain address to the attentive sailors adapted to the occasion and circumstances so strongly pressing upon us, we all returned to the look-out greatly composed in feeling, and cheered in hopes, not only of a merciful preservation, but of a speedy deliver-

ance from our situation of peril. For already had the dark and threatening aspect of the heavens changed; the endangering gale had greatly subsided; and the wind, hitherto considerably out of the sea, had begun to shift to a more favourable quarter.

Towards evening, the improvement in our prospects was such, as to encourage us to change our position by warping into a more clear and commanding situation to windward. About 10 P.M. whilst in progress of the tedious operation in which we were engaged—heaving the ship to windward by means of hawsers attached in succession to the heavier masses of ice in the line of our advance—a devious passage was spontaneously cleared away through the nearest margin of the sea-stream, and the same became singularly sheltered from the force of the swell by the bending down of a distant promontory of ice to the eastward. Under this combination of improving circumstances, a way of escape was gradually opened out for us. It was yet, however, encumbered with difficulties, —difficulties arising from the direction of the wind which, though more favourable than it had been, was not sufficiently fair for ordinary sailing, and from the nature of the channel to be pursued, which was narrow, obstructed, and intricate. But the grand difficulty, with a scant

wind, and under the peculiar circumstances of the ice, was this—to avoid the constant tendency, in a ship so close-hauled, of falling to leeward of the channel, and thus becoming inextricably involved in the vast body of ice, thickly compacted there, by the influence of the recent gale. In a case, then, of a navigation so peculiar and intricate that a single failure of purpose in the management of the ship, or a single mistake, or deficiency of effort, on the part of any of the people in the boats employed in clearing the passage, would have been fatal to our hopes,—we realized, in this wise, the Providence of God, in 'preventing us in all our doings with His most gracious favour, and in furthering us with His continual help,' so that the exertions now made, at the utmost stretch of possibility, were crowned with complete success!

In thus confidently expressing my conviction of a peculiar interposition of Providence being, in this instance, realized, I would desire to guard the doubting reader against scorning the conclusion, by mistaking the method in which the interposition was supposed to be accomplished. Powerful as I believe to be the efficacy of prayer, when fervently and scripturally offered —and minute and prevalent as I consider to be the operations of a gracious Providence— yet far am I from imagining that, on our

account, the raging storm was made prematurely to abate its violence—or the inanimate ices to move asunder against natural causes—or the unfavourable wind to change its direction contrary to its laws—for any of these effects would require an influence not merely providential, but miraculous. Nevertheless do I consider it as neither fanaticism nor presumption to believe, that our poor prayers—humble and imperfect as they were felt to be—might be, and certainly were, in various essential respects available, as evinced in the peculiar blessing on our subsequent efforts. And herein, I conceive the providence to have been specially manifested;—in the suggestions made upon our minds, as to the position we were induced to take—as to the means of preservation we were enabled to adopt—and as to the powerful and efficient exertions which all our people were enabled to make throughout the progress of the critical adventure. And, in this way, within the range of the usual methods and operations of the Divine governance, the watchful Christian may be able, not merely to discover the finger of God, but to find evidences of a providential interference as satisfactory *to his own mind*, as if the elements were diverted from their course, or the raging waves, contrary to their natural tendencies, were instantly stilled!

And as the evidences, on the occasion referred to, were, to myself, of this nature—though I may have failed to communicate the like impression to the reader—I have ventured to record the circumstances of the case, as an additional example of the gracious and consoling workings of a special Providence, and, if but in the most inferior degree, as a providential testimony of a blessing on a reverential regard to the Sabbath.

After these reflections, in anticipation of the result of the adventure, I shall only add a brief description of our final manœuvre, extracted, in substance, from the original Journal of the Voyage in which it occurred.

Having made considerable progress in warping to windward, we found, about 10 P.M. our situation to be such,—the ice being now quiescent, the wind moderate, and the weather fine —as to present a hopeful prospect of escaping through the now slackened barrier to seaward. All available sail was, therefore, forthwith set, and, having placed three boats at the "tow-rope" to assist the ship in difficult passages—such as when sailing too close to the wind, or when required to make turns so sudden as to be too much for the unaided action of the helm —we cast off from the ice, and, in the feeling of dependance on the blessing of God, proceed-

ed on our way through the channel presented to us. And such was our success in the undertaking, that throughout the tortuous windings and variety of difficulties we had to encounter, we never failed in any one object, nor struck a single piece of ice of any consequence. Having passed the original barrier, we found that the distant sheltering promontory, to which we owed our opportunity of escape, was so far bent down at its eastern extremity, as to be almost in contact with the fast consolidating body of ice from which we had escaped; happily, however, we discovered a tolerably safe channel in its sea-tossed margin, through which, without much difficulty, and without any damage, we safely passed;—"Thanks be to God!"

The time of this merciful deliverance was near the hour of midnight; nevertheless the occasion was celebrated with gladsome hearts, by calling all hands together for evening prayers—concluded by a discourse selected for the occasion out of a valuable collection of "Village Sermons." With cheered and animated feelings, we soon after began to wend our way, in the open unencumbered sea, towards the land of our ardent desires and hopes. Happy the christian whose heart and affections are, in similar manner, so habitually set upon the things of his eternal hopes, and on the

region of eternal blessedness, that he is ever ready to flee from the present world, with its dangers and anxieties, like the imperilled navigator from the Arctic ices! Happy the man, who, in the constant contemplation of the glorious superiority of heavenly things, is privileged to attain, whilst in the midst of life, and in time of its best happiness, to the exalted feeling of the spiritually-minded Apostle to the Gentiles,—"having a desire to depart, and to be with Christ, which is far better."

SECTION III.—*Providential Manifestations, in connection with Sabbath-day duties, experienced in a striking deliverance from a most dangerous entanglement among the Arctic ices.*

Towards the close of my twenty-first and last adventure to the Arctic Seas, it was our privilege to experience that peculiar manifestation of providential mercy, the particulars of which are here recorded. Those, among the readers of these Memorials, who are in the habit of regarding the dispensations of Providence, under the enlightening influences of the Spirit of Christ, will have no hesitation, methinks, of joining testimony with the author, that "this is the finger of God;" and those whose experiences of the methods of

providence are yet doubtful and obscure, will, I hope, in laudable exercise of Christian candour, consider,—whether the circumstances here fairly and honestly stated are not beyond the ordinary operations of time and chance?

With the view of giving a better apprehension of the nature of the circumstances referred to, it may be useful to preface my narrative with a description of the peculiar character of the situation where it occurred. The scene of the adventure was on the eastern coast of Greenland, within a large body of the heaviest and most dangerous ices of this singular region,—a situation usually considered as that of the greatest hazards of any available for the prosecution of the fishery. Such, indeed, was the apprehension, entertained by the whalers of the last century, of the danger of the ice on the east side of the peninsula, usually denominated by them the *West Land*,—that they dreaded, under any circumstances, to approach within sight of the coast. Nor were their fears groundless; as this vicinity was well known to have been the site of some of the most terrible disasters, among the Dutch, which the adventurous service had ever sustained. But the growing scarcity of whales, in the

exterior and more northern stations, since the year 1816 or 1817, had impelled adventure towards the west, in the direction of their retreat, until the fishery was brought to the very shores of the long lost Greenland. And here, under the not unfrequent encouragement of very ample success, a hazardous fishery was subsequently, for a few years, carried on, and protracted so late in the summer of each year, till the fishermen, in many cases, were fairly driven off by the accumulated dangers of stormy weather, lengthening nights, and the setting-in of the tremendous ices of this region upon the land. Though, however, the apprehension of extraordinary hazard, as connected with this station, had, after two or three seasons of trial and experience, begun to give way; yet the occurrence of a melancholy catastrophe to one of the adventurers, in the year 1822, gave a cautionary check, for a time, to the rapidly growing confidence of the whalers.

The case of this unfortunate ship, the King George of London, was singularly pitiable. A peculiar fatality seemed to attend her from the commencement of the adventurous voyage. During one of the heavy gales which, in the early part of that season, were

more than usually severe, as to the low temperature with which they were attended, the crew of the King George became unhappily engaged in the too-successful pursuit of a whale. The thermometer fell below zero. Thick weather setting in, the men in the boats lost sight of their ship, and, for about fifty hours, were exposed, without shelter or adequate sustenance, to all the severities of the intense cold, incalculably aggravated in its influence by the violence of the storm. One poor fellow fell a victim to the severity of the exposure whilst yet abroad, and another, even after he reached the ship, and began to feel the influence of the genial warmth, sunk under the mortal penetration of the frigorific blast. The remainder of those who had been engaged in the boats recovered, but none of them escaped without the most agonizing suffering, and few without permanent injury. Some lost their fingers—others their toes; some their hands—others their feet. The surgeon of the ill-fated ship declared to a medical friend, who supplied him with some dressings, that he had amputated thirty-five fingers and toes in one day! An example of the severity of the cold was adduced by one of the King George's sailors, who stated, that a quantity of beef that was sent out to the men upon

the ice, when they were first discovered at the conclusion of the gale, was taken straight from the boiling coppers; but before the boats conveying it could reach their starving comrades, though at no great distance, it was frozen so hard that they had to cut it in pieces with axes!

This striking warning of Providence, distressful as it was, proved but the beginning of sorrows. For the enterprising Captain, notwithstanding the enfeebled condition of his crew, subsequently penetrated, in pursuance of the fishery, to the ice-encumbered shores of the West Land, where he perseveringly remained so late in the season, till all other adventurers, admonished by the risks manifestly accumulating there, had, with but one exception, made good their retreat. On the 4th of September, the King George was for the last time seen,—then attempting to get clear of the fast closing ices, but the effort, it appears, must have proved unavailing, as neither the ship, nor any individual of the unfortunate crew, was ever heard of afterwards!

In a situation of this kind, it was, and not very far removed from the same parallel, that the personal adventure of the present memorial occurred. Whilst yet we lingered immediately upon the eastern coast of Green-

land, in the 71st degree of latitude, anxiously hoping for an opportunity to increase an indifferent cargo, the summer of the year 1823 closed unexpectedly upon us. Enveloped within an icy boundary of fields and floes of the most ponderous description, extending in crowded aggregation to fifteen or twenty leagues from the land,—our situation, in the event of the ice being set in upon the shore, according to the prevalent influence of the season in this particular region, was felt to be one of no ordinary risk; for a premature winter had overtaken us, before we were aware of the danger which we should have to encounter.—But I proceed with the narrative of events from the time of our first movement from the coast.

On the 4th of August, no object of duty being present to occupy me, I landed on Rathbone Island, which, for the first time, I had found accessible, when I had the opportunity of verifying the position in which it was laid down in my survey of the preceding year; and, though I had but one chronometer with me on each voyage, it was gratifying to find, that the longitude now obtained, as corrected by two sets of recent lunars, was only 8′ 15″ different from that previously assigned to it; whilst the latitude was found

to be accurate within two-thirds of a mile. The plan of my narrative prevents me going into the particulars of the researches made on this occasion; but I may take occasion, by the way, to mention, that as we descended from the Island we met with several patches of snow, of a reddish colour on the surface, probably tinged with the same singular vegetation as that which gave the extraordinary appearance to the "Crimson Cliffs," discovered by Captain Ross, in Baffin's Bay. The colouring matter, in a small specimen, being left on a piece of stone, after the dissolving of the snow, was found to be of a deep red, powdery or granular appearance.

From the day of this little exploration, the shore was not, I believe, again accessible. For within a week of that time, the autumnal gales, with their usual attendants of heavy incessant rain, and a general inset of the ice upon the land, commenced, so that by the 10th, the island on which we had so recently landed was found to be entirely enveloped in a broad and impervious body of heavy ice.

In the first of these gales, a circumstance occurred of so curious a nature, that, unconnected with the object of this narrative, as it otherwise may be, may excuse me in recording it. Large and numerous flocks of birds,

consisting almost entirely of little auks, *(Alca Alle)* were flying past the ship, for many hours together, in perpetual succession, in the direction of the land. As, on account of the strength of the wind, they kept very near the surface of the sea and ice in their flight, many of them came unexpectedly in contact with the rope by which the ship was attached to the floe, (a hawser of only 2½ inches in diameter) and struck it with such prodigious force, that the unfortunate little birds fell down, not merely stunned, but actually dead on the spot! Scarcely a flock passed within the range of the hawser, out of which some did not fall, though a portion of those which were winging their way on the level of the rope, were to be seen making a violent, and often fruitless effort, to avoid the unlooked-for object. Some hundreds, it was believed, were thus instantaneously brought down. Out of one flock, no less than six were observed to fall, and out of another five—all of which dropped, lifeless, alongside of the ship. Being the Lord's day, I did not allow a boat to be lowered to pick up the game so singularly killed; but the ingenuity of the sailors devised a mode of fishing them out of the water, at least such of them as drifted alongside of the ship, by means of a little bucket attached to the end of a pole. And, in this

way, such a considerable number was obtained, as to afford an agreeable treat—for though high coloured in flesh, these birds yield a palatable and wholesome variety after long use of salted provisions—to all hands on board. But large as this quantity was, by far the greater proportion of those which were thus killed, were believed to be lost, as great numbers of the lifeless birds were seen drifting past the ship out of reach of the little apparatus by which the others were fished up.

The effect of the momentum of these small creatures was most surprising, not only in producing death as suddenly as the most fatal shot, but in the singular demolition of their thick short bills. Among those which, in this way, were struck down by collision with the rope, some were observed to have their bills crushed or broken—others to have both manibles completely torn off—and, in a few, the whole beak was found to have been actually driven backward into the head! Altogether it was a curious, and, to a sensitive observer, a painful scene, to watch the approach of the poor unconscious birds; to see a portion of the flock strike the extended rope; and, without either the fire or report of the usual instrument of destruction, to observe them fall so instantaneously inanimate, beneath the undesigned snare!

The regular progress of destruction, by this singular fortuitousness of circumstances, may read us a lesson of instruction on the little anticipated contingencies of human mortality. After witnessing the catastrophe with a few of the leading flocks of the passing birds, the consequences to succeeding flocks, notwithstanding the almost innumerable chances of escape, were, with us, fully anticipated; but as to the progress of mankind in their flight through life, on the swift wings of time, one is led to reflect, in contrast of this ordinary prescience, how few among those who see the catastrophe which, in a moment unexpected, brings others down, learn to anticipate the risks of a like catastrophe to themselves! It is enough, in other events, to witness a few examples in order to calculate the probable results; but in the personal application of the perils of life, notwithstanding the momentous consequences of a dependent eternity, "all men," as it has been observantly said, "think all men *mortal* but themselves!" There may be some, among the readers of these Memorials, of this description, whose minds are dead to a sense of their own mortality;—some, perhaps, whose compassionate feelings may be excited for the singular destruction of the unconscious little birds—beings only of a brief span of time—who have little

anxiety of feeling as to the risks of their own swift progress through the limited space of life —beings, though *they* be, destined for an immortality of endurance! The invisible line, they must be aware, is stretched across the plane of their progress; in *every moment* of time they do know that some one or other of their fellow-creatures is unexpectedly struck down by it; would to God, that the fate of the little birds might be commissioned to read them this admonitory lesson—to lay to heart the tremendous and awful perils of a premature fall, and, as wise men, to 'Prepare to meet their God!'

But to return to my subject. Having fully ascertained, at the conclusion of the gale, the actual commencement of the inset of the ice, and other tokens of a premature winter, we began our retreat from the now dangerous coast. Under a brisk and favourable breeze, and among incompact fields and floes, our progress to seaward was, at first, rapid and encouraging; but after about six hours of prosperous sailing, our hopes were changed into anxious apprehensions by the discovery of a chain of the most ponderous ices, on every point of the compass, except the direction of our advance, forming, through the entire range of vision from the mast head, one continuous and impervious barrier!

As no human effort or skill could possibly make any impression on these prodigious ices, all that was left us was to wait, in reliance on a gracious Providence, for some favourable change. But day after day passed heavily away, and yet we were detained as helpless captives; and though with each succeeding gale (for the gales had now become both frequent and fierce) the ice was found constantly to be altering its position, yet the changes which diminished the area, and varied the spaces of the interior, had no favourable effect whatever on the closeness of the barrier. Whilst we were thus encountering such dismal weather and such painful confinement, circumstances occurred which led us to reflect, with anxious and desponding feelings, on the beauty and enjoyments of an English summer. What a contrast, was our situation, bound up, as we were, among impervious fields of ice, harassed by storms and perplexed by fogs, to the luxuriant meadows, the verdant groves, and the grateful climate of our happy land!

But it is not necessary, as regards my present purpose, to follow the detail of our anxious progress out of this hazardous situation. Every ingenuity was exercised, every opportunity improved, and every nerve strained to the utmost, in furtherance of the desired object.

On the 20th of August, we had approached, apparently, within two or three leagues of the sea, which the "blink," or reflection in the sky, during a brief interval of clear weather, now distinctly pourtrayed. But the general obscurity of the atmosphere prevented us finding any outlet. Whilst lying-to under the lee of a floe, waiting for the clearing of the fog, the sea, which had previously been as smooth as a lake, became unexpectedly undulated, and the ice, through the influence of a penetrating swell, was forthwith put into great agitation. The floe adjoining us exhibited the usual, but wonderful, influence of the swell, by cracking and breaking in every direction; so that a sheet of ice, perhaps half a mile in breadth, fifteen to twenty feet in thickness, and solid as some of the species of marble, was, in a few minutes, broken up into hundreds of pieces, of from twenty to fifty yards in diameter; whilst all the larger contiguous ices partook of the same destructive influence.

The weather now became stormy, and a perplexing night, from fog and darkness, came on, during which, being unable to "make fast," on account of the swell, we had to tack about, in the utmost peril and anxiety, till morning, in small and difficult openings, thickly encum-

bered with ice. At day-break, the weather having partially cleared, a dubious and embarrassed channel, among the ice, was discovered, leading a considerable distance towards the S.S.W, in which quarter both the reflection of the atmosphere, and the direction of the swell, indicated the proximity of the open sea. A deep impression, providentially, rested on my own mind, as to the vital importance of instant exertion to embrace the present opportunity of advancing on our way. Sail was instantly set, the helm was put up, and the ship bounded, along a tortuous line, through the intricate and hazardous channel which the thickly accumulated ice very imperfectly afforded. I saw we must be *beset*; but this result, with all its attendant risks, was unhesitatingly yielded to, as it was of the utmost moment to gain the nearest accessible position to the sea, that a chance of escape might be left. The ice was closing, however, with alarming celerity; our course, every moment, became more embarrassed and intricate, till, at length, the approximating sides of the channel came into contact, and the ship, in a few minutes, was closely enveloped. For a time, indeed, small occasional spaces remained among the different masses of ice, through which, by the force of the wind, with the help of our

hawsers, we were enabled to advance about a mile farther, and then, whilst the sea, though now clearly within view, was yet at the distance of four or five miles, the ship became firmly and immoveably fixed. But most thankful was I for the progress we had made; for, on the clearing of the sky, in the course of the day, the ice was found compacted around us into a solid and continuous body, in which, to the utmost extension of vision, from the mast-head, not a drop of water, except the sea towards which we were pressing, could, in any direction, be discerned. So that we now found that another hour's delay, at the place where we passed the night, would have involved us, perhaps, in an inextricable dilemma, at once out of sight and out of reach of the sea.

Still, however, our position was one of great jeopardy, both as to the uncertainty of our being able to force a passage through the compact and formidable barrier, which yet lay without us, and as to the risk of almost certain destruction, in the event of a gale coming on from the direction of the sea, as we receded from the shelter of the ice. But that gracious Protector to whom our ways and proceedings had been constantly committed, in humble reliance upon His encouraging promises, not

merely permitted us eventually to realize his faithfulness to the very letter of scripture ;* but meanwhile, not unfrequently, to experience the sweet consolation of that "peace of God which passeth all understanding!"

The night that now again commenced, however, was so abounding in anxieties, as sometimes to overpress those confiding reliances, by which, if in their perfect exercise, the mind ought to have been permanently stayed. The swell penetrating where we were, put the ice in increasing motion, so that the noise and vibrations of the ship whilst grinding or thumping against the contiguous pieces, defied either forgetfulness of mind, or the happy unconsciousness of sleep, under such perpetual admonitions of our dangerous situation.

For the most part, during this anxious progress, we found the ice closely wedged together under a considerable pressure; but at periodic intervals of about twelve hours—indicative of the influence of a tide—the pressure was so far relaxed that, under the force of a brisk and favourable gale, together with the help of our hawsers at the capstan and windlass, we were generally enabled to make a little progress to seaward, both morning and evening. The hardness of the surface, sharp-

* Psalm xxxvii. 5; lv. 22; Prov. xvi. 3; 1 Peter v. 7; Philip. iv. 6-7.

ness of the angles, and magnitude of the masses of ice around us, however, rendered our advance both tedious and hazardous; for the most guarded blows, when the ship fetched way in a crack, caused her to shake and rebound in an astonishing manner.

The morning of the 22d presented a clearer sky than we had observed for some weeks, when, notwithstanding a repeated experience of the tendency of the ice, at this season, to set to the westward, I was greatly surprised to discover the land to be now within about fifteen leagues of us, though we had apparently receded, according to the distance given by the log, not less than a hundred miles! On calculating, more particularly, the quantity of the inset,—for as the wind for the most part had been blowing directly along-shore, the *westing* we had made was to be ascribed entirely to this tendency of the ice to approach the land,—I found that the difference of meridian, produced in the course of seven days by the operation, apparently, of this cause alone, was 1° 50′ of longitude, or about forty geographical miles; whilst the entire combined effect of the current and of the wind, was a drift of 71 miles in the direction of S. 32° W.

In the afternoon of this day, two ships stood in from the sea to the edge of the ice: they

approached us within three or four miles, hove to, and appeared to be observing us for some hours. We were in hopes that they would have regarded our perilous position, and have waited the issue; but, to our great grief, they made sail and stood away out of sight. Gladly, I doubt not, would many of our anxious crew have abandoned their little property, their wages, and even their ship, in order to attain to the safety of the envied voyagers, and accompany them to their home.

During the following night, the ice was quiet, and we happily reposed in peace. At the usual hour in the morning, the pressure relaxed, and we again began to move, and made such encouraging progress that, when the pressure returned, the sea became visible from the *deck*,—the verge of the horizon, illuminated by the sun, being seen over the extreme edge of the ice towards the S.S.E. Hence, we found, that its distance must be less than two miles.

In the evening, however, the wind freshened, the sky thickened, and a great deal of rain fell. The prospect became gloomy and disheartening. The ice around us was prodigiously heavy. We had, indeed, been recently passing through the very centre of a heavy floe, which, before the breaking up of the ice, already recorded, was

forward—to calculate before hand the relative impression of the ship's re-action, so as to avoid the blocking-up of our way—to fasten to such pieces, and to such angles or sides of the pieces, as should the least incommode us, and the most effectually advance us—to compensate the occasional oblique direction of the wind by ropes, counteractingly placed, so as to preserve the parallelism of the ship's position, with the line of her required movements—and to anticipate every motion, whether on our part or that of the ice, by having ropes in advance, and on the bows, to check the ship's return, or to controul the direction of her head. Such were the primary considerations required to be constantly kept in view,—producing, in the whole, such a multitude of varying forces, and correlativeness of action, as required the utmost intensity of thought practically to anticipate. And almost every piece of ice that we encountered required this effort of mind, with a corresponding promptness and variety of exertion, though the quantity of pieces, which we thus passed in the morning, amounted, probably, to not less than a hundred. Our astonishing success, however, in this difficult progress, was strikingly impressive on my own mind, of the special blessing of God. For amid such a multitude of difficulties, and such

an incalculable variety of influences and results, the constant assistance of a gracious Providence, 'preventing us in all our doings and furthering us with continual help,' could alone have enabled us to accomplish every movement we attempted, and to advance, in the very face of the wind, with a celerity and success beyond our most sanguine hopes.

For the first seven hours after starting, our efforts were unremitting. It was then eleven o'clock, the usual time of our Sabbath morning prayers. The intense anxiety attendant on our present situation, advanced as we now were to within a mile of the sea, almost tempted us to press forward to the utmost attainable point; though, from the seaward direction of the wind, escape, under existing circumstances, was doubtful, if at all practicable. Happily we were enabled to resolve on suspending our labours, in order to seek that devotional communion with Him 'by whom we live, and move, and have our being,' to which, on all previous Sabbaths from the beginning of our voyage, we had been in the habit of attending. And most seasonably it happened, just as the determination was taken, that a mass of ice of extraordinary heaviness compared with the general description of that now around us—for we had for some time

been beyond the massive fragments of the shattered floe—was discovered within reach of a whale-line to windward. To this we speedily got a rope attached, warped the ship into contact with it, and then, in the hope of not being materially driven back, we rested for our contemplated devotional service.

Our arrangements being thus completed, the chief officer was left alone upon deck "to look out," whilst myself, and all the rest of the crew—fifty in number—retired into the 'tween decks. A solemn and chastened feeling was prevalent throughout the little congregation,—the excitement, which had hitherto prevailed, being interestingly modified by the customary sympathies, and soothing influence, of the pious formularies of our Church. In my own mind, there was a feeling of animated confidence, that we should not, eventually, suffer loss by the present cessation from labour; but little did I contemplate the result; a result which—whatever might be the variety of views adopted by different individuals as an explanation of the phenomenon—called forth unanimous exclamations of astonishment from the whole of the ship's company. The wind, it should be remembered, when we retired to prayers, was still directly against us, and the ice betwixt us and the sea closely compacted together.

But now, after the brief interval in which we had been engaged in our humble endeavours to worship the Lord our Maker, the condition of the ice, and the somewhat discouraging prospect as to an immediate escape, had entirely changed. The sea was actually *nearer* to us, by some hundreds of yards, than it was when we proceeded to prayers; 'for the intervening ice,' according to the statement of the officer of the watch, 'had been moving past us, during the whole of the interval we spent below, as fast as, by the utmost exertions of all hands in warping, we could have expected to advance!' This astonishing and unlooked-for advantage, no doubt, was gained, by the simple operation of natural causes, through the greater action of the wind upon the generally thin ice around us, than upon the deeply immersed mass to which the ship was moored. But this was not all the advantage. The wind which, previously, had been our greatest hindrance, now shifted to the west, a somewhat more favourable quarter; the ice, which between us and the sea had been closely pressed together without a single opening in any direction, was now found to have slacked; and, what was still more remarkable, *a vein or channel of water, the only one in sight*, (affording an oblique navigation, the most favourable for the present

direction of the wind,) *commenced at the very stern of the ship, and extended*, with but trifling obstructions, *through all the intervening ice, to the very verge of the open sea!* The concurrence of all these circumstances, so favourable to an escape from our perilous entanglement, within the hour of our devotional rest, was so striking, that I believe every one on board made the inference, that a special blessing from heaven had attended the duty in which we had been engaged.

A powerful and animated effort required yet to be made. All hands flew to their different posts, and five of our boats were manned, and in the water, in a moment. Four of these were employed to assist the action of the now gentle air, by the operation of *towing*, whilst the fifth was sent in advance, on a pioneering duty, to remove any occasional obstructions, as well as to improve the passage, in the more embarrassing parts of the channel, lest the ship, falling to leeward by the loss of her head-way, should again become inextricably involved. The sails were now set, and the ship was got under way, when every man, having a heartfelt interest in the duty assigned him, performed his part to admiration. The pioneering-boat darted, with surprising celerity, through the water, fixed itself upon the op-

posing ices with such a mighty energy, that the pieces, as if endued with animation, and influenced by terror, flew right and left from the line of our advance; whilst the other boats at the "tow-rope," performed, at once, the most Herculean and dexterous efforts, drawing with amazing power, and obeying every command, and adjusting themselves to every required position, as if they were actuated by one living principle, and that under a magical influence. All this, indeed, was so striking, that the scene, which I now describe at the distance, in time, of nearly eleven years, seems pictured in living reality before me.

Our efforts, as will readily be anticipated, were crowned with complete success. We reached the open sea about three P. M. when a cri de joîe burst from the delighted crew, and rung upon the air with affecting earnestness, indicative, not of a heathenish joy, but of a grateful, heartfelt, and even sanctified exultation. The nature and propriety of the inward feeling of some amongst them, at least, were distinctly evinced, when, out of the fulness of the heart, these exclamations burst from several lips—"Thank God!" "God be praised!"

In this lengthened narrative, I feel I have outrun my purpose; and, I fear, may have

submerged the impression originally designed to be conveyed, by the too extended view of an adventure, which, on myself and crew, was so striking and impressive. For the recollections of this adventure have, almost unconsciously, carried me away so far from my immediate object, that I may be reasonably apprehensive, whether the interest of the details to myself may compensate for the violation of precision, and want of limitation of circumstance with others. At all events, though the *point* at which, in the outset, I aimed, should not be established to the satisfaction of every reader, the generality, I trust, will so far sympathise with the feelings, and follow the convictions of the writer, as to discern in this narrative, various and striking manifestations of a *special Providence.* With the hope of facilitating the attainment of this desirable and profitable result, I shall conclude this narrative with some reflections, extracted from my log-book, which afford a general outline of my personal convictions, at the time of the adventure, of the peculiar manifestations of "the finger of God."

To this effect are the reflections which I find recorded.—'I consider this deliverance from a state of anxious peril, as eliciting one of the most striking examples of the blessing of God,

in a chain of providential circumstances, that, in the whole course of an adventurous life, I ever remember to have witnessed. When, on Wednesday morning last, (20th of August) by pressing our course to the S. S. W., we got entangled among the drift ice on the breaking-up of the floes, we seemed, at the time, to have committed a serious error, and to have gone entirely wrong,—though in this instance, in a most particular manner, I had 'committed my way unto the Lord' with the belief that 'he would direct my steps.' When I arose on Thursday morning, at break of day, I was induced by an instantaneous decision, (after indeed having anxiously supplicated the Divine assistance), to run to the S.S.W. to the extremity of a bight, in which the ice was very heavy, and in the act of closing, where we were at once firmly beset in a perilous situation. Now had we remained, in this case, till my ordinary hour of rising, we should not have reached the point to which we attained within six or eight miles, and, therefore, must inevitably have been beset at the distance of twelve or fourteen miles from the sea, instead of four or five! In these, and in the succeeding events, there was a striking chain of providences, manifested, to my apprehension at least, in the following as well as other particulars:—In

directing our course out of the ice at the time, and in the way, by which we came;—in urging us to push into the then closing sea-stream, which was immediately consolidated with the ice in the rear, into an impermeable *pack**;—in blessing and timing our exertions when warping and forcing through the ice, as also in directing the manner and course of our various efforts;—and finally, in such a gracious superintendance of the whole adventure as to bring us to the sea edge (the place of greatest peril†) at a time when the weather, instead of being dangerously tempestuous, as at this season it most usually is, was fine, the sea smooth, the ice slack, and the wind veering to a favourable quarter! The whole of the circumstances, indeed, when considered in combination, produced a body of

* PACK.—The name given to a body of *drift-ice*,—that is of ice in smaller-sized masses,—of such magnitude, that its extent is not discernible. A pack is said to be *open*, when the pieces of ice, though very near each other, do not generally touch; or *close* (as in the present case) when the pieces are in complete contact.

† The greatest danger to which a ship is exposed on its escape from besetment by the ice, is, just as it approaches the sea. For if, when advanced to the margin, so as to be deprived of the usual shelter afforded by the ice against the penetration of the waves, a gale, from an unprotected quarter, should then come on, it must bring such a tremendous sea upon the ice, that the ship would be exposed to utter destruction from its frightful and violent action. And, had this been the case in the present instance, to which, from the prevalence of such gales in the autumn, we were particularly exposed, our ship must have been placed in the utmost jeopardy, and its loss must, in all human probability, have been fatal to our lives, both from the now increasing severity and tempestuousness of the weather, and from the daily diminishing chance of a rescue by any fellow-adventurer.

coincidences so manifestly providential, that it would be at once heathenish and unphilosophical to call them fortuitous; a chain of coincidences, indeed, which, if required to be produced on mere principles of chance, would have left us without hope of escape. "O that men would praise the Lord for his goodness, and for his wonderful works to the children of men!"

Chapter IV.

General results of the testimonies of nature and providence to the sabbath, with a plea for its observance.

The preceding records of observation and experience are such, I trust, as may serve for the convincing of the candid and inquiring mind, that witness, both in Nature and Providence, is incessantly being given to the Divine institution and perpetuity of obligation of the Sabbath. And if this proposition be established, then doth it follow, as an unquestionable corollary, that there is an intimate, and, indeed, inseparable connection between a conscientious and sanctified dedication of a seventh part of our time unto God, and our temporal well-being and happiness. Hence, although religious persons are by no means exempt, either from the trials of life, or from those temporal evils to which our species, by reason of sin, has become subject,—this fact, I believe, will be fully borne out, both by the foregoing Memorials and general experience, that, whatever the evils may be which necessarily belong to our temporal condition, the measure of evil will be greatly lessened,

and the proportion of good greatly enhanced, by a strict attention to our duty to "God our Saviour," and to the religious observance of the Sabbath-day, which He has commanded to be kept holy. The external evidences of these facts, indeed, on a great scale, as well as within the sphere of individual experience, are probably as numerous as the instances of rise and fall in the kingdoms of the earth—especially among those to which the Scriptures have been given—wherein we may generally discern the hand of God so dealing with them in blessings or judgments, as to verify the Scriptural statements—that "Righteousness exalteth a nation; but sin is a reproach"—yea, and a curse too—"to any people!" And this observation it were easy to illustrate in a most ample manner, did occasion require, both from the general records of the world, and, in an especial manner, from the eventful history of modern times.

Though the line of argument for the Sabbath herein pursued, may be considered, by some Christian persons, as inferior in its grounds to that derivable from the direct testimony of the word of God; nevertheless, it stands commended to us, methinks, in this—its striking and convincing results. For every view of the subject, derivable from observation and

experience, testifies, that the Sabbath is an institution involving, most essentially and inseparably, both the present well-being and future happiness of mankind. Not, indeed, that the mere *outward observance* of the original Sabbath—or our equivalent for it, the Lord's day—will necessarily secure our reli-religious advancement; not that a *superstitious* regard to the day, without its diligent and wise improvement, will essentially advance our spiritual good or eternal happiness; but yet,—since the abuse and profanation of this sacred day, as we have so largely shown, are inseparable from manifold evils, and since the right improvement of it is essentially connected with the highest good,—we find, that every principle belonging to our nature may herein be engaged to urge the plea for its reverential observance.

Recapitulating the mere heads of the testimonies already adduced in favour of the Sabbath, we find, that whether considered religiously or morally—physically or politically—temporally or eternally, the blessing of the Sabbath is amply and Providentially attested.

That the sanctifying of the Sabbath has an important influence on the *religious condition* of mankind, there can be no question, for in whatever country, or among whatever indi

viduals the Sabbath is wholly disregarded, true, spiritual religion is always wanting.

That the Sabbath is beneficial in a *moral* point of view, the direct attestations of good men, with the dying confessions of many criminals, abundantly prove.

That its observance is advantageous *physically*, we may discern in the sweet experience of the labouring man, as to the restoration and invigoration of his bodily faculties, and in the healthful and vigorous condition of the animals employed in labour, through the repose of this sacred day.

That the tendency of the Sabbath is beneficial *politically*, we may judge *presumptively*, from the circumstance of its desecration being made penal by a variety of statutes in the law of the land; and *experimentally*, from the manifest fact, that the class of individuals in all nations, who the most disregard the Sabbath, is that which furnishes the great body of criminals, and that from which the violators of the law, and the illegal resistors of "the powers that be," are mainly derived.

That its influence is most important and obvious *temporally*, we have largely endeavoured to shew in the foregoing testimonies, in the various facts of realized prosperity and temporal preservation, expressive of the blessing of Heaven

on a conscientious observance of this sacred day; with manifestations of a corresponding evil and curse on its habitual desecration.

And that its influence is of momentous consequence in the *eternal condition* of mankind, may be drawn from this consideration—that since religion is the preparation for eternal happiness, whereas religion never flourishes if the Sabbath be disregarded,—then must the remembrance of the Sabbath, to keep it holy, be inseparably connected with our future weal.

From principles, then, of common prudence, of real patriotism, of approved philanthropy, yea of personal seeking of good, as well as of scriptural truth and wisdom, we ought surely to seek to improve the Sabbath more diligently, and to observe the day more strictly unto the Lord. And by all these different considerations we urge our plea,—and that not because there is wanting one grand and commanding principle of duty to God, as exhibited in His authoritative precepts, but—because God himself condescends to enforce his own commands by a similar variety of motives. By all the terrors that can fill the soul with dread; by all the glories that can awaken desire; by all the mercies that can fill the mind with gratitude; by all the Saviour's sufferings that can melt the soul with love; by every benefit that can interest the

heart of man; and by all the noble feelings which can animate the generous soul,—we are moved and exhorted in the different pages of the sacred volume to serve the Lord our God. Let us not abridge, then, the wide expanse of the Spirit's influence by contracting it within that narrow range adapted only for ourselves. Let us not, on the one hand, debase the high principles of the Gospel, by resting content with the mere expectation of temporal good as a ruling motive, or the fear of the Lord, bodily, as the only influence; neither let us, on the other hand, unqualifyingly fix the motive or influence so high above the ordinary moral apprehension, that any should be induced to abandon the pursuit of it, as an inaccessible attainment, for the want of an intermediate step to reach it. Unspeakably happy, indeed, is the condition of that man who can grasp *the love of Christ*, as a constraining influence to every moral duty and act of obedience; and yet, however inferior in condition, "blessed is the man *who feareth always*." He, therefore, who attains only to the lower influence, that of fear, is declared by the sacred Scriptures to be blessed; but he who attains to that loftiest of motives, the "*perfect love* which casteth out fear," is more blessed!

Wherefore, in presenting these records of

Providential testimonies to the Sabbath, in regard to temporal blessings, and in enforcing, in any measure, the duty of Sabbath observance by such considerations, the mode of argument, I trust, is neither unscriptural, nor unworthy of the object.

Nevertheless, in thus prominently setting forth the connection betwixt our duty to God and our personal well-being,—with a view to the promotion of a stricter and more religious observance of the day appointed with us to be kept as a Sabbath;—ill should I discharge my conscience, as a Minister of the Gospel of Jesus Christ, were I to close this essay in such a manner as to appear to advocate obedience to the divine commands on the ground, merely, of temporal benefits. These, indeed, may and ought to have influence with those who are seeking their happiness entirely in the enjoyments of this life, that they may be saved, at the last solemn hour of existence, from the appalling conviction, that they have sacrificed Heaven for self-indulgence, whilst that very self-indulgence has resolved itself into "vanity and vexation of spirit!" But those who, having higher views and feelings, desire to live for eternity, will find for the Divine commands, and for religious observances, a far loftier motive and nobler argument. With those whom the love

of Christ constraineth,—the giving of preference to the future and eternal good, rather than to a present transcient indulgence, will be the sure and certain mark of "a wise and understanding heart." And their free decision will no doubt be this,—that such is our duty to the Father who hath created us, to the Son who hath redeemed us, and to the Spirit who sanctifieth us,—that did the discharge of our duty involve the entire loss of temporal happiness, and the entire ruin of earthly prospects, *the duty*, as commanded by Him who hath a Sovereign right over us, would still be imperative!

But imperative as the claims, must unquestionably be, of the great Creator upon the creatures of his hand, whatever might be the sacrifices involved therein,—these claims, blessed be God, are all enforced by methods and exhibitions of goodness and mercy. As belivers, then, in the sacred volume, we are called upon, by the highest principles of gratitude, the rather to be mindful of the goodness and mercy of the Divine appointments, and of the momentous blessings they are designed to promote, than to debase our better feelings by dwelling on the penalties by which they are enforced, or on the mere temporal consequences involved therein. Through the *goodness* of God we have the Sabbath, as an original law of crea-

tion and requirement of nature, appointing a hebdomadal rest to both man and beast; and through His unspeakable *mercy* we have it likewise given to us, for the promotion of the superlative interests of our immortal spirits. And this, doubtless, is the grand and leading design of the institution of the Sabbath—that the day appointed to bodily rest, by the prohibition of worldly labour, may be employed, with undivided attention, for religious edification. Whosoever, therefore, has at all correct views of the solemn importance of a future and eternal existence, with the necessity of present preparation for it, will not merely yield a negative acquiescence in this sacred institution, but most anxiously strive to improve it for the welfare of his soul. Then will he see sufficient reason why the day should *entirely*, and throughout, be given up to God; why all worldly labour and conversation, yea, and worldly thoughts too, should be excluded; and why the remembrance of the day to keep it holy is to be esteemed, not only as a commanded duty, but as a Divinely appointed privilege. Then, content with the employment of six days in worldly occupations, and for the pursuit of the things needful for the body; he will strictly regard the seventh day as a consecrated time, and conscientiously employ

it as *the soul's day*. And feeling by experience the difficulty of a spiritual progress, notwithstanding the enjoyment of all the advantages of this blessed appointment, then, peradventure, will he unite with the writer of these memorials, in the deliberate conviction,—that the due improvement of the Sabbath, under the exhibition of the Gospel, and in subserviency "to the Redemption of the world, by our Lord Jesus Christ," is essential to man's salvation!

Could the world at large realize the momentous importance of this Divine institution, surely the so prevalent waste of the sacred hours of the Sabbath in sloth and indolence, with their sad profanation by labour and pleasure, would be changed for that pious zeal, and stirring diligence which might vie with the efforts of the men of business in their worldly occupations. And could mankind, in general, but enter into the holy views of the inspired Apostle, Saint Paul, they would feel, doubtless, the things of eternity to be so infinitely momentous, as to throw the perishing concerns of time into the distant shade; for then, like him, would they "count all things but loss that they might win Christ and be found in Him." Then, by such, would the day so adapted for our spiritual edification be esteemed

"a delight, the holy of the Lord, honourable;" too precious to be spent in doing our own ways, or finding our own pleasure, or speaking our own words, and, therefore, only meet to be devoted to God.

Were all mankind truly religious—did all consider the interest of the soul to be the "one thing needful"—the object of the Sabbath, just declared, would itself be abundantly sufficient to command its observance. But because this is not the case—but, the rather, as the great mass of the world are found to be mainly engrossed in their worldly occupations—I have suggested the foregoing considerations, with the prayerful hope, that some of those who read may be induced to put the doctrine of the Sabbath to the test of personal experiment. And should any, with a due dependence upon the grace of Almighty God, be prevailed upon to make the trial, we have little fear for the result. In so doing, perhaps, it may please the Lord to cause them both to participate in the writer's experience, and to receive such convictions of a superintending and special Providence, as may lead them to grasp at more evangelical motives, and to attain to the enjoyment of higher and better principles. And should such be the

happy issue, in regard to any one of my readers, this humble endeavour to persuade to a religious observance of the Sabbath, and to an entire self denial as to all worldly business or pleasure on that sacred day, will receive, at once, its fulfilment of design, and recompense of reward.

May Almighty God give His blessing to this humble effort to commend the importance and design of His holy day, and so apply His providential testimonies to the convincing of the understanding, and the experience of His goodness and mercy therein to the touching of the heart, that he who readeth may apprehend the gracious influence of the Sabbath, and, in his conscientious observance of it, be privileged to experience the loving-kindness of the Lord!

MEMORIALS OF THE SEA.

Loss of the Esk, Whaler.

LOSS OF THE ESK, WHALER.

"Ye know not what shall be on the morrow."—James iv. 14.

Chapter I.

PRELIMINARY HISTORY AND REMARKS.

Next to the hazards of active warfare, are those, perhaps, which belong to a sea-faring life. This is sufficiently indicated by the annual losses in mercantile adventure, which, in British shipping alone, is immense. The relative loss of life, indeed, is by no means to the extent of that of property, yet it attains to a fearful amount in the course of a year. And although in the majority of shipwrecks, the crew wholly, or partially, are mercifully saved; yet as the loss of a vessel, for the most part, puts to hazard the lives of the crew, every such accident becomes interesting to the sympathies of our nature, whether as a Providential deliverance from premature destruc-

tion, or as a catastrophe fatal to human life. And either result is calculated for profitable contemplation. In deliverance from perilous adventures, the true Christian will mark and adore the gracious Providence to which the happy issue is primarily to be ascribed; and in the contrary result, of a fatal character, he will apply the reading of it given by our Lord—not for the unauthorised judging of the sufferers "that they were sinners more than other men," but—for the enforcing of this grand personal admonition, "except *ye* repent, ye shall all likewise perish!"

In both these respects, the loss of the Esk may be contemplated for edification by the general reader; but a far deeper interest, mournful in its character and lasting in its endurance, will be felt by those, who, relatively or locally, were connected with the sufferers in the calamity.

With the writer, personally, there is, moreover, a new source of melancholy consideration in the circumstance, that the Esk, for a series of voyages previously, was the ship in which he himself pursued, in the Arctic Regions, a satisfactory and prosperous adventure. His feeling, therefore, both with regard to the calamity itself, and the desire to render it profitable to others, is of that peculiar, anxious,

and somewhat painful description, not easily to be conveyed to general apprehension by any written description. For the feelings of a sailor, in a case of this kind, are peculiar to his profession. If right-minded and considerate, he acquires an interesting attachment to his ship—especially if a favourite ship, or one in which he has safely surmounted any uncommon adventure. He regards it with a sensibility bordering on affection. And the author of this publication, having naturally acquired, during a one-and-twenty years' pursuit of a sea-faring life, many of the feelings peculiar to the sailor, finds that he has preserved to this day—through all the variety of habits resulting from so great a change of profession as that from a fisher at sea to "a fisher of men,"—a conscious attachment to the ship whose loss he is about to record. But when to this professional feeling is superadded the loss of a great number of brave men—six or seven of them the companions of his own toils and adventures, men of approved integrity, ability, and bravery, or youths of his own training, of no small measure of promise,—he finds it difficult to imagine a case, beyond the sphere of his own family and connections, that could have come before him with such an accumulated weight of melancholy interest.

As to one of these characters, who suffered with the wreck,—the brave commander of the vessel, John Dunbar—a few particulars may be communicated with advantage to my narration. He was my shipmate in my very earliest voyages, and was trained up from the situation of able seaman, or "'foremast-man," under my Father and myself, until, on my retirement from the command of the Esk, he was appointed to the charge of her. When he first came to us from a creditable service in the Navy, at the brief interval of peace in the year 1802-3, he was a smart, but thoughtless seaman. Full of physical vigour, and of robust health, we found him sometimes difficult to manage when the ship was in port, on account of his forwardness in all the wild frolics of his youthful comrades. Ofttimes, my Father threatened to discharge him, but his personal bravery and variety of commendable qualities, along with my own intercession on his behalf, eventually prevailed for another trial of him. And by trial after trial, he happily so improved, that he worked his way up, in the course of a few voyages, to the first class of officers in the ship. But whilst his youthful wildness became gradually sobered down, he continued to retain the striking fearlessness, and manly disinterestedness of character, which had always

distinguished him even among the best of his fellows.

A fine exhibition of his manly and generous spirit occurred on one of my earliest voyages. I was then a mere lad, and accompanied my father in the ship Resolution, of Whitby. In the early part of the fishery, we had harpooned a whale, which took refuge in a "pack," or large extent of broken ice; and this, towards the seaward edge, happened to consist of very small pieces, recently frozen. My father, who never thought it proper to withhold me from any of the justifiable risks of the profession for which I was training, called me to the mast-head, from whence he was observing the motions of the wounded whale and the pursuing-boats. He pointed me to the fish—which was seen *blowing* nearly a mile distant in the ice—and observed, that as the boats could not reach it, it would escape from us, unless some one could run over the ice with a lance and endeavour promptly to kill it. "Now the ice," my father added, "will not carry a man, but it will carry *you*, as you are light and active, provided you run. What think you of taking a lance and trying to get to the fish?" I acquiesced—took a lance, and immediately commenced crossing the ice on the hazard-

ous exploit. Skipping from piece to piece, each of which generally sank as I stepped upon it, I had proceeded safely for two or three hundred yards, when I stopped, on a larger mass than usual, to take breath. The progress here was more difficult—the first few pieces of ice being particularly small. Whilst I was trying with my weapon, the stability of the first lump across which I had to pass, to ascertain the probability of its supporting me, I heard a great splashing behind me, and immediately afterwards, Dunbar, who had set out of his own accord, came up to me with a lance in his hand. Seeing me hesitating, he rushed forward to the place and said—"Stop, Sir,—let me come first—if *I* be drowned, it will be no loss to any body—but *your* life is valuable!" Immediately, without waiting for an answer, he dashed forward across the dangerous place, which, by his activity and speed, he cleared without sinking; and he never afterwards allowed me to pass him until we both reached a chain of firmer pieces of ice. These conducted us to the place where the entangled whale had taken refuge, and there it was eventually killed and afterwards secured. By that time, one of the boats had pushed its way through the ice, and we returned without further risk in it to

the ship. This example of nobleness of feeling, and of peculiar personal attachment, gave me, of course, a corresponding regard and interest in this manly character, which his hardihood, attention, and seaman-like conduct, during the whole of the time he continued with me afterwards, served only to strengthen and confirm.

The ship Esk, to which this memorial relates, was built at Whitby, by Messrs. Fishburn and Brodrick, in 1812—13. Being designed for their own adventure in the whale fishery, she was constructed on the most approved principles, of extraordinary strength and solidity, and completed at an expence amounting to about £14,000. Her burthen was 354 tons.

In this ship, which I commanded for the first five years of her endurance, we encountered many adventures, and were safely borne through some uncommon dangers. The most remarkable of these perils, occurred in the year 1816, when the ship was damaged in a very extraordinary manner, by being squeezed betwixt two sheets of ice. The pressure, most singularly, took effect solely upon the after-keel, breaking it away at the first scarf, with a portion of the adjoining plank rabitted into

it. In consequence of this damage, a depth of water, of above *eight feet*, flowed into the hold in the course of an hour and a half! Notwithstanding every exertion of our own crew, of above 50 men, assisted by a great number of hands from some whalers around us, the ship eventually filled; but, in consequence of the buoyancy of the materials of which she was built, aided by a few empty casks left on board, she did not go entirely down. The cargo and stores, meanwhile, had been discharged upon the ice, and the ship in a great measure unrigged, when, after stopping the leak outwardly by the process of "fothering," a peculiar contrivance was adopted within for resisting the influx of water, so as to reduce it to a flow of about 18 inches per hour in depth. The leak being so far subdued as to be within the limits of the action of the pumps,—which were larger than ordinary, and increased in number for the occasion by the setting of a spare pump that was fortunately on board,—we proceeded homeward under the protection of the John of Greenock, Capt. Jackson, by whom we were attended with praiseworthy care and ability as far as Shetland; and from thence, still aided and furthered by a most gracious Providence, we were enabled to make our way alone in safety till our

arrival in port. On this occasion, a part of the keel, 22 feet in length, was left in the Greenland Sea, and a piece of the garboard-strake, (or lowest planking attached to the keel) 9 feet in length, was brought home upon deck!

But it is unnecessary to enter into details, as a particular narrative of this eventful voyage is already before the public in the "Account of the Arctic Regions."

Chapter II.

NARRATIVE OF THE SHIPWRECK.

For thirteen successive years the Esk accomplished in safety, and with a fair measure of success, her usual voyage to the northern whale-fishery. She had latterly become the sole property of an old and much respected friend, now passed away into an eternal world, Thomas Brodrick, Esq. In the month of March, 1826, she proceeded from Whitby, under the command of Mr. Dunbar, on her last calamitous adventure. There were then twenty-six hands on board—little more than one half of the complement—the crew being completed at Lerwick, on the way to the fishery. From hence she sailed on the 18th of April, and in *six* days reached the fishing stations in latitude 76°. N.

During the season they captured four whales, calculated to yield about fifty-five tuns of oil, and left the fishing stations, homeward bound, on the 9th August. On the 27th, they put into Brassa Sound, Shetland, and landed such of their crew as had embarked from thence. The same evening they sailed for England,

with a light breeze from the N.E. which soon shifted to the southward. They were close in with Orkney on the 31st, and, on the 2nd of September, according to the Captain's journal, of which it forms the *last* remark, they were "standing along the land (coast of Aberdeenshire) with a fair wind and dark foggy weather."

On Tuesday the 5th, they arrived off Shields, where a pilot, on the look out for vessels for the Tyne, boarded them, and when he left, John Skinner, second mate—in consequence, it is said, of some quarrel with the master—jumped into the boat, and left the ship. By this singular act of waywardness, though he forfeited his wages, his life was preserved.

The following morning, September 6th, though the wind was against them, they had advanced towards the opening of the River Tees,—a position, under favourable circumstances, only two or three hours' sail distant from their port. It was a situation in which excited hopes and animated confidence were peculiarly calculated to render even an ordinary disappointment an irksome trial. Having endured the severities and escaped the perils of a tedious Arctic voyage, they anticipated, doubtless, that before another sun should have run its daily course, the fathers, and husbands, and

sons, among them, would be participators in the sweet and joyous re-unions of their several relative conditions. But, alas! how uncertain and delusive are the events of human happiness. The expectations, which they so naturally indulged, were never to be realized; the hope, excited by proximity to their port into the feeling of certainty, proved but a vain shadow, the substance fleeing from their grasp at the moment when fruition was anticipated. A few hours might have landed them in safety; but the edict had gone forth, and the decree to the many was—'This night shall your souls be required of you!' At the very period when danger seemed to be at an end—the swift travail of nature, for the disembodying of the spirit, was at hand!

Early in the day of which we speak, the Esk reached in by Hartlepool, with the wind from the southward and eastward, very variable, carrying royals. At eleven A.M. they tacked and stood off. After about an hour and a half they tacked again, and reached in towards the land, with a view of gaining the advantage of the first of the flood-tide, which, as is well known to sea-faring persons, commences running to the southward on these coasts, at least two hours earlier in-shore than it does in the offing. Approaching the land

as near as they prudently might, they tacked between one and two P.M. and then stood off.

Though the weather was dark and hazy, and even threatening, yet, anxious to reach their port, only about seven leagues distant, in time to save the spring-tides, which were already past their height, they put about on the larboard tack, to stand to the southward. Presuming upon the capabilities of the ship for carrying sail, and never expecting, at this season, such a gale as should put them past their canvas, they unfortunately kept their reach in this direction, notwithstanding the bad appearance of the weather, until, by an unfortunate veering of the wind to the eastward, and the commencing of a fierce and unexpected gale, they were betrayed into that situation from whence there was no escape. But it may be interesting to follow them in their progress towards the fatal catastrophe.

When they tacked, on the last occasion, (between four and five P.M.) the wind, it appears, was still from the south-eastward, and had considerably freshened, so that they sent down the royal-yards, and found occasion to reef the topsails. The ship, soon afterwards, from the wind eastering, beginning to lie up along the land—though from the haziness of the weather they were unable to see it—they

carried a pressure of canvas against an increasing gale, with some expectation of fetching to windward of Huntcliff and Rawcliff, the two principal intervening headlands, so as to reach up into Whitby Roads. And this was now the chief hope they had, for escaping the danger in which they were unexpectedly involved. But before they got so far along the coast, their progress was fatally suspended by the loss of some principal sails; for, about eight or nine o'clock, the main-tack gave way, and, whilst hauling the sail up, the main-topsail split. This unfortunate event put a stop to the ship's head-way—she could no longer be kept to the wind—and her progress, from this period, was almost bodily towards the land. Soon after this, they saw lights on the shore to leeward, from which, mistaking them for the lights of a coaster, they were in hopes that they had a fair offing. Yet the gale being now tremendously heavy, with the wind dead upon the land—having veered to the northward of east—the sea making rapidly, and the ship having become unmanageable, they could neither have maintained their situation, nor have effected their escape, had their offing been as considerable as they were led to believe. But they did not remain long in suspense: for about half-

past ten the luminousness, so fearful to the sailor, of breakers to leeward, was discovered by the Captain. They instantly attempted to wear, and the ship readily fell off before the wind; but from the want of sail on the main-mast (a main-top-sail that was got upon deck to replace the one that was split not yet being bent) the ship could not be brought to on the other tack, but ran, with the wind on the quarter, among the breakers, and presently struck and grounded. It was frightfully dark: the shining of the broken water and occasional lights on the shore, were the only objects that were visible. It was nearly low water—the worst time of the tide—because, unless the ship should bear the violent surges that she now experienced, until the next falling tide, and should beat up considerably higher on the beach, there was no chance of the crew escaping except by assistance from the shore. The people were well aware of this additional peril, yet indulged, for some time, considerable hope of preservation from the extraordinary strength of the ship.

Meanwhile, made forcibly to feel that they were in a situation probably bordering an eternal world, the whole of the people seem to have conducted themselves with that decorum and devotion which were most becoming

in such an awful condition. The greater part of their number betook themselves to the 'tween-decks, as opportunities occurred, and there sought, individually, as well as collectively, that mercy and protection which the Hearer and Answerer of prayer could alone bestow.

The position of the ship, at first, was almost beam to the sea, with a fearful heel towards the shore. Fearing that she might fall over on her broadside, they cut away the main and mizen masts, on which the ship righted, and soon afterwards slewed with her head to the sea. The risk of immediate destruction being thus overcome they fired a gun, and burnt a blue-light, to excite the attention of the people on shore, and continued, subsequently, to make repeated discharges of powder for a considerable time. The cabin was also lighted up, the stern being towards the shore. Whilst a part of the crew was thus employed in making signals of distress, another part was occupied in fastening down the 'tween-decks, by placing numerous stanchions from deck to deck, with the view of retaining the empty casks in the hold, so that by their buoyancy they might lift the ship, on the returning tide, higher up on the shore. But this expedient, which seemed, at the time, a most judicious one for their preservation, appears to have hastened their destruction.

Nothing now remained that they could do for their better security—or for effecting their escape—unless they had had encouragement to have endeavoured to reach the shore in their own boats; but, with the exception of one or two, all the rest of the boats had either been forced from their tackles, when the masts were cut away, or washed away by the sea. Besides—being unable to see the shore, and unconscious of the nature of the beach,—they judged, and perhaps rightly, that it was more prudent to abide by the ship until day-light. And until then, they trusted that the strength of the ship would be able to resist the violence of the beating, when they hoped they might, at all events, receive succour from some one of the life-boats kept at different stations along the coast.

The carpenter, and carpenter's mate, (the latter being one of the three eventually saved) having done what they could for securing the 'tween-decks, went together into the cabin —when, looking down the gun-room hatch-way, they found the ship fast filling with water. This so disappointed their expectations of safety from the firm build of the ship, in which so much reliance had been placed, that they were greatly dismayed. The carpenter, Richard Sleightholm,—a man of great integ-

rity and excellence of character, and one who appears to have been acquainted with "the truth in Christ" in the love of it,—immediately fell down upon his knees in the cabin, and earnestly sought the mercy of the Lord in their terrible extremity; and in this becoming exercise he was joined by the Captain and some others that were present.

It was, probably, about the same time, that the rest of the crew retired once more into the 'tween-decks for the purpose of prayer, where they continued in their supplications before a throne of grace, until by the rising of the tide and increase of the sea, the 'tween-decks began to burst upward, and the water to pour in such quantities down the hatchways as to threaten them with suffocation below. There was, therefore, one general rush to leave the place, and all hands, excepting two, pressed aft to the quarter-deck, which seemed to offer the best retreat.

Hitherto, before two in the morning, the waves had broken but little over the ship; but, as the tide rose, the sea made more and more fiercely, and the ship struck tremendously heavy. And even after part of the bottom was beaten out, the sea, by its action upon the empty casks, to which it then had free access, still lifted the ship, and caused her to strike

and labour in a most extraordinary manner. The casks, by their buoyancy, at length burst through every resistance,—tearing up the decks fore and aft,—and were seen flying about in all directions. Some of them, the survivers asserted, flew up the companion hatch-way, as if fired from an engine! In this awful situation—with casks and other apparatus dashing from side to side among the people, and threatening their frequent destruction—they had to endure the remaining interval of darkness. All survived the tedious hours till the anxiously-looked-for day began to dawn. But the time to which they had looked with such hope, proved the period of accelerating peril. The ship was now so weakened, that she no longer resisted the waves, but flexibly gave way to every surge. The retreat of the crew was narrowed to a small portion of the larboard side of the quarter-deck, and this was often invaded, not only by the fiercely breaking sea and numerous oil-casks, but also by the main-mast, which had washed in-board, and was occasionally found ranging with terrible violence fore and aft the deck.

The breaking day disclosed the shore for which they panted, and they saw many persons walking the beach and the cliff, at Marsk, in safety, whilst themselves were in momentary

expectation of destruction. They had the heart-sickening consciousness of an impassable gulf between! But despair was exchanged again for hope, by an appearance, the most intensely interesting to the perishing mariner, of the *Life-boat* afloat near the shore. Mercy again seemed to smile upon them, when succour thus appeared to be at hand. They shouted in renewed expectation and waved their hats in encouragement. Their souls, which had been cast down unto death, revived, and they again looked for deliverance. It was a fallacious hope. The boat struggled in vain to make progress;—being imperfectly manned, it was incapable of reaching the wreck, but was continually driven back on the shore.

It was now five o'clock, and the tide was near its height; but there was no chance of the ship remaining together much longer. Two of the crew had taken refuge in the fore-rigging—the rest, twenty-three in number, were partly seated in the larboard quarter-boat, which yet remained suspended in the tackles, and were partly clinging about the stern and quarter-rail. They marked, with anxious apprehension, the weakened condition of the ship —the violent workings of her shattered frame— and other indications of her being about to break up. About a quarter past five, the final

catastrophe suddenly occurred. The ship divided amidships—two or three succeeding seas completed the ruin! The stern-frame fell over to port (partly to seaward) and the bow in the opposite direction. The whole of the panting crew were simultaneously plunged beneath the waves—and, with the many, it was the brief vain struggle with death!

The assembled crowd on the shore—who had been apprized of the stranding of the ship by the guns and lights during the night—were near enough distinctly to observe this fatal consummation of the melancholy event. They watched the pieces of floating timbers, as, at intervals, they became visible on the tops of the waves; imaginative sympathy peopled the wreck with many a survivor; but three only, out of the ill-fated crew, came on shore alive! The Captain, who was washed on shore among the first, appeared to have survived to the very verge of safety. But the commission of death had gone forth! A severe blow received from a piece of floating wreck, it is said, when he was within a few fathoms of the beach, extinguished the remaining spark of life. Poor lamented ship-mate! He that writes this narrative has mourned thy loss as the loss of a brother—he knew and valued thy bravery and manly virtues—and has wept over thy melancholy fate!

It may be interesting, as belonging to this melancholy narrative, still to trace the progress of the survivers, in their most providential escape, through a tremendous surf, and a distance of more than a quarter of a mile, to the shore.

When the ship broke up, *William Leach*, (carpenter's mate) one of the three survivers, was seated, with some of his anxious comrades, in a boat that was hanging over the quarter.* They were all thrown out as the stern fell over; but Leach providentially grasped a spar that floated by him. He maintained his grasp of it during the whole of the time he was in the water, (above half an hour) though every wave washed over his head. Once, indeed, it had nearly escaped him; but afterwards he got it under his chest, with both hands over it, and there he retained his position, and also his recollection, though he took in a considerable quantity of water, until he reached the shore.

William Pearson, another that was saved, reached the shore, before Leach, upon a piece of the wreck; and, as he touched the ground with his feet, he called out to his fellow adventurer, by the way of encouragement;

* Most of the rest were clinging about the railing of the quarter-deck, and to one another. The Captain held by the hand of one of the sailors.

for just before, one of their companions had yielded, exhausted, to his fate, and sunk in the waves. Pearson suffered less than the others, and walked up the beach; but Leach, after he reached the ground, and became conscious of his safety—on two or three men rushing into the water and dragging him out—immediately sunk into insensibility. He remembered nothing more until about eleven o'clock, when, awaking as from a sleep, he found himself in bed, in an inn at Marsk. He was then very unwell, but after a few days gradually recovered.

Matthew Boyes, another of the survivers, was a cripple at the time of the accident, having received a severe injury in his leg, many weeks before, during the operation of flensing a whale. He left the deck, and retired to his bed, about sun-set of the day on which the ship was stranded. About ten P.M. he was called by one of the people, a landman, who, being apprehensive of danger, desired him to "turn out." Finding the ship was falling into a heavy sea, and fearing that there might be too much ground for apprehension, he immediately arose. He had just crawled up the hatch-way and made his way aft, when the ship struck. There were heavy breakers all round them, as if from rocks.

Boyes accompanied his comrades into the 'tween-decks to prayers, and on their hurrying up, when the casks began to break away from the hold, he took his station upon the taffrail, standing upon one leg, and clinging to a davit passing across the after-part of the deck—by which davit one end of the larboard quarter-boat was suspended. In this difficult position he remained until the final catastrophe. All hands, as we have said, were aft, except two, the mate and another; these took refuge forward, and were never seen after the ship parted. At this dreadful juncture, Boyes clinging to the davit, as the stern-frame fell over, was submerged, and in a few moments found himself afloat along with the same piece of timber, which, in a most unaccountable manner, had freed itself both from the bolts which fastened it to the ship, and from the tackle, as well as other entanglements, by which the quarter-boat was partly suspended. One end of the davit sunk in the water; the higher end was directed towards the sea. On this portion Boyes obtained so firm a position, that, during the whole of his perilous progress, he was enabled to retain his grasp, notwithstanding repeated entanglements with pieces of wreck which he encountered. For a considerable time there was a companion with him, but he had suffered more

than Boyes, who anxiously observed his countenance change to a death-like appearance; the next heavy sea swept him away. Nearer to the shore, Pearson, the man already mentioned among the survivers, seized upon Boyes as he rested upon the davit, and had nearly dragged him from his hold. A heavy sea released him from this companion, by washing him off and carrying him to another spar, which he grasped. A piece of the wreck, with some nails in it, endangered him still more. He got entangled with this, by one of the nails sticking into his foot. He struggled in vain to disengage himself, until it gave way by a violent action of the waves. The sea, meanwhile, was driving him constantly towards the shore. He saw every wave as it approached, and took in much water; but he was relieved from the oppression of it by vomiting. He retained his recollection until he came pretty near to the beach—the seas then washed over him in such rapid succession, that he became insensible. But his hands had a convulsive grasp on the davit, and he instinctively retained his hold, until he was rescued, apparently lifeless, by some of the spectators of the melancholy scene. For two or three hours he was as one dead—and then awoke to the happy consciousness of existence and safety.

The three survivers of this awful dispensation were kindly assisted by the people at Marsk. Lord Dundas sent them refreshments, clothing, and other relief; and the visitors, who had taken up their summer's residence there, it is scarcely necessary to say, showed much kind commisseration.

Chapter III.

OBSERVATIONS ON THE LOSS OF THE ESK, AND A COMPANION WHALER, WITH CONCLUDING REFLECTIONS.

The situation in which the once admired Esk, with her gallant crew, encountered this fatal adventure, was in the bay betwixt Redcar and Huntcliff, directly opposite the town of Marsk. The sand here is exceedingly hard, and in some places pierced with scars or rocks. But there is no proof that the Esk was upon rocks,—for the hardness of the sand is such, that there is scarcely an instance of a ship holding together through a whole tide, when grounded there with a heavy sea. It is a flat strand, drying, with the falling tide, for a quarter of a mile. The Esk, doubtless, struck much further out than this—probably near half a mile from high water mark—but, with the tide of flood, she washed up to low-water mark before she parted—the fire hearth and some other weighty stores being found about that line. After the hull parted, however, the bottom drifted by the ebb-tide nearly half-way to Redcar, when it finally grounded, and was left dry by the retiring tide.

The greater part of the cargo was saved, and some of the stores. The Captain's log-book washed up very nearly at the same time that the body of its lamented writer came to the shore. It is thought that he had placed it some where about his person.

The causes from which this melancholy occurrence resulted, are, it is presumed, clearly made out from the preceding narrative. There was too much reliance upon certain qualities of the ship—too little apprehension either of so unfavourable a shift of wind, or of so tremendous a gale at such a time—and a too great anxiety to complete the voyage in time to save water into the harbour. And trifling as this latter cause may appear to those unacquainted with nautical affairs, and especially of shipping concerns in a tide-harbour, it no doubt had a very great influence in contributing to the catastrophe. For, independent of the *expense* of a ship being detained for a week or more during the neap-tides,—which expense a prudent captain is always anxious to save his owners if he can—there is ever some danger attached to the remaining so long in an exposed roadstead, like that of Whitby These considerations—together with the annoyance felt by the sailor, after an adventurous voyage, in

being so long kept from his home and his family, after he comes in sight of his port —have a powerful influence in causing every possible exertion to be made, and in justifying some risk being encountered, when a large ship approaches such a port as Whitby after the height of the spring-tides is past. By such exertion, the gaining of an hour might be the saving of more than a week.

Such, doubtless, were the views by which the Captain of the Esk was actuated, in all the manœuvres of the 6th of September. And had the wind continued from the S. E. ward, as it commenced, or had the weather continued moderate—he would have acted in the most commendable manner for effecting his passage. Had the ship been put about when the main-top-sail gave way, their destruction might have been delayed, but there was no probability whatever that the catastrophe which happened would have been escaped by so doing.

There was a series of untoward events, connected with this shipwreck, which is not a little remarkable. Had the gale occurred at any other time, or in almost any other situation in which they might probably have been placed;—had not the wind shifted to the eastward and then somewhat to the northward

as it did;—and had not their sails been blown away at that very juncture, the ship might have been saved. And there was a fatality, in respect to the crew, which was equally striking. The many chances for the escape of the ship, by a difference in any one of the circumstances, were equally chances for them. But there were others. Had the ship struck, in the place she did, two or three hours earlier, the tide would have ebbed away so that they might have escaped:—had she struck two or three hours later, she would have held together until past high-water, and their safety would no doubt have resulted:—or, had the life-boat been fully manned, there seems to be no reasonable doubt but all the crew might have been rescued! But the time for the coming of the Son of Man had arrived, and—however natural means might incline, or probabilities point to another result—we know that the result was according to the will of Him who reigneth over the earth, and "worketh all things after the counsel of his own will." And whilst we mourn the sad calamity and grieve for the fate of our friends—we must acknowledge the hand of God in the calamity, and justify his distressing dispensation—assured, as well from reason as from inspiration, that the Judge of all the Earth *must* do right!

It was a singular coincidence, that, at the very time when the crew of the Esk were awaiting the sealing of their fate by the rising tide, the son of the carpenter, William Sleightholm, was encountering a peril similar to that of his father, and apparently as formidable, within two or three miles of the same place! His preservation, indeed, was in other respects, remarkable. He was shipped as loose-harpooner in the Esk, (acting harpooner without the usual emoluments) before she sailed on her calamitous voyage; but meeting with an old shipmate, then in command of a trading sloop, the Duke of York, who wanted a *hand*, he was prevailed upon to leave his ship, and embark in this little coaster.

Towards the close of the summer, they were on their way from Folkstone to Whitby, when they encountered the gale of the 5th of September. They passed Filey at 7 P.M. of that eventful day, with the wind at S.S.E. blowing a hard gale which carried away their mainsail. Substituting a jib in place of it, they bore away for Whitby, expecting to be there in time enough for the tide; but the weather becoming extremely dark and thick with rain, they found the attempt to find the harbour impracticable. By the time, however,

this result was discovered, they had been led so near the shore, that to escape it, under their necessarily diminished sails, they knew to be impossible. They hauled to the wind, with the sloop's head to the northward, and patiently awaited the fate which threatened them. Between two and three o'clock in the morning, they saw land, lofty cliffs, close beneath their lee. They let go both anchors; but one of them parted, and the other, being on a rocky bottom, took no hold. As such they judged it best to slip the cable and make at once for the shore. About three A.M. running before a tremendous sea, they entered the breakers, and immediately afterwards struck the ground,—the bold precipitous face of Huntcliff Foot, rearing its frightful crags vertically over their heads. The master, Mr. Thomas Page, immediately attempted to reach the land by swimming, tying a lead line round his body; but after contending against the violence of the breakers, and the fury of the back-sweep, till his strength was exhausted, and his body and limbs much bruised by the rocks, he called out to the crew to haul him back, and was replaced in the sloop. About twenty minutes afterwards, the vessel having turned with its head in-shore, William Sleightholm made a similar attempt from the bow-

sprit, and got a momentary footing on a rock, from whence a single wave happily carried him safely to the foot of the cliff. There, it most providentially happened, he found on a recent shoot of the cliff a refuge above the fury of the breakers. He now, by means of a rope he had with him, hauled the rest of his companions, consisting only of the master and one seaman, to the shore. Climbing the sloping debris till the cliff became vertical, they all planted themselves in this highest accessible position, awaiting the receding of the tide, or some help from above, to enable them to make their escape. And during this delay, whilst shivering from cold, against which two of them had no other defence except a shirt, or a shirt and pair of drawers, they were exposed to no little peril,—numerous stones, from the vertical part of the cliff, as loosened by the rain and the storm, being continually falling, and from these they were scarcely able to protect themselves under the screen of some projecting rocks. In this painful condition they remained till 8 or 9 o'clock in the forenoon, when they were discovered by some persons from above ; but, before ropes or other means of extricating them could be obtained, the tide had fallen to such an extent as enabled them to walk round the promontory to the south-

ward, where they were met by some labourers belonging to the neighbouring alum-works, and conducted to Skinningrove.

But to return from this digression.—Intelligence of the mournful calamity of the loss of the Esk reached Whitby in the forenoon of the day of the catastrophe. And it came with aggravated weight. News had already been received of the arrival of the ship at Shetland —and, but two hours before the messenger of woe arrived, a letter, announcing her safety on the coast of Scotland, was received in the town! The shock was dreadful; consternation and melancholy pervaded the whole population. It was the second appalling event of the same description that had been declared to the dismayed inhabitants within the period of a few days. The first—the loss of the Lively, another whaler belonging to the same port, though a matter of rumour for some time previous—was only announced to the public on the 2nd of September;—on the 7th of the same month the heart-rending intelligence of the wreck of the Esk added its impression of dismay and augmentation of misery!

A very few words will comprise a full record of all that has ever transpired respecting this other painful dispensation of Providence.

The Lively, an old whaler of forty-two years standing, sailed upon the same voyage as the Esk, on the 7th of March, 1826. Like the Esk, she took only her officers and mechanics from Whitby, and completed her crew in Shetland. She sailed earlier than her companion, with a view of pursuing the seal-fishery in the spring, and, it is supposed, had been very successful. The seal-fishery is a dangerous service, being conducted at a season subject to tremendous gales—often sudden in their commencement and long in their duration—and at a time when there is a considerable interval of night, and in a situation exposed to great and peculiar risks from being upon the skirts of the ice. To the Lively, it unhappily proved a fatal adventure. On the 18th of April she was overtaken by a tremendous gale, and was seen that evening, it is believed, for the last time, by Captain Oyston, of the Mary, of Peterhead. The night was dreadful—the sea mountains high—and the Mary escaped with great difficulty and hazard, having drifted through a heavy stream of ice, by which the ship was very much damaged. When the weather moderated and cleared, the Lively was not to be seen; but the sea, to a considerable extent, was covered with biscuits and other ship's stores; and several casks, known to

have belonged to the Lively, by the marks upon them, were picked up by the Hanseatt, of Bremen, and other foreign whalers.

Hopes of a more happy result, indeed, respecting the fate of the Lively's crew, were long entertained by the afflicted and anxious connections of the sailors on board. Unhappily for themselves, they indulged "the hope which keeps alive despair." They considered it possible that the crew, or a part of the crew, might have escaped in their boats to Iceland; and a rumour to this effect was, for some weeks, current in Whitby. But the interval of time that would have resolved such an event, at length elapsed, and even hope was constrained to yield to the fatal truth.

There was something peculiarly touching in the very condition of the catastrophe with these unhappy adventurers. Their last conflict was in desolate remoteness. There was no spectator of the dismal scene—no heart to grieve with the helpless sufferers; no eye to shed the sympathizing tear! The terrible struggle was personal and solitary among them; it was a conflict unknown but to them and their God! Whilst their unconscious kindred, perhaps, were engaged in ordinary conversation or vain enjoyment—or perhaps involved in

sleepy insensibility—they were passing the dark valley of the shadow of death. Whilst those slept and awoke to renew their worldly or careless pursuits, these slept and suddenly awoke to an immortal existence! To those, the time of their toils and pleasures was yet continued—the interval of their probation for eternity was further prolonged; but to these adventurers on a sea of peril, the period was anticipated concerning which it is said "that there shall be *time* no longer."

By these two awful dispensations sixty-five persons perished; twenty-six sorrowing females belonging to Whitby and its neighbourhood were left in destitute widowhood, and eighty children became orphans, besides the families of twenty-one of the sufferers from Shetland.

To the honour of the inhabitants of Whitby, aided by some extraneous contributions, it should be stated, that a sum, amounting altogether to £825, was raised by subscription, and applied with such philanthropic care, as to be made available, during a period of two or three years, for the relief and assistance of the bereaved families of the sufferers.

It is a very remarkable fact, especially when put in connection with these melancholy shipwrecks, that during a period of seventy-

three years, (with an interval only of six or seven years wherein the trade was suspended,) in which the whale-fishery had been carried on from Whitby, not one instance of the loss of a whole crew at a time occurred. And the only considerable loss of men, out of any of the whalers of this port, heretofore on record, happened almost fifty years previous to the present events, when about one-half of the crew of the Peggy suffered, on occasion of that vessel being wrecked at the "west ice"—the sealing station betwixt Iceland and Spitzbergen. But in this one year to which the present memorial relates, the only two Greenland whalers proceeding from the port were lost; and, as we have seen from the foregoing narratives, all the people on board both of them, except three, perished!

What need have sailors, almost above all other classes of men, to be habitually prepared to meet their God! How important, that they should be better instructed as to the course necessary to be pursued through the voyage of life, in order to reach safely the haven of eternal rest!

So thoroughly unconscious are multitudes among them of the condemnatory nature of sin —of the necessity of holiness for seeing the Lord

—of the importance of being prepared for the coming of Christ—that it is not uncommon for them to assert, that though they should be ever so suddenly called into an eternal world, if they should have time only to say—"The Lord have mercy upon us!" even then they would have no fear about the safety of their souls! And one, if not more, of the poor sufferers in the Esk, was known to have entertained this dangerous idea. He was heard to say, shortly before the fatal hour of their final calamity,—"I know I have been a wicked man; but I hope the Lord will have mercy on me." So would *we* hope in the mercy of the Lord,—not only on poor perishing sailors, but on perishing sinners of every class. But, alas! we dare not indulge even hope, in what the sacred Scripture forbids us to hope—that is, in the exercise of mercy towards an *impenitent* sinner;—and if we hope for penitence in the hour of death, it must be with exceeding great fear and trembling. There is, indeed, one such instance recorded in Scripture, in regard to the thief upon the cross, that the *dying* sinner may have hope; but there is *only* one such instance, that the *living* sinner may fear. Little, alas! do most men think of the powerful and extensive operation—the renewing and sanctifying nature—of that faith in the Son of God,

which is alone influential unto salvation; and little do they understand the deep-felt and actuating influence of that "repentance, which needeth not to be repented of."

How important then, we repeat, that sailors should be better instructed, and better taught, to know the danger in which they hold their immortal souls! How important that they should, like their more privileged brethren on shore, have the means of learning that they are under a sentence of condemnation, even as others,—and that, whilst they allow themselves the free gratification of their passions, they are giving themselves up to the destructive action of human nature, which, as a current always setting to leeward, will, if they make no sufficient effort, inevitably cause them to suffer shipwreck of their souls upon the rocks of unbelief and despair!

It is time, therefore, that sailors should be effectually warned of their danger, and be exhorted to "prepare to meet their God." Yet until very recently, whilst their exposure to premature death was greater than other men, their fitness to meet it was less. Their profaneness—their thoughtlessness—and their ignorance of eternal things, have been proverbial among us,—and yet we have viewed these sad exhibitions of carnal nature, rather

with complacent commiseration, than with efforts to remove them. Conduct and habits that would have shocked us in other classes, have been tolerated and palliated as characteristic of the sailor. Most persons, indeed, have been in the habit of considering the immoralities of seamen as inseparable from their profession, rather than as the consequence of the *unrestrained growth* of the rank weeds of our common nature.

And even the religious public, alive as it was to the deplorable condition of the heathen world, and active as it was in the various branches of Christian philanthropy, seemed, until of late years, to wink at the ignorance, carelessness, and depravity of their seafaring countrymen, or to forget that they also were of that responsible order of beings who must render an account of themselves unto God! At length, however, a small sense of our neglects and obligations in respect to sailors has mercifully been felt, and considerable efforts are now being made in various sea-ports in the United Kingdom, and still more extensive efforts in the commercial towns of America, for the improvement of the moral and religious condition of seamen. These efforts are chiefly made through the instrumentality of organized associations of benevolent individuals, and the

necessary expenses provided for by voluntary contributions: and, as but little suitable accommodation is to be found in our churches and chapels, for the numerous seamen frequenting the more considerable sea-ports—the providing of churches, and other places of worship *expressly for them*, has become a characteristic feature in the operations of the various societies established for their spiritual benefit.

Previous to the institution of the several places of worship provided in our principal sea-ports by these important societies, the seamen amongst us, for the most part, were not only peculiarly destitute of the public ministrations of religion, but, as regarded the Establishment, they were almost excluded from the pale of the church. But when the Establishment made provision for their restoration, experience immediately proved that she was well calculated to be a faithful and efficient, yea, and an acceptable, nursing-mother to her seafaring sons.

During a period of five years, indeed, in which I had the privilege of labouring professionally in the Mariners' Church at Liverpool, this experience was most encouragingly verified, in the striking attention and unvarying decorum of the numerous congregations which assembled there. There was, indeed,

an intenseness of interest—an openness of ear and heart—a tenderness and simplicity of feeling, so remarkable, as to be often deeply affecting, and to form an uniform characteristic of the interesting congregation.

Wherever, indeed, mariners' churches or chapels have been established in any country, their influence has been quickly manifest and strikingly beneficial. No sooner is the Word preached, than there are signs of life—the dry bones begin to shake, and are clothed upon, as it were, with new flesh. No sooner is the seed sown, than the fields appear white with the hopeful produce, and a bounteous harvest is invariably reaped. To ordinary observation they may seem, peradventure, like the trees of the field in a cold and protracted spring—not only leafless, but lifeless; but when brought under the genial influence of the Gospel, refreshed with its living waters, and acted upon by the bright invigorating rays of the Sun of Righteousness, a rich luxuriance of vegetation bursts forth with almost magical rapidity. And why? Because with them the soil is ready for the seed, rich in quality; and under proper culture—as observation, I think, satisfactorily testifies—abundant in its produce.

Having taken occasion, from the circumstances of this memorial, to digress into the subject

of the religious instruction of seamen, I will venture to add a few further observations on the immense importance of such instruction; and that not on *their* account alone, but as it bears upon the propagation of the Gospel throughout the world.

The baneful influence of ungodly seamen in foreign lands exhibits powerfully the exceeding importance to Christian philanthropy of the improvement of their religious condition. Time was, and that not long since past, when throughout whole ships' companies, even throughout whole fleets together, almost every soul was in nature's darkness, each one careless, thoughtless, ungodly—"dead in trespasses and sins." In such a state—corrupt and putrid with filthy vices—did this numerous body of nominal Christians, embarked in the swift ships, proceed to the most distant shores of foreign lands, inoculating with their own peculiar and deadly influences the heathen world. They carried forth in their own infected persons a mortal germ, which acted upon the unhappy heathen as a deadly and terrific scourge. And still, alas! do they too commonly convey their morbid qualities and prevailing vices far and wide—making the corrupt heathen more corrupt, and hindering the progress of the kingdom of Christ. Still do they too prevalently go forth with infectious influence, marring the efforts and spoiling

the work of God's own servants, who are appointed to proclaim in distant lands the glad tidings of salvation!

Then, as to *the beneficial influence of religiously taught seamen*, how extensive is such influence compared with that of any other class!—These who hear the Gospel amongst us to-day, are voyagers on the ocean, perhaps, to-morrow. The Word, under the blessing of God, takes root, and brings forth fruit, and sheds its seed, but it is in a far distant land. Through seamen, the seed receives wings to sustain it and carry it abroad into every part of the earth; and, though it may not now appear, it is literally "bread cast upon the waters, and shall appear after many days!" How important, then, the sailors' influence! The influence of ordinary men is confined to those immediately around them; but of *these*, the influence has no limits either for good or evil, but the limits of the navigable globe. Through them, hath the Word a vast excursiveness. It flies through the midst of the ocean; it penetrates the region of heathen darkness; it sweeps the outline of every continent; it visits all the isles of the sea!

May the hearts of the Lord's people throughout our land be more and more impressed with these weighty considerations;

and, in Christian sympathy for the poor neglected sailors themselves, as well as in compassion for the souls of the heathen which are injured by their example, may we be more active and zealous in the "work of faith and labour of love" for the evangelizing of our maritime population!

MEMORIALS OF THE SEA.

A Glance at Iceland.

A GLANCE AT ICELAND.*

"FROM THE UTTERMOST PARTS OF THE EARTH HAVE WE HEARD SONGS, EVEN GLORY TO THE RIGHTEOUS."—ISAIAH XXIV. 16.

AFTER the scientific researches of Sir George Mackenzie, and the peculiarly interesting investigations of Dr. Henderson, in this extraordinary country, little is to be expected from an occasional and unpremeditated visit of a few hours. And little that is new will probably be found in this memorial. Nevertheless, in a country where everything is peculiar—in which Nature has stamped her province with the wildest and most terrific impressions, and in which Providence, with wonderful contrast, has moulded its dominion with the most primitive, artless, and virtuous features,—researches, otherwise common-place, obtain, from locality and association, a degree of importance that may excuse their being recorded. The narration which I have to give of my visit to this island comes recommended neither by adventurous

* This Memorial was written, originally, for the 'Winter's Wreath;' but as it happens to suit my present object, and may, probably, be new to most of the readers of this volume, I have ventured to re-publish it.

incident, nor by the discovery of strange phenomena; but merely by an example of that beautiful simplicity of character and moral propriety for which the inhabitants, so far as they have been preserved from foreign contamination, have long been justly celebrated.

Returning from a whale-fishing voyage on the coast of West Greenland, in the summer of 1820, we were deflected from our course, by a prevalence of easterly winds, towards the northern shores of Iceland. On the morning of the 3rd of August, our position, as calculated from recent observations for latitude and longitude, was found to be close upon the coast of this interesting region; and at eleven A.M., the wind blowing a brisk gale from the south-eastward, with dark foggy weather, we came suddenly in sight of land in the south-west quarter, the exact situation in which we expected it. Soon after mid-day, the fog clearing away a-head of the ship and on either bow, a mountainous country to the south-west and west of us became visible, and also a long narrow point of land to the south-eastward, jutting far into the sea. This was the peninsular promontory of *Langaness*, the north-eastern extremity of Iceland, which stretches its rugged headland within reach of the midnight rays of the Arctic sun. Coast-

ing the western side of the promontory towards Thiselsfiord, we fell into a smooth sea, under circumstances exceedingly tempting for visiting the contiguous land. About three P.M. we tacked, being in fourteen fathoms water, about a mile from the shore, and made a signal for a pilot, with the hope of obtaining some information as to the safety of the navigation about us, of which we had no chart;—but none came off. At six in the evening, being abreast of a hamlet, and within three-quarters of a mile of the beach, I took a boat, and, leaving the ship in charge of the chief-officer, proceeded to the shore. As we approached, several persons were observed watching us by the side of the hamlet, who, on waving our hats to them, came running towards us. We landed on a beach of large rounded stones, where there was some surf, the Icelanders awaiting our arrival within call. They received us by taking off their hats and bowing, and unexpectedly, at the same time not a little agreeably to us, by shaking our offered hands, instead of the usual salute. Then, unasked, they gave us a hearty and effectual pull with the boat, by which it was secured from the action of the surf.

Totally ignorant of each other's language, so that our intercourse at first was mere dumb

show, we proceeded directly towards the hamlet, both for the gratification of a natural curiosity in visiting a strange country, and with the hope that the sight of new or tangible objects would afford us means, however imperfect, of more satisfactory communication. In this we were not disappointed.

On reaching the hamlet, which, on examination, resolved itself into two or three humble habitations, we were met by all the inmates of the principal cottage, consisting of a good-looking middle-aged female and four or five children, who, with three men that accompanied us from the beach, formed, to us, a curious and interesting group. Knowing the scarcity of bread on the island, a bag of biscuits was brought along with us, which I requested a young gentleman of our party, who had accompanied me on the voyage, to empty within the hut. The good housewife seized his hand and kissed it in thankfulness; but on its being intimated to her that I was the principal of the party, she ran up to me with a peculiar expression of lively gratitude, and, kissing my hand, challenged, by a token at once modest and intelligible, the customary salute. She was a prepossessing person, rather short of stature, with an animated and good-tempered ex-

pression of countenance. Her dress was the common domestic or working habit of the Iceland population; a costume which, like their language, manners, and simplicity of character, has continued unchanged for at least a period of nine centuries. It consisted, externally, of a petticoat of a white woollen cloth, of native growth and manufacture, called *wadmel;* a *skirta*, or shift, of the same material, visible above the waist; and a coarse blue jacket, imperfectly meeting in front. These articles, with coarse worsted stockings, and seal skin or sheep skin shoes, completed her dress; the head, on this occasion, being uncovered.—The dress of the male peasants consisted of a woollen shirt, with jacket, breeches and stockings, of the same material, a piece of undressed seal-skin bound over each foot for shoes, and a well-worn hat of the ordinary form. The dress of the female children was similar to that of their mother, but neither whole nor cleanly. Indeed, many as the virtues of the Icelanders are, absolute cleanliness is not included among them.

Having obtained leave to examine the cottage, I penetrated the four several ramifications which its peculiar form, being that of a cross, produced. The interior had a disagreeable atmosphere; a large quantity of

sea-birds hanging from the roof or lying about the floor, and a tub of train oil standing in the midst of one of the compartments, so contaminated the air, where there was a very imperfect ventilation, that it required no little curiosity and perseverance to pursue the examination. There were no windows in the sides, and only two openings in the roof, which served, in a measure, the double purpose of emitting smoke and admitting light. In the first or entrance compartment, there was lying a heap of "*lums*," or young kittywakes *(Larus Rissa,)* which, from the numbers collected and dried, seemed to form a considerable article of summer subsistence. In the same place a girl of ten or twelve years of age was employed churning, with an apparatus not unlike that in common use in England before the introduction of the barrel churn. The compartment on the left was used as a kitchen, having at this time a fire made of drift wood; and that on the right was the sleeping apartment, containing a long bench covered with hay, &c., but no bedclothes were visible. Connected with the cottage were two little huts with distinct entrances, one of which was employed as a wareroom, and contained all their stockings, mittens, flocks, sheep-skins, and other articles

of like nature intended for trade. The cottage and contiguous huts were built of a framing of wood, filled in with clay; the roofs were covered with sods, and the floors were mud.

To the extent of their ability the good people were disposed to be hospitable, though the only article of refreshment they seemed to have at hand was a bowl of butter-milk, which we tasted. Sea-fowl, fish, and the milk of cows and sheep, with meal obtained from the factories established on different *fiords* on the coast, appeared to be their principal food in summer. The fish, however, from the exposed nature of the coast at Langaness, must be an uncertain supply; but they render it applicable to their constant necessities by drying their surplus catch into stock-fish. The ground here regularly sloping to the beach, and rising to the eastward to a considerable elevation, afforded, near the hamlet, some good pasture for their sheep and cows, which appeared in considerable numbers all around us. The grass had been recently cut, and, though the weather was now unfavourable, promised a tolerable crop of hay.

Interesting as it was to land in this remarkable country, we were not fortunate at

the place we visited, in finding any of those peculiar natural phenomena, which call forth the astonishment or admiration of the most incurious traveller. The rocks about us were all broken and detached; and the beach was composed of large rolled masses. Some of these were of the trap kind, and one mass was observed to be vesicular lava; in general, however, there were few signs of the action of volcanic fire. A little to the eastward, indeed, I observed a very interesting spot, which I intended to visit; but the recurrence of foggy and squally weather rendered the attempt imprudent. It consisted of a splendid range of high, and apparently regular basaltic columns, in a perpendicular arrangement. In point of height, as well as of regularity and beauty, they appeared equal to anything of the kind in the north of Ireland. The view from the ship with a good telescope, at the distance of two miles, was striking and beautiful.

The boisterous state of the weather, and our entire ignorance of the nature of the coast as to concealed dangers, somewhat interfered with our enjoyment on shore, and prevented that deliberate research which might have led to more interesting results, and hastened our departure to the ship.

Before we left, however, I intimated a wish to purchase a couple of sheep of our Iceland acquaintances, and invited them to bring them off to the ship; a request which they evidently understood, and with which they readily acquiesced.

Leaving this humble and contented people to make their own arrangements, we proceeded to our boat, which we found fast aground, and, in consequence of the ruggedness of the beach and the action of the surf, in a critical condition for launching: fortunately, however, we all re-embarked in safety, and arrived, without any other adventure, at the ship.

We had not been long on board before we observed a boat, in which the Langaness family were embarked, push off from the beach. Notwithstanding the mutual civilities that had passed, and the apparent confidence which had hitherto prevailed, they approached the ship with manifest caution; and it was not till a second or third attempt, on our repeated encouragements, that they succeeded in getting alongside. The party was found to consist of the principal peasant, his wife (the female before mentioned), their son (a fine active lad of about twenty years of age), and an elderly relative; and the cargo of the boat consisted of a small sheep and a lamb, with a quantity of mittens and stockings.

The dress of the female peasant had been altered and improved for this visit. In addition to the *skirta* (jacket), and petticoat of *vadmel*, it now comprised a striped apron with a coloured border, a 'kerchief about the neck, a pair of mittens, and a blue cap, like a hussar's foraging cap, with its pointed extremity, terminated by a little various-coloured tassel, hanging down on one side of the head.

Receiving them at the gangway, I endeavoured to dissipate the timidity which the sight of fifty men, crowding with excited curiosity as near as they might, seemed to have upon them; and after giving them a cursory view of the deck, with which, and the various objects around, they were exceedingly astonished, they were conducted below. It was evident, from the amazement they manifested on observing the magnitude of the masts, sails, and other parts of an ordinary naval equipment, that they had never before visited a ship so large,—probably they had seen nothing beyond the dimensions of the little coasting vessels which trade for the factories around the island. Nor was their astonishment lessened on proceeding into the cabin. Every object excited their attention, especially articles of use,—some of which, as was natural, they seemed particularly desirous of purchasing. Linen was an

article of first inquiry by our female visitor; and a *sark* (a shirt) was the price she proposed for the lamb, and a shirt and handkerchief the price asked for the sheep. Three shirts, three or four cotton handkerchiefs, a pocket-knife, and a few other small articles, purchased, at their own modest arrangement, the little store of things they had brought for traffic. After each exchange, instead of artfully wishing to enhance their own goods, or to depreciate what they received in return, they expressed undisguised satisfaction. Our female visitor especially, who was the chief manager of the business, (to whose talent, in this way, her husband paid complete deference,) indicated her entire approbation of what she received, by respectfully kissing my hand, accompanied by the word *tak'* or *takker;* and after each little present that we made them, she repeated the same action with every expression of delight and gratitude. The singularly delicate manner in which they noticed any article that was shown them, when they had no longer the means of purchasing it, was very remarkable. At first, whilst their sheep and woollens were in their own possession, they admired, with eager curiosity, every thing that was set before them. Plates, and knives and forks, with the rest of the table utensils, seemed peculiarly attractive, as

well as hammers, (of one of which they became possessed,) and other tools; but no sooner had they expended their little store of goods, than they passed over the same articles, as if they valued them not, with the most striking self-denial. I never before saw needy persons so easily satisfied, or selfishness, in such a people, so obviously and delicately subdued. To this remark there was but one exception, and that a justifiable one. In the course of the visit, I offered to them, as a memorial of our intercourse, a slip of paper, upon which I wrote the name of the ship, with my own name, and some brief observations. The writing utensils proved so attractive as to overcome that delicate self-denial which, in regard to other things, they had so strikingly evinced. It was clear that our female acquaintance was anxious to possess them. I therefore presented her with the ink-bottle, pens, and a little paper, which she received with the liveliest expression of thankfulness. She read the paper I had written, and was delighted to find that my Christian name was the same as her son's. Then, at my request, she wrote with a ready hand the names of herself and friends. The character was somewhat peculiar and antiquated. But to these circumstances is to be ascribed the remarkable fact stated by Dr. Henderson, that whereas "our

ablest antiquaries are often puzzled in endeavouring to decipher certain words and phrases in writings which date their origin only a few centuries back; there is not a peasant, nor indeed scarcely a servant girl in Iceland, who is not capable of reading with ease the most ancient documents extant on the island." The general intelligence and literary acquirements of the inhabitants of this remote, frigid, and forbidding country, have been the subject of invariable admiration of travellers; particularly where the only means of education, except occasional catechising by their clergy, is, for the most part, confined to domestic tuition, there being (recently at least) but one school in the whole island.

The writing utensils being done with, our female visitor disposed of the acceptable present, by placing it along with a number of other articles, received as personal property, in the sleeve of her *skirta*, under her arm, which seemed the usual depository, answering the purpose of a pocket. And it was amusing to observe what a quantity and variety of articles disappeared in the same receptacle.

After receiving some refreshment, which they partook of with moderation, I showed the whole party the different compartments of the cabin and steerage, respecting which they evinced no little

curiosity. But my "state-room" proved the place of greatest attraction. Being fitted up with considerable neatness, its comforts and convenience formed such a contrast with their humble bench, that it called forth, above every thing else they had seen, their unbounded admiration. The furniture of the bed, a chest of drawers, bookcase, &c. were examined with the minutest attention; and nothing could be more striking than the peculiar action and, to us, otherwise unintelligible words, by which our female friend vividly expressed her conceptions of the happiness of the possessor of so much comfort and splendour!

Though at our first meeting we were not aware that our languages had anything in common, and never thinking of the facility of communication that we might have derived from the Latin, we soon found that the dialects of Yorkshire and Scotland afford numbers of words exactly according with the Gothic language of Iceland. But independent of this assistance, which aided us only in substantive words, the quantity of intelligible intercourse afforded by the imperfect medium of communication we possessed, was surprising. After the supply of our wants in fresh stock, there was little we wished to communicate, but much we wished to observe, for which their abundant expression, unrestrained and natural, afforded ample means. And with

them also, in so brief an intercourse, the knowledge of where we came from, or what we were, proved secondary to the interest of the various novelties before them. Theirs was not an enjoyment of words—but of seeing, admiring, and possessing. Therefore it was not words, but the expressive indications of the interest they experienced, that conveyed to us any knowledge of their feelings and character. And these specific signs of feelings were sufficiently intelligible in the language of nature, which indeed ever speaks more forcibly to the heart by expression than by words. Hence the foundation of all real affecting eloquence is the exhibition of nature. Of this we had a striking proof when our visitors left us. It was to us a touching scene; and though simple and common-place, I shall attempt to describe it: for I could not but feel, on the occasion, the loss we sustain, of that which is singularly delightful, by living in society rendered artificial by perpetual intercourse, where nature with its most bold as well as touching traits, is either softened down or lost in cultivation.

The weather having become again foggy, and the night drawing in gloomy, though not dark, I was not anxious to detain our visitors when they moved to depart. As they arose from the table, each one took my hand in succession, respectfully bowing and pronouncing the word *takker*.

I then accompanied them on deck, prepared only to expect a hasty repetition of the same acts on taking leave. But it was a more interesting scene—especially with our female friend. As the others were about to embark, she came up to me on the quarter-deck, her face beaming with an extraordinary expression of gratitude and affection; and seizing my hand, she kissed it with unrestrained but modest fervour. Accompanying the action with words full of earnest eloquence, she pointed in the direction of the hamlet, to assure me of a welcome there,—and then, with a combined expression of dignity, solemnity and devotion, she raised her hands, and lifting up her face towards heaven, exhibited her elevated feelings in a fervent and ardent prayer! Altogether, the scene was so peculiarly touching, that one of my officers who stood by, unable to resist the impression her conduct inspired, exclaimed, in feeling accents, "Poor thing! poor thing!" whilst he wiped with the sleeve of his jacket the liberal tears of sympathy that burst from his eyes and rolled down his manly cheeks. How much we lose of the most elevated enjoyments of the heart, by the stunted subdued graft of sophisticated society superseding the animated lovely blossom of nature, and too prevalently monopolizing the entire stem upon which it is implanted!

In the scene before us, pleasing touches of

nature appeared in others of the party as well as in the person just spoken of. Her son was their shepherd: the two sheep that were sold to us were now to be resigned,—perhaps the first they had sent away by the hands of strangers from their pasture. As far as the elders of the family were concerned the surrender had been made; but not so as to the generous youth. When the party was ready to push off, the lad was missing. Injury to the boat being hazarded by its repeated striking against the side of the ship, an impatient cry was raised for him, and search about the decks immediately made. He was discovered in one of our boats wherein the surrendered part of his flock was deposited. He was seen hugging them alternately round the neck, and kissing them severally with mournful fervour. He did so repeatedly; and when he obviously tore himself from them, his eyes were cast towards them with sorrowful longing glances as he retired to the boat.

I have endeavoured to describe these simple scenes, not only because to me they were interesting and affecting, but because I trust they were not unprofitable. Many of the most important lessons of instruction taught us by our adorable Saviour, are drawn from the ordinary events of life; and some of the most touching, from scenes of unsophisticated nature. His own

pastoral office and character, our Lord often illustrates under the figure of a *Shepherd*. He calls himself the "Good Shepherd" who knows his sheep, and is known of them,—who calleth his sheep by name, and leadeth them out,—and who so loveth them, that he lays down his life for them. These characteristics, however, of the tender care and wonderful compassion of the Redeemer of the world, striking and touching as in reality they are, too little impress our hearts. We must visit scenes of unaffected nature like these, to enable us to enter into their full meaning, and to feel their force as we ought.

As soon as our interesting visitors were fairly embarked, and had been carefully directed by us in their return to the shore, we made sail and stood out to sea.

I considered myself happy, by the opportunity afforded me in this brief visit to northern Iceland, of giving the inhabitants of this remote region a favourable impression as to the character of my country. For it must be obvious to those who are acquainted with the habits of British seamen abroad, that they are generally too regardless of this. Whilst no men have more national pride,—none, perhaps, are less careful of meriting the superiority they claim. Some from levity—some from depraved habits—others from mere thoughtlessness, (but the whole from

the general want of religious instruction, till of very late years, among their class) have been too apt to throw off all restraint in a foreign land; and claiming to themselves an imperious and unwarranted superiority, have not unfrequently afforded a degrading specimen of the inhabitants of the country to which they belong, and a miserable contrast to the character of Christians, whose holy name they assume. And as persons in general are naturally disposed to form their opinion of the character of a nation rather from a few individual examples, than from an enlarged view of the people, the misconduct of a single ship's company has often, probably, done more to degrade the national character, and to bring reproach upon the Christian religion, than the labour of many years of zealous exertion, on the part of the missionaries of our holy faith, has been able to eradicate or restore. But the time, it is ardently hoped, has arrived, when, by the religious instruction of sailors, under increasing efforts on their behalf, this evil will begin to give place to the influencial exhibition, through the means of pious seamen, of real Christianity to the remotest regions of the earth.

The character of the Icelanders, with whom we were fortunate in meeting,—favourable as

these specimens might appear to be,—is considered by those most competent to give an opinion, as but little above what may be considered the type of the national character. For, with the exception of Reykiavik, and one or two more of the principal trading ports visited by foreigners, —where unhappily foreign vices have had their pernicious inoculation,—the general population of Iceland, in their habits and dispositions, are considered to be "a very moral and religious people." Important and interesting is the enquiry, both with the moral philosopher and the Christian, as to the origin of these characteristic excellences. The enquiry, however, is easily answered. The character of the Icelanders is not a mere influence of nature, developed by fortunate circumstances—not a mere happy exhibition of heathen virtues; but the result of Scriptural truth, communicated, under favourable influences, on the principles of the Reformation. For from the earliest period of life at which the mind can receive the blessed knowledge, their youth are carefully instructed in the principles of Christianity, and made regularly to attend to the public and private exercises of devotion. Doubtless, there are many exceptions to the generally exhibited consistent profession of Christianity, and among the outwardly moral, as well as those of hopeful profession, the usual examples

of unsaving formality: but still, through the operation of the appointed instrumentality for the regeneration of the world,—under the favourable circumstances of a scattered population, freed from the many temptations and pernicious effects of large societies,—a general character is developed, singularly striking in its natural beauties, and in no small degree blessed with the inward and influential reception of that Gospel which maketh wise unto salvation.

At the time of the brief visit to the north of Iceland now described, but little snow remained upon the land: only here and there a patch on the sides of the mountains, so far as we could observe. Indeed the summer heat of the interior of the country is very considerable. And on this occasion, when the coast was enveloped in fog, we could perceive, on occasional breaks through the external obscurity, that there was a clear sky and bright sunshine in the region of the Krabla; indicating, that, whilst with us there was a damp cool air, in the interior there was dryness and warmth. Even at Langaness, which, from its peninsular form and exposure to cutting winds and frequent fogs, must present an indifferent specimen of the country, there was, in many places, near the shore a refreshing verdure.

The resources of the people here, for subsistence, are cattle and sheep, with fish and sea-fowl. Their occupations, besides attending to their cattle and fishing, are, on the part of the females, extended to the manufacture of stockings, mittens, and *wadmel*, with the dressing of skins, &c. But the knitting is undertaken rather for winter amusement than for benefit; as they receive little or nothing more for this part of their disposable property at the factories, than for the raw material.

From the general haziness of the weather whilst we remained near Langaness, we had but a slight view of the interior of the country. For a short time, indeed, the dense screen of cloud that generally shrouded the interior dispersed; and the appearance of Krabla, among the surrounding mountains, afforded associations of the mighty powers of the volcano, and recalled the vivid descriptions of Dr. Henderson and other travellers, as to the devastations and wonders performed by these mighty subterranean furnaces. Dr. Henderson visited Mount Krabla; and there is one circumstance so curious respecting it, which he describes, that I cannot refrain from mentioning it. This circumstance was, the remarkable preservation of a church, in the terrific irruption of the Leirhnukr and Krabla about a century ago. The quantity of lava that flowed

from these mountains was enormous, and the devastation great and extended. It was at Reykiahlid, one of the farm-houses overrun by the fiery stream,—but which was afterwards rebuilt nearly on the spot—that the attention of Dr. Henderson was directed to the church, which, in almost a miraculous manner, escaped the general conflagration. He thus describes this curious circumstance:—"Reaching the north-west corner of the low earthen wall by which the churchyard is inclosed, the lava has been arrested in its progress within about two feet of the wall, where, as if inspired with reverence for the consecrated ground, it has divided into two streams, and pursuing its course till it advanced about twenty yards, when the streams have again united, and left the church completely unhurt in the midst of the surrounding flames! Some parts of the stream, close to the wall, *are more than double the height of the church!*" I relate not this event superstitiously—nor do I comment upon it; but I leave it with the observer's own reflection. "Who knows," adds the writer, "but the effectual fervent prayer of some pious individual, or some designs of mercy, may have been the cause fixed in the eternal purpose of Jehovah for the preservation of this edifice!"*

This pious reflection suggests, in the aptness of

* Henderson's Iceland, vol. i. p. 158.

appropriation, a cheering thought, concerning the safety of our revered Church in this day of her fiery trial. Under the prevalence of prayer among her pious and devoted members, for the peace and prosperity of their temporal Zion, we have a consoling hope, yea, a confiding reliance—and God grant that the reliance may be the more confirmed by the pouring out amongst us of more of the spirit of prayer!—that the vehement efforts directed against her may be graciously frustrated. For notwithstanding the threatening aspect of our enemies; notwithstanding that the various elements of infidelity, combined with sect and party of professing Christians, appear now, like the dissimilar materials in the volcanic caldron, assimilating into a common mass, and threatening with their destructive torrents the walls of the Establishment,—yet our confiding hope, under the good providence of God, is this,—that the fiery stream will either be restrained, or, if it must still further be poured out, directed aside!

MEMORIALS OF THE SEA.

The Mary Russell.

THE MARY RUSSELL.

"SUPPOSE YE THAT THESE GALILÆANS WERE SINNERS ABOVE ALL THE GALILÆANS, BECAUSE THEY SUFFERED SUCH THINGS? I TELL YOU, NAY: BUT, EXCEPT YE REPENT, YE SHALL ALL LIKEWISE PERISH." —LUKE XIII. 2-3.

CHAPTER I.

NARRATIVE OF THE VOYAGE OF THE BRIG MARY RUSSELL ON THE HOMEWARD PASSAGE FROM BARBADOES TO CORK; WITH THE TRAGICAL PROCEEDINGS THEREON.

SECTION I.—*Introductory Remarks.*

THE Novelist, professing to give a story in resemblance of real life, is limited, in the excursions of his imagination, by the bounds of probability; or, when ministering even to a morbid taste for the marvellous—if he would preserve a due respect for his own judgment, or for the interest of his work—he is obliged to keep within the limits of what may appear to be *reasonably possible:* the narrator of truth, however, has no such limitations, either from probability or apparent possibility, but only the limits of the facts. For in this case truth determines the possibility, and not possibility the truth. A reference to rational

possibility, indeed, may serve as a check upon deception, mistake, or wilful exaggeration; but can have no influence on facts, however extraordinary.

These remarks on the independency of facts on the ordinary limits of credibility are not presented, as introductory to the present memorial, because any question can arise respecting the truth of statements rigidly substantiated as these have been; but because of the impression on my own mind, on the first intimation of the event, that it was altogether incredible.

The case I refer to was the unexampled massacre on board the brig MARY RUSSELL, of Cork, in the summer of the year 1828;—a transaction so extraordinary in its nature, so horrific in its details, and so tragical in its results, as to outrage, as it seemed, all common credence; a transaction likewise, if estimated with reference to the number of persons engaged in it, and to the instrumentality by which it was accomplished—calculated to set the *ordinary* misfortunes and calamities to which human life is subject, in the distant shade.

This vessel—the Mary Russell—was brought into Cork Harbour on the evening of Wednesday the 25th of June, with the greater part of its crew and passengers lying dead on the cabin floor; and, strange and unprecedented as the fact

may seem, all this horrid carnage was accomplished, with some little preliminary help from the boys on board, by the hands of one individual, less robust than any of his victims—the Captain!

On the morning of Thursday, about twelve hours after the arrival of the vessel in port, being myself on a visit at Corkbegg, on the harbour of Cork, at the time, I happened to be crossing the water to Cove, when a gentleman in the boat, pointing to a brig at anchor, remarked, that 'that, he believed, was the vessel of which the crew was *reported* to be murdered.' Such an intimation, of course, produced an intense and painful desire to ascertain the fact. After landing one of the party, a lady, at her destination near Cove, we returned with excited, anxious, and incredulous feelings, towards the anchorage. The rippled water reflected the bright rays of an unclouded sun in playful sparklings, and there was nothing in outward nature accordant with a scene of blood; neither was there anything in the external appearance of the vessel calculated either to indicate mortal conflict, or to justify the rumour which we had heard. One solitary man, like an Officer of Customs, was seen pacing in ordinary form and step the starboard side of the deck. We hailed, as we approached the gangway; and, too much excited to speak in measured

words, abruptly asked, 'whether a murder had been committed there?' The answer of the person in charge was prompt and accordant,—"It is too true;—and here they are, all lying dead!" On ascending the deck we were pointed aft to the cabin skylight, where a scene of carnage so appalling was exhibited, as to render, by sympathy, association, and memory combined, the impression indelible. Whilst contemplating the dreadful spectacle—two boys, who had been witnesses of all its circumstances, made their appearance, and freely communicated the leading particulars of the sanguinary transaction. Two surviving seamen, severely wounded, whose lives had been almost miraculously preserved from the fate of their comrades, were then, we found, on board of an adjoining vessel—the schooner Mary Stubbs—by the crew of which the ill-fated Mary Russell had been brought into port. These, with two more boys, constituted the remnant of the persons embarked at Barbadoes who had escaped the massacre. The author of this frightful desolation and misery had, for the time, escaped.

Whilst the heart sickened at the scene we contemplated, the thoughts naturally turned to the mystery of Providence in permitting so dreadful a carnage. But overwhelmed with the appalling spectacle, and bewildered by the extent

of misery in murdered men, and widowed wives, and fatherless children,—the mind found present repose only in the consideration of the infinite perfection of His ways, however inscrutable, who reigneth over all the earth; and shrinking, at the time, from other conclusions, reflection resulted in the apostrophe, after the manner of an inspired apostle,—'O the depth of the mystery of the Providence of God!—how unsearchable are His judgments, and his ways past finding out.'

But not to anticipate farther the facts and reflections to which, in the progress of this Memorial, we shall be more directly guided, I proceed to narrate such particulars of this memorable voyage, as may serve to elicit the causes which led to the frightful transaction, and to explain the marvel how this extensive massacre was accomplished by such apparently inadequate power.

SECTION II.—*Preparations for, and progress on, the homeward voyage: Captain's suspicions of an intended mutiny.*

The brig Mary Russell, commanded by William Stewart, an inhabitant of Cove, had sailed in the winter of 1827-8 from Cork for Barbadoes with a cargo of mules, which were safely landed at their destination. Sugar, hides, and other produce of the island, to the value, exclusive of

duty, of about £4000, were then taken in as their homeward cargo for Cork.

The crew of the vessel, on this occasion, consisted of the Captain, six men, and three boys. There were also on board, two muleteers, or ostlers, who had gone out in charge of the mules constituting the previous cargo; a delicate boy, who had accompanied the vessel throughout the voyage for his health; and a sailor, Captain Raynes, who had embarked at Barbadoes as passenger.

The following is a list of all the persons on board:—William Stewart, of Cove, *master* of the brig; William Smith, *chief-mate;* William Swanson, *second mate;* John Cramer, *carpenter;* John Howes, *seaman;* Francis Sullivan, *seaman;* John Keating, *seaman;* James Raynes, *passenger;* Timothy Connell, an ostler, *passenger;* James Murley, an ostler, *passenger;* John Deaves, *senior apprentice,* aged about 15 years; Henry Rickards, *apprentice,* aged about 10 or 12; Daniel Scully, *apprentice,* aged about 13; Thomas Hammond, a boy, *passenger.*

Captain Raynes, whose presence on board the Mary Russell seems to have been the occasion, however blamelessly on his part, of the subsequent tragical events, had gone out to Barbadoes in the capacity of chief-mate of a vessel, having been deprived of his command on account of a

recently acquired habit of intemperance. It would appear that he and his Captain did not, on trial, agree, which induced them to separate after their arrival out; and Raynes sought for a passage home in the Mary Russell. At first his application was peremptorily refused; but Captain Stewart unfortunately finding that he could not get a passage elsewhere, subsequently yielded to his request, and kindly permitted him to embark in the brig for Cork.

Whilst the vessel remained in port, no apprehension of disagreement among the persons on board was at all entertained; but early in their homeward voyage, which commenced on the 9th of May, 1828, Captain Stewart began to harbour a strong and increasing suspicion of a mutiny being meditated, on the part of his passenger, Raynes, and some of his crew. This suspicion seems to have been first excited by a dream, which, on a mind naturally and habitually superstitious, had a very powerful effect. He communicated the circumstance to his chief-mate, observing, 'that God Almighty had warned him in a dream that Raynes meditated his destruction and the seizure of the vessel, in order, as he supposed, to avoid the mortification of returning to a port where he had ceased to be respected, and from whence he had no longer the expectation of obtaining a command.'

Through the medium of this strong impression, distortive in its operation as the jaundiced eye, Captain Stewart suspiciously examined everything that passed in the vessel, and construed circumstances and conduct, which would otherwise have been passed over as perfectly indifferent, into the assurance of proof. Among the early occurrences after his dream, which excited his observation, was the circumstance of Raynes associating a good deal with the crew, to whose compartment of the vessel he was in the habit of retiring to shave himself, and with some of whom he was occasionally heard conversing in Irish, a language which Stewart did not understand. This, under the influence of awakened suspicion, annoyed the Captain greatly, and he seriously remonstrated with his passenger upon the impropriety of his conduct; but it does not appear that he afterwards gave any real occasion for complaint, either in this or in any other respect. The mind of Captain Stewart, however, was strongly and extravagantly impressed with the conviction of an intended mutiny; and this extravagance of apprehension was no doubt augmented, by the fostering of his suspicion, and the want of repose which ensued.

In order to guard himself against a surprise, the Captain, about a week after sailing, called Swanson, the second mate, to sleep in the cabin

for his protection; and he subsequently employed Sullivan and Connell in the same service: whilst the chief mate,—who, from his confession of an unjustifiable transaction in which he once bore a part, had destroyed his Captain's confidence in his fidelity,—was subsequently ordered out of his berth in the cabin, to sleep in the half-deck. For his personal defence he armed himself with a harpoon, an axe, an instrument called granes, and a crow-bar.

His conduct now became more and more particular. He was agitated, watchful, and increasingly suspicious. He ordered the mate to walk the deck armed with the granes and a knife. He took alarm from the most trifling circumstances. The seaman Howes having asked for instruction as to the method of taking lunar observations, with which the Captain was very familiar, excited the apprehension that he wished for this knowledge for a bad purpose. Keating again having put to him the unfortunate question, whether Captain Raynes was a good navigator? suggested the thought, that the crew were looking to the object of his suspicions for their future master.

About midway home, these suspicious interpretations of what passed around him, had arisen to such a height, that he called all hands aft, and told them that 'from the various circumstances above mentioned, which he had noticed,

he had strong reasons to suspect some harm was intended him;' but the unqualified denial on the part of the men of any such intention, with their apparent sincerity in their professions of duty to him, seemed to operate favourably on his mind. The result of this proceeding, therefore, was at first to allay, in a considerable degree, his previous apprehensions;—the partial restoration of confidence, however, was but of short duration. His anxiety and watchfulness returned; and the exciting feelings being encouraged and fostered, naturally increased to a baneful extent the irritation of his mind.

Confirmed in the idea of a mutiny being designed—he endeavoured to repel the danger, not only by personal watchfulness and the appointing of guards, but also by the careful removal of most of the apparatus and instruments generally considered essential in practical navigation. And that this latter precaution might have its full effect on the minds of the persons about him, he called the chief-mate, with Captain Raynes and a boy, into the cabin, and said 'he would shew them something they had never seen before.' Then, after charging Raynes with speaking Irish, as a proof of a design to corrupt the crew, he ordered the log-reel and glasses to be thrown overboard through the cabin window, which was done. He afterwards threw his box of

charts overboard; observing, in reply to a remark of the mate,—" they are my own, and I can make more." And lastly, he openly tore the leaves out of the log-book, commanding his officers, as they stood by in amazement, not to keep any more reckoning. All this was done for producing an impression among the persons on board, and with a view of perplexing them should they attempt to seize the vessel. But he had a sufficient and secret reserve, as he himself afterwards told me, of a log-glass and some spare line, the last leaf of the log-book, and also a chart belonging to Captain Raynes, which he secreted under his bed, lest he should afterwards get into difficulty for the destruction of property not his own. With these things in reserve, therefore, he had the means, as occasion might enable him to employ them, for keeping an imperfect kind of reckoning from day to day. Being himself, however, an expert navigator, he relied chiefly, for the determination of the position of the ship, on celestial observations, which he continued sedulously at every opportunity to take and calculate, up to the very day preceding the final catastrophe.

Such was the excited and harassing condition of mind in which the commander of the Mary Russell pursued his homeward voyage. Looking only to himself for preservation against the suspected designs of a whole conspiring crew, he

was necessarily intensely anxious; whereas had he had a confiding reliance on that watchful and gracious Providence ruling over the earth, in which he firmly believed—a Providence irresistibly powerful in controlling the wrath of men, and minute even to the exercise of a distinctive permission before the insignificant sparrow can fall to the ground,—then he might have retired to his cabin in the consoling assurance that no decree of man, contrary to the Divine will, could possibly prosper, and that all things must be wisely ordered concerning him. Had such a use of his belief in a superintending and guiding Providence now been happily made,—not only would his mind have received consolation amid all his apprehended perils, but he would have been preserved, in all probability, from that awful perversion of what he supposed to be "the finger of God," by which he was incited to such a tremendous infliction of misery upon his fellow-men, as to revert in horror and woe upon himself.

Were the doctrine of Providential superintendance and special guidance reduced to general practice among mankind,—what an amazing amount of misery, as well as of sin, would be saved to the world at large! For if in all things, by prayer and supplications, with thanksgivings, our requests were made known, and our ways were committed, believingly, unto God, doubtless this

declared result of Sacred Writ would be one of general experience—the enjoyment of the 'peace of God which passeth all understanding, keeping our hearts and minds through Jesus Christ'!

SECTION III.—*Precautions of the Captain for self-preservation,—Chief Officer put under restraint,—successful device for securing the majority of the crew.*

Approaching now the period of the fatal transaction, a more minute record of each day's proceedings will be requisite.

On the night of Wednesday (18th, 19th June), the chief-mate, Mr. Smith, having charge of the middle watch, had occasion, soon after he went upon deck, to go down to the nail locker, situated in the steerage, or passage to the cabin, to obtain oil for the binnacle lamp, which seemed to be burning out. After a very short interval the light again became dim, and he went down a second, and then a third time, to the nail-locker, for materials or implements with which to trim the lamp. The repeated footsteps of the mate in his passage to and fro, betwixt the deck and the steerage, were anxiously observed by the wakeful Captain, who, ignorant of the real cause, supposed that the midnight trespasser there must be in search of some deadly instrument, whereby

to prosecute the suspected murderous purpose against himself. And so powerfully was this conviction impressed on his mind, that, when he arose in the morning, he proceeded forthwith to the half-deck hatchway, (beneath which the mate at that time slept,) to ascertain whether or not the then object of his suspicions was in his berth. Smith, who had retired to his hammock immediately at the close of his watch, responded to the call of his name; on which the Captain remarked, that 'it was well for him, after the proceedings of the night, that he was there; for if he had found him forward amongst the crew, he should have put him to death as a mutineer!' The supposed culprit, who had always professed to be the Captain's trusty friend, expressed a very natural surprise at this declaration,—a feeling which was not a little increased on his being menaced with a blow from a harpoon which the Captain pointed to his breast, whilst charging him with being the ringleader of a mutinous party arrayed against him. The appearance of the crew gathering about the hatchway at his summons, induced frequent appeals to them, as to the truth of his suspicions: and so far was he satisfied with the apparent sincerity with which they spurned the charge as applying to themselves, that at length he shook hands with them individually, and declared that 'they were all honest

men, except the mate, who, he was satisfied, designed evil against him.' Under this conviction of the guilt of Smith, he ordered the men about him to seize him, and tie his hands behind his back. This, however, they all hesitated to do,—Sullivan remarking, "If we lash the mate without reason, he will take the law of us when we get home." Howes also made a similar observation; and added, that 'he did not see anything the matter with the mate.' Unwilling, therefore, to obey the order, as if by one consent, they walked away; and the mate himself, who had joined his comrades on deck, whilst the parley was going on, retired below.

The effect of this resistance of the will of the Captain was speedily manifest. His suspicions, by the disobedience of his crew to what he considered a necessary order, were the more confirmed, and he became greatly enraged. With a view of pacifying the anger which the crew had thus excited, three of them—Keating, Connell, and Swanson,—united in the endeavour to prevail upon the mate to set the mind of the Captain at ease, by submitting to be bound. And to this he at length consented. On ascending the deck, he found the Captain walking about now armed with a brace of pistols, which he had obtained on board the Mary Harriet,—a vessel from New York to Liverpool, from which they had just before re-

ceived supplies. Approaching his agitated commander, the yielding officer presented his united hands, and accosted him, saying, "Here! tie away!" His hands were accordingly secured; and he then retired, in submission to the Captain's orders, into the lazaretto, a compartment beneath the cabin floor. There breakfast was brought to him,—the only nourishment he received for that and the two following days. During this period of three days, indeed, he remained in solitary confinement; the Captain only having visited him occasionally to examine the security of his lashings, and once, accompanied by the carpenter, who was directed to make a hole in the cabin deck for the admission of air to the almost exhausted prisoner.

The Captain's suspicions, however, were by no means allayed. So far, indeed, were his anxious apprehensions from being removed by the measure of security he had already adopted, that, on the contrary, he became strongly impressed with the necessity and practicability of the confinement of his whole crew,—an attempt, apparently, so unlikely and absurd, as to set the ordinary fear of personal danger,—in the case of nine able-bodied men against one individual of inferior strength to almost any of them,—completely at rest. But in this case, as in some of the most extraordinary results of adventure in warfare,

the apparent madness of the attempt it was, which, by preventing anticipation by suspicion, rendered the attempt possible !

At noon on Saturday, the 21st of June, the brig had reached the latitude of 50° N., longitude 19° 50′ W., about 400 miles to the W.S.W. of Cape Clear. They were at that time steering, with a fair wind and fine weather, for the entrance of the English Channel. As, however, there was too much sail on the vessel for her navigation into port single-handed, the Captain commenced the execution of his astonishing plan, by ordering the head-sails to be furled, and the main-top sail to be close reefed. Strange as this order, under existing circumstances, was, the yielding crew,—not questioning the reason, if any reason was given, nor caring to speculate on the consequence, where there were no signs of danger, —began to put it into execution. But they never suspected,—for it was not likely to enter into the imagination of man,—that they were preparing for a work of carnage on themselves, so extraordinary as to prevent anticipation by the most suspicious mind, yet so certain in its operation as to defy resistance by the most herculean strength.

For so it was, whilst thus the unconscious seamen were shortening sail, a scheme designed to betray them into helpless confinement, was beginning to be carried secretly into effect, and

with such consummate art and arrangement, that nearly the whole of the people on board were brought completely under the power of their Captain, for life or death, before they became at all aware of personal danger. And every step of the proceeding was effected with such surprising address, that each one, almost to the very last man who remained upon deck, was utterly unconscious of the condition of his comrades, who had previously disappeared, until he himself being pinioned, (for aught he knew or suspected alone,) was ushered into the interior of the cabin apartments, among his similarly subdued shipmates!

Though the Captain, in all principal matters, was the sole and unaided instrument in the execution of his own amazing plan; yet, in his preparatory measures, he found it necessary to endeavour to obtain the confidence and aid of some of the boys. And in this attempt, unhappily for his devoted crew, he experienced no disappointment. Having first succeeded in impressing their minds with a belief in his own suspicions as to an intended mutiny, he then enforced his claims upon them chiefly by these two considerations:—he threatened them, on the one hand, with instant death, by means of the pistols with which he was armed, in the event of their betraying him; and he persuaded and

bribed them, on the other hand, by the assurance of 'great pecuniary reward, sufficient to make them gentlemen, from the under-writers of Lloyd's, for their brave exertions, should they give him effectual aid in his purpose of subduing the contemplated mutiny.' By the influence of these considerations his purpose was effectually gained: the boys, unfortunately for themselves and for humanity, proved too faithful to their desperate leader. The plan, thus feebly and critically to be supported by the steadfastness of mere children, succeeded, as already intimated, in so astonishing a manner, that not one of the ten thousand chances which might have defeated it either *in limine* or in its progress, occurred. Mysterious as the dispensation of God therein must be felt to be, so much at least was manifest,—that His special restraining Providence was mainly suspended—that Satan was let loose with murderous power—that whatever the subtlety of man's great enemy could devise, and the carnal depraved heart of a misguided man be made to receive, was allowed, with little abatement of purpose, to be successfully carried into effect!

In order to explain the practicability, however, of a purpose so astonishing being accomplished upon such a body of men, whilst they retained a single spark of common instinct, much more of

common reason, it will be needful to give some description of the cabin of the brig, and to enter more into the detail of the proceedings in this unprecedented transaction.

The cabin of the Mary Russell, which I visited and examined minutely on the arrival of the vessel at the Custom-house quay, at Cork, measured about 12 feet across, by 8 or 9 feet fore and aft, on the floor; and the height was about 5 feet 10 inches clear of the beams of the upper deck. The entrance to the cabin was by a staircase on the larboard side of the quarter deck, shielded by a small "companion" opening towards the stern, and situated far aft, very near the taff-rail. Such was the position and construction of the companion, that no person on the main-deck, or forward, or aloft in the rigging, could perceive anything that was going on either in the steerage or in the cabin. The cabin was lighted both by windows in the stern, and by a small skylight in the quarter deck. On each side of the cabin was an open berth, in one of which,—that on the starboard side,—young Hammond, the invalid boy, slept; a position which he occupied, without shield or screen, during the most terrific period of the subsequent transactions. At the fore part of the cabin, near the sides, were entrances into the master's and mate's berths; and betwixt the two, amidships, was an enclosed space of about

six feet square on the floor, usually employed as a bread-room.

After this description, we shall be prepared to comprehend the process by which the commander of the Mary Russell was enabled to accomplish his extraordinary purpose.

Whilst part of the hands,—consisting of Raynes, two seamen and a boy—were employed about 2 P.M. of Saturday, in putting the vessel under a snug sail, according to the orders of the Captain already described, the deeply-laid plot against the liberty of the unconscious crew and passengers was thus commenced. The Captain himself, whilst standing by the companion, requested Timothy Connell, one of the ostlers, (whom he called familiarly by name,) to come down with him into the cabin; an order which was promptly and unsuspectingly obeyed. A far different reception, however, from what he had imagined, awaited him there. A pistol was pointed to his breast by the hand of his now resolute Captain, who called upon him 'to confess the truth, or he would blow his brains out.' Then, under the charge of being a party in an intended mutiny, which his confused and alarmed manner was considered as verifying, he was ordered, by directions given to one of the boys, to be forthwith bound. Fearing the consequences of a refusal, before one so armed and

apparently so determined, the man submitted; and when properly secured, he was forthwith removed into one of the interior cabins, out of sight!

No sooner was this first attempt in the plan fairly accomplished, than the boy Deaves was sent forward to call one of the seamen, John Keating, into the cabin, with a view to similar treatment. And in a manner so usual and natural did the boy deliver his message, that the first consciousness the poor fellow had of any thing particular in the summons, was suddenly awakened as he came to the foot of the staircase, by the appalling sight of a brace of pistols clapped to his head! Thus unexpectedly assailed, and sternly charged, like the former individual, with a design of mutiny and murder, he was likewise commanded, under the penalty of instant death, to submit to be bound. Bewildered by the singularity and peril of his situation, and overawed by an authority not to be resisted, this second subject of the deep-laid scheme became a ready and yielding victim. Whilst the now self-confident commander stood over his prisoner with his deadly weapons, the boy, Deaves, obedient to the orders given him, temporarily tied his hands behind his back; when—being thus incapacitated from rising against his opponent, and being prevented from giving any alarm by the threat of

being shot if he did so—the Captain took upon himself the business of applying more effectual lashings, and then conveyed him, as he had done his comrade, into an interior apartment.

Thus triumphantly successful in these beginning operations, the Captain was encouraged, by increasing expectations, in the progress of his plan. Forthwith, therefore, another victim was sent for to be called by name,—the boy Rickards, in this instance, being employed as the messenger. He also performed his allotted part with such address, that Captain Raynes, who had by this time returned from his labours aloft, was betrayed, as unexpectedly as the others, into similar toils. On his arrival at the foot of the staircase, he was received in the usual manner by the Captain with his pistols, charged by him with participation in the crime of mutiny, and imperatively called upon to submit to be bound. Overawed by a sense of the impossibility of successful resistance, and unconscious of the nature of the evil that eventually awaited him, he yielded, with little remonstrance, to the peremptory command, and suffered the elder boy, Deaves, partially to secure his hands: then, being sufficiently lashed, both hands and feet, by the Captain himself, he was dragged away, out of sight, into one of the cabins within.

In this manner, with scarcely a single varying

circumstance, and without exciting either alarm or suspicion in the breasts of those who remained behind, no less than six out of the eight men, to whose liberty the scheme extended, were successfully assailed. Thus Connell, Keating, Raynes, Swanson, Cramer, and Sullivan, were successively called; and at intervals of from fifteen to twenty minutes each, were all secured,—Howes and Murley being the only two men then at liberty.

Before we proceed to describe the result of this strange proceeding, it may not be out of place to offer a remark or two on the circumstances and motives which influenced all these six prisoners to remain in silent resignation, without any one of them venturing to raise his voice to alarm his unsuspecting comrades, before they were betrayed into the like helpless condition.

The fear of death had, no doubt, a considerable influence in restraining the tendency of natural feeling from giving the alarm; but such a fear would scarcely have been sufficient to preserve uninterrupted silence, for the length of time in which the plan was in progress of execution, had the unhappy captives had any idea of the mortal perils to which they had become exposed. The evidence of the survivors, indeed, sufficiently verifies the rational inference—that, the surrender of

their liberty, in the case of so many individuals, to one man, with their silent endurance of their bondage for such a considerable time and under such peculiar circumstances, could scarcely have occurred, had they entertained any serious apprehensions of further evil being likely to result. And however the early captives might have been surprised and alarmed, in finding so many of their comrades successively brought into a similar bondage, by the singularly successful artifice of their commander, yet the degree of apprehension, which otherwise might naturally have arisen in contemplation of their helpless condition, was probably diminished by their consciousness of the fact,—that Captain Stewart was in the habit of tying his men as a punishment; whilst the repeated assurances which he gave them, that, if they submitted quietly to be bound, no further injury should accrue to them, doubtless contributed towards the maintenance of that general quietude among the prisoners, which was so important a condition for the success of the plan. Besides, it is not impossible but that a consideration of prudence in the breasts of some, of which the evidence of the survivors gives decided indications, might have had its measure of influence—the consideration, that quietly to yield to their misguided Captain, especially where resistance had become so difficult and

hazardous, was the most likely way of soothing his anger and allaying his suspicions.

SECTION IV.—*Adventure in subduing the remainder of the men, with measures adopted for the effectual security of the cabin prisoners.*

Six individuals, together with the chief mate, —previously put under restraint, and confined in the lazaretto, as we have particularly described,— were now, through the successful artifice of their Captain, brought into the same condition of bondage. Of the two men yet remaining on deck, John Howes, a powerful and courageous seaman, was the next whose liberty the adventurous captain assailed. A messenger was sent to him, after the manner of the rest, to call him down into the cabin. Knowing nothing of the extraordinary transactions which had been passing below, and suspecting nothing whatever of the real intention of the summons,—for he imagined that the Captain, as he had frequently done before, merely wished to speak with him along with his companions that were already there, on the subject of his apprehensions about the faithfulness of his crew; and thinking, that, instead of a perilous adventure, the result, according to the usual issue, would be the boon of some ardent spirits as a cup of peace,—he promptly turned

after the messenger, and followed him along the deck. On reaching the entrance of the companion he called out to the Captain, and asked him whether he wanted him below,—who replied that he did; and, in his usual manner, desired him to come down. With a reckless noisy step he began to descend; but before he had got more than half way down, the Captain, fearing too close a proximity to one so energetic and daring, suddenly appeared at the foot of the stairs, with his ready pistols in his hands, and stopped the careless seaman, crying out—"Avast there! not so fast!" Astonished as Howes must have been at this extraordinary reception, he was not dismayed; but, as if ignorant of peril even from such deadly weapons, asked, in a manner accordant with the hardihood of his nature, "What do you intend to do with your pistols?"—"I have found you out," sternly returned the Captain, "and have heard all about it." And then, in language which no one of his predecessors had dared to dispute, peremptorily commanded him to come down and be tied. The strength of the lashings by which the others were bound might have availed, doubtless, for the restraint of the daring Howes; but the peril of life, which had in all previous cases invariably succeeded, was spurned at by him as a reason for submission. He turned suddenly on the staircase to run off; when the

Captain attempted to arrest him by drawing the triggers of his pistols, which were pointed at him; but they both missed fire. Howes, on reaching the top of the staircase, paused for a moment whilst he called upon his Captain 'to remember that he had snapped two pistols at him, for which he would have satisfaction when he got to Cork, if it cost him his life.' The Captain pursuing him, whilst he then ran forward along the deck, muttered that 'he would satisfy him,'—when, having cocked again one of his pistols, he discharged it at the retreating seaman, but missed him. Before the other weapon could be brought to bear, Howes had reached the forecastle, and jumping down the open hatchway, apprised his only free comrade, Murley, who happened to be there, that the Captain wanted to shoot him;—on which both of them rushing towards the side of the ship, retreated out of sight.

The Captain pursued as far as the hatchway; but too prudent to descend into the obscure region below, attempted now to attain by parley, that in which he had failed both by artifice and arms. The object of his pursuit being still within hearing, he endeavoured to prevail upon him to submit to his demands by every variety of consideration which his imagination could suggest. He tried threats,—declaring that he must shoot the opposer of his will, or, in the

event of his being able to escape this calamity, then would he brand, and call to justice, the resisting sailor, as a ringleader in the mutiny. A strong appeal was likewise made to Howes' better feelings. Lamenting that he had had no rest for several nights previous, the Captain earnestly entreated him to submit, pledging his word that no harm should accrue to him, and piteously urging that 'if they were all tied, then he might get sleep, and all would be well again'!

The appeal was too successful. Whilst Howes remonstrated against what he declared to be an uncalled-for severity, yet, to convince his harassed commander of his own innocence, and to prove to him that he neither feared the threatened bondage, nor the consequences of the charge preferred against him, he requested his comrade Murley to tie his hands behind him. This being done, he went upon deck, when the Captain re-secured his hands, and likewise tied his feet together, justifying himself for the act by stating to his prisoner, who urgently protested against his proceedings, 'that Captain Raynes and Timothy Connell had acknowledged their piratical intentions.' Howes, in his remonstrance, asserted his ignorance of any such intentions, as well as his own innocence of any personal crime; and called upon his master, if he thought him guilty and deserving of death, to shoot him at once.

The Captain applauded his bravery, and added 'that he had no wish to injure him; for it was his anxious desire to take him, above all others on board, with a whole skin to Cork.' After this he searched his prisoner's pockets for his knife, which he took from him, lest he should by any means employ it either for his own liberation or for that of his companions in bondage. Then he called upon Murley, the last of his victims, to come up to be bound, who,—not having resolution to resist an influence to which the hardiest and most determined man in the ship had just yielded,—fatally, for his own safety, obeyed the command, and was forthwith firmly bound.

The whole of the crew and passengers (nine in number), with the exception of the boys, were now in a state of similar subjugation and helpless bondage. The boys, meanwhile, participating in the feelings and views of the Captain, were seen occasionally pacing the deck, armed with destructive weapons; frequently they were placed near one or other of the prisoners to watch them, and to give notice of any attempt to escape.

After the securing of Murley, the Captain revisited his prisoners in the cabin, and minutely examined their condition. Finding one of them —John Keating—in a fainting state, he took him upon deck, and untied his arms, at the same

time lashing him securely to the staple of the companion.

There were now three of the prisoners above, Keating, Howes, and Murley, who were placed about the after-part of the deck, a few feet from each other. Howes, with characteristic hardihood and recklessness, solicited the boon of a pipe of tobacco, which, being prepared for him, and put into his mouth, he contrived to retain between his lips, and smoke.

One of the boys was now appointed to the special duty of watching over the deck prisoners, to give the alarm if any one stirred from his place, whilst the captain was engaged in the general object, of maintaining his advantage over the whole party.

Having so recently left a tropical climate, the prisoners, who were kept without exercise on the deck, soon became painfully susceptible of the chill temperature of the night air. On their complaining of the cold, the captain, with considerable effort, dragged two of them into the cabin; but Howes, who, from his determined character, was not to be risked among the other prisoners, he retained on the *after-hatch*, covered with a blanket. Subsequently, however, the poor fellow complained so feelingly of his sufferings from the cold, that permission was given him to retire into the half-deck,—a change of position

which, with the assistance of the boys, he was enabled to accomplish.

After an interval of about three hours, in which Howes had been left alone,—the night being then drawn in,—the captain returned to him accompanied by one of the boys, who held a lantern, whilst the tightness and security of the prisoner's fastenings were increased to such a degree, that he declared that, in such a state, he could not live an hour. The captain endeavoured to reconcile him, became familiar, and jested about the alarm which two of the prisoners in the cabin evinced, remarking, that, 'as they were aware of their innocence, they ought not to be afraid.' Promising, then, to return to Howes in an hour, he left him to a solitary endurance, which was not interrupted by any visit during the whole night. Though, to the loneness of his condition, he was easily reconciled, to the endurance of his painful bonds he was not willing, unless by irresistible necessity, to submit. For in a short time after the departure of the captain, his limbs got into such a state of torture, that he was impelled to put forth every effort of body, and ingenuity of mind, to endeavour to release himself from the severity of his lashings; and having succeeded in liberating one of his hands, and thereby relaxing the tension on the other, he determined not to allow himself to be again bound, though death should be the con-

sequence of his resistance. In a state of ease and comfort, therefore, in comparison with his former agonies, he passed the night of Saturday.

With the prisoners in the cabin, however, it was a night of gradually augmented suffering and apprehension. At first, 'none of them exhibited the smallest symptom of anxiety;' but, ere long, the tightening and increasing of their lashings, and the consequent increase of pain, until it amounted to absolute torture, afforded just cause for serious alarm. For when the prisoners were already in a very painful condition, the captain made one of the boys assist him, in guarding against any efforts for escaping, whilst he carefully altered and strengthened their lashings. The carpenter's hands becoming shockingly inflamed, the tension of the cord on his wrists was slightly relaxed.

Round the neck of Murley, a rope was closely adjusted and secured, which threatened him, as he declared, with strangulation; but Stewart, not apprehending such an issue, yielded him no relief. Raynes was securely bound; but though in extreme torture, he was not heard to complain.

All the prisoners being thus, apparently, well secured against any immediate risk of their effecting their release, the captain ordered all the boys to rest: but too anxious in his own mind to rely entirely upon his measures of security, he himself sat up to keep watch. The brig, mean-

while, continued lying-to, under a very low sail, with the helm lashed a-lee.

At day-break, on Sunday morning, the boys were called up, and found the seven prisoners still lying in the cabin, as they left them the preceding evening. The captain, harassed by his feelings, and more and more disordered in body and mind by his continued watchings, then set about, in their presence, the further securing of his already helpless crew. And the manner of his final proceedings was as extraordinary as it was fatally effectual.* Out of the "downhaul" of the mainsail,—a rope of about the thickness of a person's fore finger,—he carefully constructed seven grommets, or circles of rope, calculated, in diameter, just to pass over a man's head. He next drave into the cabin deck, in places suited to the position of his prisoners, either a staple, or, when that article failed, a spike nail, near the neck, and another at the feet of each individual. Then passing a grommet over the head of his prisoners severally, as far as the neck, he lashed the under part of it to the staple in the deck, so as to render it impossible, without suffocation, for any one of them to move at all from his place: but in order to prevent accidental strangulation, he passed a line, or thick cord, from the upper part of the

* This description I had from Capt. Stewart's lips, as well as many other portions of the general narrative.

grommet near the chin, to the lower part of the body, which, on being drawn tight, brought the pressure of the grommet downwards towards the chest. In this service a new lead-line was employed, which was likewise used for pinioning the arms, as well as for other occasional lashings on the limbs. The general extent of lashing, on each individual prisoner, was as follows:—The neck, by means of the grommet enveloping it, was fastened down to a staple as above described. The arms were first pinioned behind, and then the hands were lashed together across the breast,—the end of the cord used for this purpose being subsequently carried downward to the thighs. The thighs were then lashed together about their middle; another portion of the lashing went round the ancles; and, ultimately, the extremity of the cord was firmly secured to the foot-staple, or nail, driven into the deck. And for the more effectual security of the lashings, those on the limbs were "frapped," or twitched together, by cross lashings; and where any ends of the cords appeared in sight, these were usually "seized" together with twine or rope yarn, to prevent their being unloosed.

Thus were the poor victims of an unestablished suspicion rendered more helpless than babes, and deprived of the power of moving a single inch, though the momentous issue between life and death depended on so doing!

During the progress of this distressing and alarming operation, which occupied some hours in its completion, various proposals were made by one or other of the parties, as conditions for the liberation of the severely tortured prisoners. With the exception of the chief mate,—who was within hearing of the parley, and who, at intervals, was consulted in respect to the conditions of their release,—the whole party, in their now desperate condition, were willing to be turned adrift in an open boat, to encounter all the risks and severities of such an exposure, upon the wide Atlantic. And in this arrangement the anxious commander fervently acquiesced,—offering them the long-boat, with provisions, compass, sails, and other requisites for accomplishing their passage to land. But, when the execution of the plan began to be discussed, an unhappy difficulty arose as to the method of getting out the boat. The captain did not dare to let more than one of them loose at a time, the strength of whom, in conjunction with that of himself and the boys, he did not consider adequate to the task of hoisting out the boat, and getting her afloat. In consequence of this dilemma, which became perhaps more fatal from the want of acquiescence on the part of Mr. Smith,—the comparatively merciful arrangement was unhappily abandoned, and the devoted prisoners were given up to their terrible doom.

SECTION V.—*Extraordinary Conflict betwixt the Captain and the seaman Howes.*

Having abandoned all hopes of getting rid of his prisoners by means of the long-boat, there was nothing,—unless he should receive Providential relief by any passing vessel,—to which the anxious Captain considered it possible to look for self-preservation, but the secure retention of his prisoners in helpless bondage. Those in the cabin he now felt to be so secure that no possible efforts, on their own part, could be made available for their release; but there was yet one individual, more dreaded by him than any of the rest, of whose security he was by no means so certain—and that was the manly Howes, whom he had deposited alone in the half-deck the preceding evening. To him, therefore, Stewart's attention was now particularly directed; and the result was, a conflict with this bold and spirited fellow, so very remarkable, that his ultimate escape can only be ascribed to a special interposition of Providence, next to miraculous.

It was about ten o'clock in the morning of that sacred day of the Lord appointed for devotion and repose from labour,—but in this instance, alas! what a contrast was the experience of the wretched crew of the Mary Russell to

that of a Sabbath-day's blessing!—when Captain Stewart approached the depository of the seaman Howes, to examine into his condition, and to provide for his more effectual security.

Removing the hatch of the half-deck, which remained exactly as he himself had placed it, he called out to his prisoner, whom he perceived in the obscurity beneath the side of the deck,—"John, are you there?—are you tied?—turn your back that I may see." Howes turned himself cautiously and slightly, but so that the quick anxious eye of his master perceived that his lashings were relaxed. Reiterating the charge of mutinous designs against him, as a reason for his being retained in bonds, Stewart then peremptorily ordered him to come forth under the hatch-way to be better secured, threatening him, in case of disobedience, with immediate death. Whilst the sailor remonstrated, and kept aside in the obscurity, an endeavour was made to elicit from him, by strong appeals to his honesty and manliness, a confession of his mutinous designs. Howes, however, most positively denied any such intention, and, on the ground of his innocence, resisted the authority by which he was addressed,—declaring, at the same time, that the torment he had already endured "was worse than the Spanish rack," and 'that, sooner than he would submit to be so tied again, he

would suffer death.' The Captain, stretching himself over the open hatch-way, held out a pistol towards him, and fiercely answered—"then I must shoot you, if you don't." "I see murder in your looks," replied the unsubdued and determined sailor, "but as I am the oldest of your crew, I shall be the least missed—fire away—you're worse than a Turk or a Tartar, or any other barbarian—you will yet meet a day [of reckoning] for this—death is no terror to me, whatever it may be to others!"

For a moment, the murderous act was restrained by the boldness of the victim. Stewart charged the poor irritated sailor with falsehood in respect to the character he had given him, appealing to him,—as to that which was indeed true,—'whether he had not always been considered a humane man by those who had sailed with him?' But the present moment, in the apprehension of the resolute commander, in which he himself must be either vanquished or vanquisher, was not a time for the exercise of humanity;—his ready-charged pistol was therefore presented, and, whilst Howes unshrinkingly waited the issue, was fired with an agitated hand, and missed its object. Another shot, however, from the second pistol, quickly succeeded it, and struck the stretched out hand of the defenceless seaman, and lodged in the fleshy part within the thumb.

Not knowing the extent of the injury thus inflicted—but apprehending from the smallness of his pistols, and the appearance of the sailor, that he was not sufficiently subdued—the captain hastily charged his weapons for another attack, to which, without a moment's delay, he proceeded. A third time he fired, and the ball penetrated the jacket and grazed the side of the seaman, who fell over upon his back, under the persuasion that he was mortally wounded. But the discharge of the other pistol aroused him again to consciousness—he cried out 'that these two balls had penetrated his entrails'—and, after struggling for a while, apparently in mortal agonies, he became motionless, as if life were extinct. The Captain, anxiously watching the effect of his pistols, observed this result, and remarked to the boys—three of whom, armed with various weapons, were in close attendance upon him all the time—'that he was dead!' That he might not be deceived, however, by temporary insensibility, or assumed lifelessness, he ordered one of the boys, from time to time, to look down the hatch-way, to ascertain whether he moved; but his report was—"he is quite dead!" And this was the impression which the still surviving, but wounded sailor, anxiously designed to convey; and considering that his only hope of escape depended upon the maintenance of the impression, he so

exposed the blood which was running from his hand, that the Captain, when he next came to the hatch-way, observing it, remarked—"He has got plenty: he must soon be thrown overboard!"

The attention of the Captain, and his young associates, was now diverted from the object of their sanguinary attacks, by the appearance of a vessel in the western horizon. Most anxious to be relieved from their present painful dilemma, a signal of distress was hoisted in the rigging, which, as the vessel came near, was evidently observed; but, when hopes of relief had been excited to the utmost, by an approach so close as to be actually hailed by Captain Stewart, the stranger, in a manner altogether unaccountable, bore away on a change of course, and left the unhappy adventurers, on the deck of the Mary Russell, in a state of increased perplexity.

Throbbing under the effects of this deep disappointment, Stewart returned to the scene of attack upon the hapless Howes. The interval of quiet meanwhile afforded the poor sailor, had enabled him to discover that the sources of life were not materially injured; but in his natural anxiety to ascertain the nature of his wounds, a slight change was unfortunately made in the position of his bleeding hand. The movement was observed by one of the boys, of which

Howes became immediately conscious; and, anticipating the worst results, started from his prostrate position, and was just looking round for some means of defence in his miserable dilemma, when the Captain, under very different expectations, presented himself at the hatch-way. "This fellow is not dead," said he, as he drew out his pistol; which he instantly fired, and lodged the ball in his victim's thigh. Howes cried out, on receiving the shot,—"that will do!" "No," replied his determined assailant, "it will not do—your voice is too good,—but I'll soon make it do!" In furtherance of this threat, he called upon the boys—who were all armed with instruments calculated for inflicting mortal injury,—Rickards having an axe, Scully the granes, and Deaves, a harpoon—and urging them to the attack of the now desperate man, himself led the way, and jumped down the hatch-way.

It was a terrible moment even for this hardy veteran. Nevertheless, wounded, unarmed, and partially fettered as he was, his determined nature urged him, however hopeless the attempt, to resistance. Though his wounded hand was his only unfettered limb, he employed it, during the few moments of interval yielded to him in the course of circumstances, in endeavouring to release his legs from their lashings, which, by a des-

perate and agonizing effort having accomplished, he jumped upon his feet: in a moment more he obtained the release of his other hand; and then set himself, as well as in his contracted position betwixt the deck and the cargo he possibly might, to give desperate battle.

But how, alas! could he hope, in such a defenceless condition, to maintain the unequal conflict? It is one of the characteristics of a nature truly brave, when engaged in justifiable defence, never to yield life to a foe, whilst there is life to resist. And by such a purpose of determination, multitudes of brave men, resisting opposition apparently irresistible, and hoping even against hope, have nobly triumphed over might and peril, before which the timid and irresolute could not but fall. And so in the Christian warfare, in which the spiritual life of man is assailed by the combined might of 'principalities and powers, of the rulers of the darkness of this world, and of spiritual wickedness in high places' —before which "the fearful and unbelieving" shrink away and perish,—he who is "of good courage," being "strong in the Lord, and in the power of His might," not only triumphs, but comes off "more than conqueror through Him who hath loved us!" For the former triumph, the physical bravery of the hardly pressed Howes, was, by the good Providence of God, destined.

The boys, impelled partly by threats, and partly by promises, and stimulated to the murderous work by the perseverance and determination of their leader, obeyed his call to join him in the arena of conflict, and advanced, hesitatingly, at his bidding, to the attack. The only means of defence which lay within the reach of Howes, was a small packing-case containing books: on this he seized; and, retreating into the side of the ship, held it up as a shield to his body, when the Captain again fired, so as to ward off the shot. On this failure, the boys were urged the more earnestly to commence battle: the Captain loudly and authoritatively cried out—"Strike, my brave boys!—push your harpoons into him!" But as they hesitatingly menaced him, Howes appealed to their better feelings, and intreated them with the earnestness of one in mortal conflict, not to be instrumental in the murder of an innocent man. Deaves and Scully were considerably affected, and drew back. The former, under the influence of a softened feeling, began to plead for him, intreating the Captain to spare him: but his answer was as chilling to their feelings as it was awakening to their fears—"Do you want me to spare this man's life," said he, "and allow ourselves to be butchered?" At this crisis, when all hope from sympathy on the part of the boys had been so suddenly extinguished, Howes, with characteristic and desperate energy, rushed sud-

denly into the midst of his assailants; and, like the tiger, singling out the victim on which his eye is fixed, regardless of surrounding numbers, he seized with a tremendous grasp his astonished Captain! A terrible struggle ensued—which the Captain, by his activity and energy, for some moments maintained against the superior muscular strength of his opponent. But resistance, under the determined grasp of one wrestling for life, was not to be continued: Stewart staggered under the pressure of the overpowering arm, dropped his charged pistol, and fell defenceless. The knee of Howes was forthwith planted on the breast of his now prostrate foe, whilst his ready and powerful hand seized the pointed weapon with which one of the timid supporters of the conflict was threatening him, and thus he was prepared for the mastery. Against the exercise of his newly-acquired advantage, an extraordinary influence in swift-winged thought prevailed,—for Howes assured the writer of this narrative, on occasion of a long personal interview with him, that he had, for a moment, his foe completely in his power; but, as nothing less than a mortal blow of his weapon could be relied on for securing his pre-eminence, he hesitated on the impulse of this singular reflection—'that were he, who was charged with being the ringleader in a mutiny, to kill his Captain, he should

only, by such an act, prolong his life for a more disgraceful end!'

More rapid, however, must have been the reflection than the moment required for the perusal of the sentence, for Rickards, who seems to have been the only willing abettor of his desperate master, flew to his support, and with repeated blows of his axe on the defenceless head of the struggling sailor, obliged him to relinquish his grasp, and arrested, by the act, any purpose of retribution, by the stream of blood which rushed over his face, completely intercepting his sight. At this last and desperate issue—when the hardihood of Howes had of necessity given way under the deadly blows he had received, and when another, even the smallest, effort must have been fatal to his existence—the alarmed Captain sprang aside, retreated from the conflict, and, followed by the boys, fled from the scene of blood.

Thus terminated, with a result more favourable to the severely assailed seaman than could well have been anticipated, this extraordinary conflict. The bleeding Howes retreated again into the side of the vessel, out of sight of those on deck, and with his little remaining strength crawled away upon the tiers of sugar-hogsheads, forming the cargo, into the fore-hold, where he was enabled effectually to conceal himself throughout the day!

SECTION VI.—*Tragical issue with the Cabin Prisoners.*

The desperate and unsuccessful battle with the seaman Howes, aggravated, still further, the irritation of Stewart's mind. With anxious perturbation, he returned to his prisoners in the cabin, to examine into their condition, and to assure himself of their safety. From the closeness and security of their numerous lashings, they were found in a state of excruciating agony, which,—though hardy in constitution, and indignant in feeling, as many of them were,—they could not refrain from intimating by affecting moanings. Stewart himself seemed greatly touched with the view of their sufferings. Justifying this infliction of severity, on his part, by reference to their supposed mutinous purpose, he earnestly called upon them to pray to God to send a ship in their way, to release him from the charge of so many prisoners, and them from their painful endurance. He was greatly agitated, and anxious. The sincerity of his desire for deliverance from his harassing situation became strikingly obvious, when he threw himself upon his knees among his suffering crew, and, with a prayer-book in his hand, solemnly swore, that, if they would leave the ship, he would give them the long-boat for their preservation. But the merciful purpose was not

accomplished. Either the recklessness of despair, or the want of unanimity of consent, or, as before stated, the impracticability, under the requisite restrictions, of getting out the boat, prevented them from availing themselves of this last chance of escape.

Under the depression of feeling arising from the hopelessness of his situation in respect to immediate relief—the Captain found some consolation in observing the boy Rickards standing near him, whose brave interference, in his life-struggle with Howes, had been the sole means, as he believed, of his preservation. With warm commendations for the timely act, he kissed him affectionately in gratitude, and declared that, 'he should be rewarded by a hundred guineas for saving the ship, and be a gentleman all his life'!

After the foregoing details of extraordinary severities, it may appear inconsistent and improbable to assert, that Captain Stewart, the instrument of these very severities, was not only a man of humane character, but, *professedly*, of religious feelings. To reconcile, however, his conduct on this calamitous occasion with such a personal character, it must be borne in mind, that he acted under the firmest and most decided conviction of an intended mutiny; a conviction such as to render, in his estimation, the course of severity,

and the purpose of death, which he had been led to pursue, both justifiable and indispensible.

Several marks of the religious turn of his mind—religious, I mean, in popular language only, according to the feeling and experience of men unenlightened by the Spirit of God, and unacquainted with the true source of godliness—were elicited amid the sanguinary transactions of this eventful day.

On the occasion when the ship, whose near approach we have described, was first discovered, an instance of Stewart's attention to a most important, profitable, and essential matter in practical religion, was strikingly marked—a matter however, it was, by a singular perversion of which, at a later period of the day, that the final result of this terrible adventure was in no small degree forwarded. To his knowledge and observation of a *special Providence*, I here refer. For Captain Stewart had evidently received this doctrine, and was in the habit of observing its passing indications; but for want of 'taking heed thereto, according to the Word of God,' he was led, under the influence of a harassed body and highly excited feeling, into a dangerous enthusiasm, so as, he believed, to be divinely directed, in the dreadful massacre which he eventually perpetrated. Evidence of his being actuated by a superstitious enthusiasm, had been

previously observed by those around him. He had stated to Howes 'that God had told him, that Captain Raynes designed to cut his throat;' and his first suspicion of an intended mutiny, was derived, as we have seen, from a dream. So in the case of the sail which hove in sight after his first attack upon Howes, he ascribed its appearance to an interposition of Providence on his behalf,—"Almighty God," said he to the boys, who cordially sympathised with him in anxiety for its approach—"has sent a ship to rid me of my people." But the feeling which, under really spiritual guidance, would have been truly indicative of a pious mind, and which, under a Scriptural direction, would have led to a beneficial result, became, by unhappy perversion, as we shall soon have occasion to show, the spring of a devilish purpose, and the occasion of tremendous woe!

The particular bearing of these remarks will now be seen. In the afternoon of this memorable, but melancholy day—so unlike a Sabbath "the holy of the Lord"—after the final communication of Stewart with his suffering crew, above described, another vessel came in sight. Being to leeward, and, when first seen, at no great distance, Stewart attempted to effect a junction with her by trimming his scanty canvas, and steering in advance of her course. The

Mary Russell, however, soon began to be outsailed, and the heart of her anxious Commander was fast sinking within him, when, to his great joy, the stranger tacked, and, on a signal of distress being displayed, as formerly, on board the brig, hove-to. The two vessels were soon so near together that the waving of hats in the one was expected to be observed in the other; but the singular appearance of the brig, under so low a sail, with a gentle breeze and fine weather, seemed to excite suspicion—a suspicion, perhaps, that she might be a pirate, attempting, under pretext of distress, to decoy the unwary;—for the stranger, without waiting to ascertain the nature of their necessity, bore up, and made all sail away from them.

By this second disappointment, severely aggravated by the unbounded hopes which had been excited of obtaining speedy relief, the mind of the unhappy Stewart was wrought up to a condition of frenzied desperation. Whilst, with intense anxiety, he had watched the nearing of the stranger, he reasoned on the seasonable occurrence, as a manifest indication of providential interference. He thought that God was certainly providing for his deliverance out of his anxious and perilous condition. But when his highly excited hopes were so suddenly and unexpectedly destroyed, and the inference on the designs of

Providence, which he had been so sanguine in drawing, was so thoroughly disproved, he forthwith turned his interpretation of the providence, by a singular fatality of reasoning, into a sentence of judgment against his unhappy prisoners. For as two of his prisoners, he believed, had distinctly admitted their guilt, so as to render the fact of their mutinous intentions unquestionable—this abandonment of them by Providence, under such peculiar circumstances, was, in his mind, a proof of the guilt of them all! And then it was—between the hours of 4 and 5 P.M. of this day of woe—that, under this fatal reading of the Book of Providence, he conceived the horrible design of executing, himself, the judgment of God upon his prisoners, and putting them all to death! For, according to his own freely-tendered account of the murderous transaction, he had no design whatever against the life of any one in the vessel, with the exception of Howes, till within ten minutes of the time of the execution of his dreadful purpose. Satan, who vainly tried aforetime his hellish power against the Saviour of the world, by an insidious abuse of the promises and declarations of the Divine Word; now tempted, too successfully, the infatuated captain of the Mary Russell, by a subtle perversion of the leadings of Divine Providence. The process of thought, whereby he was brought to

the requisite determination for the sanguinary issue, deserves to be recorded. For although his case was one of extraordinary occurrence,—and although there was a morbid influence, as ultimately determined, under which he was unconsciously acting, requiring, for the examination of his conduct, a peculiar standard,—nevertheless, inasmuch as his reasonings, with reference to their premises, were, in no mean degree, plausible, the record of these, which had such a powerful bearing upon the ultimate catastrophe, may, peradventure, under the Divine blessing, serve as a warning beacon to others who might be tempted to acts of severity or homicide by similar reasonings.

This was the tenor of the reasonings of the infatuated commander. If the sailors, whose imagined plot he had hitherto been so successful in counteracting, were really guilty of a design of mutiny—as their abandonment by Providence seemed to prove—then, according to the law of all maritime nations, they must be deserving of death; whilst their being abandoned of Heaven was, he believed, a further indication that God designed them for this punishment. For had the purpose of God concerning them been otherwise; in such case, he thought, that God would certainly have caused one or other of the neighbouring ships to come to their relief, according to the

prayer which he had called upon his prisoners to make.

By such a train of false and dangerous reasoning, he satisfied his conscience as to the *justice* of the act to which he was tempted: and then, as to the *necessity* of it, he reasoned on similar principles to the confirming of his purpose,—a purpose to which, however rash, the harassed state of his mind, and his worn out strength for want of rest, gave immediate and reckless sanction. And thus was the dreadful design confirmed, and his mind steeled against more merciful feelings, whilst he proceeded to the deliberate act of cold-blooded butchery!

Now throwing aside his pistols, as inefficacious weapons, he seized upon a *crowbar*, which, in the outset of the adventure, he had provided as an implement of defence; and calling upon the boys to follow him, he rushed down into the midst of his dismayed prisoners. To them, the warning, and the execution, in point of time, were as one. The first announcement they received of the sanguinary purpose determined against them, was conveyed in the Captain's ominous and emphatic exclamation as he entered the cabin—"The curse of God is upon you all!"—and forthwith began, with ruthless energy, the dreadful work of death. The ponderous crowbar fell with mortal blows, on the defenceless heads of

the helpless victims. One heard and saw the butchery of his comrade:—for a moment he cried to Heaven for help, or screamed in piteous despair, or blessed the murderous hand, or supplicated his merciless destroyer; when nature's plea, put forth as it was with such fervid earnestness, was suddenly cut short by the resistless blow. Thus, with unwavering mind, the infatuated Commander went the deadly round of six of his miserable crew before him*. The seventh, and last of the cabin prisoners involved in the round of carnage, was Captain Raynes—the cause, apparently, however innocent of the crime with which he was charged, of all this frightful destruction. Over this devoted man—who, engaged in fervent prayer, was expecting the mortal issue—Stewart for a moment paused, and said,—"James, I put a heavy curse upon *you*, but now I take it off!"—and the death-blow instantly followed. Whilst in progress of the work of carnage, he was heard, in hoarse mutterings, to say,—"Ye ruffians—I'll kill you all;" and, as the last blow was struck, he justifyingly added,—"Ye ruffians—you wanted to take my life—I have taken yours!"

Some of the boys, who had supported their Captain up to this unexpected termination, were terror-stricken spectators of the murderous scene:

*According to the evidence given before the Coroner, it appears, that Swanson was the first victim,—then followed in rapid succession, Murley, Cramer, Sullivan, Keating, and, last of all, Raynes.

and little Hammond, who, it will be remembered, lay on a sick-bed open to the slaughter before him, intreated the Captain to spare 'some of them to take the ship home'—interceding at every pause, and particularly for the chief-mate, that he might be saved.

The murderous deed, however, was not only recklessly pursued; but, after a few moments' pause, was enacted again. For whilst the mortal pangs, among the victims, were emphatically declared in suffocating groans, Stewart—as if doubtful whether the work were complete—seized an axe, and, with deliberate and determined purpose, repeated the round of horrid butchery; till, as to the whole of the seven individuals before him, the work of death was done!

Another intended victim still remained unscathed—the chief officer, Smith. Whilst the soul-sickening work of destruction was going on in the cabin, the throbbing prisoner lying beneath the deck—through the air-opening of which the ample blood of his hapless comrades was poured,—heard the passing murders, and, in awful suspense, awaited his turn among the victims. Not unnecessarily prolonged were the moments of suspense. The executioner of his own wrath, whilst yet panting from recent efforts, now changing the axe for the crowbar, directed this formidable instrument through the

hole in the cabin deck, against his prisoner in the lazaretto. Favoured beyond the others by the obscurity of his position, the pointed end of the crowbar, which was fiercely aimed at him, glanced by the side of his head, penetrating the collar of his shirt and the leg of his trowsers. Not satisfied, however, with the sufficiency of this first attempt—though Stewart conceived, from the resistance experienced in the stroke, that it must have taken effect—a sharper instrument, a long-handled harpoon, was taken up to complete the work here commenced. From this destructive weapon, which the Captain repeatedly plunged with all his might in the direction of his prisoner, Smith received successive cuts in his head, ears, and side, besides having one of his eyes nearly forced from its socket. But the determined Captain, being still doubtful whether his attack had been quite effectual, broke up, with his axe, another portion of the cabin deck, in order to get a better stroke at his victim; and then repeated his stabs with the harpoon. A slight lateral movement, providentially, had meanwhile been accomplished by Smith, so that the newly-directed blows still glanced past him; whilst a peculiar soft resistance, met by the instrument at the extremity of the blow, from a mass of hides—which was mistaken for the substance of the mate's body—happily afforded

the victims of eternal woe—the multitudes who die without repentance—what lamentable indifference do we find! Calamitous events in life are regarded with general interest; crowds hasten to look at the scenes of desolation and misery; but how few, alas, lay to heart the personal lesson which these dispensations are designed to teach us! We are apt to be satisfied with the feeling of commiseration over the melancholy fate of the sufferers by calamity, or with the generous contribution for the relief of the necessities of the bereaved dependants of those who may have prematurely perished; but how few amongst us are in the habit of improving any dispensation of Providence by which others may have suffered, as a warning voice enforcing the solemn truth,—"Except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish!"

Under the full impression of the sad catastrophe which we have just recorded, the reader may have feelingly entered into the woes of the suffering sailors, or, peradventure, may have shed the sympathising tear;—But hast thou, O man, applied the admonition taught by Him who came to die for thee, for the solemn enquiry as to *thine own eternal hopes?* The fate of these poor sailors, who so unexpectedly, so prematurely, so cruelly perished—was, as to the mere mortal catastrophe, truly pitiable; but, consider what

thy fate must eternally be, if thou diest impenitent! They pitiably perished; but, except thou repent—through that deep and powerful and regenerating operation of the Spirit of God by which the fallen, degenerate man becomes a new creature in Christ Jesus—thou must likewise perish; and that, not merely under the power of the grave, but before the triumphing of hell and under everlasting woe! It was miserable so to perish as did the sufferers in the Mary Russell; but to perish hereafter!—is that immeasurable extreme of woe, which neither the immortality of existence of the soul of man can exceed in enduring, nor can the dark mind of the master-spirit in the region of despair surpass in devising!

Would to God, that the profitable appropriation of calamitous events—an appropriation to which we have been directed by the words of Him who came down from the realms of glory to save a perishing world—might be now so made by every reader of this memorial of maritime suffering, as to become the occasion with him of heart-searching examination as to his eternal prospects; and, if not already born of God, that the appropriation, by Divine grace, might be so improved to his timely and effectual conversion, that, escaping the general doom of the impenitent, he should *not* "likewise perish!"

Section VII.—*Conclusion of the calamitous Voyage.*

The awful transactions recorded in the foregoing section of this memorial, are calculated to impress on us the humbling doctrine of Revelation—as to the inability of man to resist the temptations of his powerful spiritual adversary, when deserted by the restraining grace of God. And the frightful infatuation in the resolute commander of the Mary Russell, is further calculated to evince—to the mind at least of the sincere believer in Revelation—the wonderful influence of Satanic agency. A man, accustomed to be beloved by his sailors for his prevalent humanity and kindness, becomes, under an exaggerated apprehension of a series of suspicious circumstances, first the betrayer, and then the murderer of his helpless crew! What a wretch is man, when deprived of the Spirit of God! If forewarned of the wickedness into which it is possible for him, under the temptation of Satan, to fall, he will start at the very suggestion with horror, after the manner of one of old, and say,—'Am I a dog, that I should do this great wickedness?' Or even when he hath by a slow and insidious progress fallen into the snare, he will often be so insensible to the real nature of his own vileness, as to condemn himself uncon-

sciously, if his character be figuratively described, as David did under the parable of Nathan, when, of his own crime, he said,—" the man that hath done this thing is not fit to live."

But suspending further reflections to a more convenient place, we proceed with our narrative towards a conclusion.

After the close of the tragic scene which we have endeavoured faithfully to represent—Captain Stewart, as if released from an intolerable anxiety, became unnaturally animated and excited. He evinced an incongruous satisfaction, and seemed to indulge in a feeling of triumph. Having been without nourishment throughout the day, he now ordered meat to be brought out to him, of which, with some spirit and water, he partook in the midst of the scene of carnage, and then deliberately smoked his pipe over the bodies of the dead! As he held up his glass, before drinking, he bade the awe-stricken boys remark, that his hand was as steady as before the deed was done; whilst with vaunting self-approval he added, that 'he thought no more of the bodies before him, than if they were a parcel of dead dogs.' He then encouraged his youthful abettors with the renewed assurance, that, for the manly part which they had acted in the brave adventure, they would each receive a reward of at least a hundred guineas; whilst he himself,

he supposed, would not only be recompensed with a very large sum of money from his underwriters, for saving the property entrusted to his care, but would doubtless obtain the command of a superior ship.

Night was now drawing on; and, though the carnage of the unhappy crew had been so extensive and so nearly total, the cautious commander began to reflect on the chance of personal danger from the wounded sailor, Howes, who, he suspected, might yet be alive. He proceeded, therefore, to guard himself against a surprise during the night, and in the precautions made use of, exhibited his usual tact and subtlety. The skylight of the cabin he lashed firmly down, and barricadoed the entrance-staircase by a transverse bar, secured by staples and nails. And then, as a kind of alarum, he suspended a speaking-trumpet in the passage betwixt the companion and the cabin, to warn him of the approach of his dreaded and venturous foe. Thus defended against any secret intrusion, he sent the boys to rest in an inner cabin, and he himself retired to sleep, in another of the compartments opening into the chamber of the dead.

With these arrangements, our narrative is brought down to the close of the adventurous Sunday, a day, which—instead of being dedi-

cated to works of mercy, and to exercises of devotion tending to heavenly peace—was polluted by a series of transactions at which the feelings of humanity sicken, and whereby the deep-wrought horrors of romance are too amply rivalled.

The interval devoted to repose will afford us a convenient opportunity for considering the condition of the two wounded sailors.

Howes, after the terrible conflict with the captain and his juvenile supporters, narrated in the foregoing pages, crept away, as we have remarked, along the top of the cargo, into the fore-hold, where he bound up his bleeding head with the kerchief taken from his neck. His violent exertions, and severe sufferings from pain and anxiety during the preceding night, together with the loss of blood from his numerous wounds, occasioned a most excruciating thirst. Great as was the peril of his life in exposing himself to observation, his thirst became so agonizing that he ventured, in the dusk of the evening, to exert his little remaining strength, in crawling upon deck, in search of something to drink. There was no token of conflict,—all was silent,—his companions in adventure seemed to be now at peace;—but little did he imagine the desolation that had contributed to this solemn repose. He reached

the water-cask, where he had expected the much needed refreshment, but it was empty. He cautiously pursued his anxious search about the deck, and also in the quarter of his recent frightful adventures, when, at length, he was successful in his object: he obtained a supply of water sufficient for his present need, and gathered together a few cocoa-nuts which fell in his way. The pistol which the Captain lost in their concluding struggle he also met with, which, with a carpenter's axe, he secured, and carried along with him into the fore-hold, where he settled himself in a posture of defence. Nothing appeared, however, to molest him throughout the night.

In the morning of Monday, Smith, his fellow-sufferer—participating also with him in a like providential interference—made his way towards the same retreat. His escape he described as being in this wise:—The Captain having given him up for dead, had fortunately nailed a piece of board over the opening in the cabin deck through which he had been assailed. Under the concealment thus afforded him, he ventured, after he heard the Captain retire from the place which for some time he occupied directly over his head, to attempt to release himself from his bonds, in order that he might flee from his dangerous position. Happily he was enabled, after various

and considerable efforts, so to extend one of his hands, as to reach his pocket knife, with which he cut his lashings, and promptly obtained his liberation. A narrow space being here, as well as elsewhere, occasionally left betwixt the cargo and the beams above, he contrived, after the manner of Howes, to find a tortuous passage, enabling him to crawl away from the scene of slaughter. And in this manner, to their mutual comfort and surprise, these two distinguished subjects of the Divine mercy, hacked and maimed as they were, and severe sufferers as they both had been, were yet able to relate to each other the frightful scenes of the preceding day. Then it was that the manly Howes, who had borne so much in his own person with such singular hardihood, was made to shudder in dismay under the details of the slaughter of his seven comrades.

After a sleep of some hours—a repose rendered necessarily perturbed and harassed by the impressive influence on the mind, of the recent events—the Captain arose from his bed, and to his surprise and alarm he found, as he supposed, the brig under-way. For looking through the cabin-windows, he observed that the brig was going fast through the water, and, according to the position of her head by the compass, on a

course very nearly in the direction for Cape Clear. Supposing that Howes must have survived his multiplied wounds, and had taken the helm, he cried out, with a view to the verification of his apprehensions,—"John, keep her a point more to leeward!" But there was no answer. The helm was lashed as he had left it; the head-way of the vessel being merely the accidental effect of a gust of variable wind in the sails.

Being soon assured that this was the case, and that all was quiet above, the attention of Stewart was now turned to the several boys around him, respecting whose continued fidelity he began to have strong misgivings. Lest therefore, from apprehensions as to their own safety, or from any other cause, they might take advantage of any unguarded moment to injure him,—he determined to secure himself by binding them. "God Almighty," he said—commencing in a style now very usual to him—"has told me something"—and that "something" he seems to have superstitiously inferred from some impression unconsciously produced, in the first instance, on his mind; but subsequently confirmed, in his apprehension, by the curious accidental circumstance of an old watch, which was hung by the side of his bed, and had long been stopped, being found to be going. This circum-

stance he considered as a proof that the boys were not so passive and subdued as they ought to be, inasmuch as 'they must have been meddling with the watch during his sleep.' Satisfied, at all events, that his personal safety might be endangered by their being all at liberty, he proceeded to take the instruments, with which they were armed, from them, and to tie their hands. Having so recently witnessed the tragic result of a similar commencement of treatment, they naturally became much alarmed, and the invalid, Hammond—for whom the Captain always manifested the respect due to a passenger, and especially to a son of an owner of the brig under his command—earnestly and anxiously interceded for them. Stewart, with manifest sincerity, repelled the insinuation of any harm being designed against them, and confirmed his assurances to the contrary by taking an oath on the Bible for their safety; and for their perfect assurance of the integrity of his professions, he put a loaded pistol into the hands of Hammond —whose liberty was left unrestrained, because, as the Captain said, 'he knew him to be an innocent child'—authorizing and directing the trembling lad to shoot him, if he should attempt to hurt his youthful comrades.

This measure of precaution was scarcely completed, and the boys secured to his satisfaction,

by tying them both hands and feet, when the sound of a distant voice, as of one hailing the ship, excited the most interested attention of the whole party. The repetition of the voice, from a direction astern of the brig, assured them that some vessel must be close at hand. Stewart hastened to look abroad, and putting his head out of the cabin window, saw the stranger, whose assistance he feelingly supplicated, saying, —"For God Almighty's sake come to my assistance." On being asked 'what was the matter!' he replied, that 'there had been a mutiny on board his vessel—that he had killed eight of the men—and that one had made his escape:' he then repeated his intreaties for assistance, declaring, 'if it was refused, that he should jump overboard.' The remembrance of what had occurred in the case of two former vessels, served, no doubt, to make him increasingly anxious. He rushed upon deck, and jumping upon the taffrail, in his earnestness for the desired relief, appeared ready to fulfil his declared intention; when the Captain of the supposed stranger, recognizing in Stewart an old acquaintance, called to him to 'hold on, and he would come to his help.'

As the friendly boat approached, the now overjoyed Captain encouraged the men embarked in it 'to come on board, and not to be afraid,' on

the ground 'that all the mutineers were dead, but one.' The first person whom Stewart greeted on the deck of the brig, was a personal friend, Captain Callendar, to whom he handed a pistol; and then taking him aft, he stamped his foot through the cabin sky-light, and showed him the bodies of his slaughtered crew. He next led him down into the cabin, where the astonished visitor recognised among the dead, the body of Captain Raynes; he also remarked the bodies of some of the sailors whom he remembered to have formerly seen on board the brig. Stewart, feeling both justified in what he had done, and self-satisfied with the success of his extraordinary attempt, remarked to his friend, 'that he could trample over them, like a parcel of dead sheep;' and then asked, 'whether he were not a valiant little fellow to kill so many men?'

To Captain Callendar's enquiries into the particulars of the dreadful spectacle he then witnessed, Stewart informed him—'that Captain Raynes, and the seaman John Howes, had raised a mutiny on board, and were going to take the vessel from him; that he had been obliged to break his instruments and throw his charts overboard, that they might be discouraged in their purpose; and that he had adopted various other measures, lest they should succeed in their object and murder him.' In proof of their wicked inten-

tions, he observed, 'that he had a paper, signed by the senior apprentice, certifying that a mutiny had arisen in the ship;' and, in support of his claim for sympathy, he added, that 'he was so dreadfully harassed that he had not slept for twenty-seven days and nights!' In conclusion of his statement, he besought Captain Callendar's protection against the infuriated seaman, Howes, in case he should be yet alive,—which was readily promised him, as also that he should be taken home in safety to his wife and family.

It was now proposed that they should proceed to look for the so much-dreaded Howes; a purpose which Captain Callendar undertook rather unwillingly; for hitherto he had not felt the least doubt of the facts of the case, in regard to the mutiny being really such as had been stated to him. The whole party, however, entered upon the search; in progress of which Captain Stewart himself discovered the wounded seaman, in his concealment beneath the fore-hatchway, his person being covered with a bag, and his features, as to their expression, being almost obliterated by a mask of blood! "Is that Captain Callendar?" asked the now poor spirit-sunk sailor, as he fastened his eyes on a countenance less destructive in its expression than that of him whom he had so much reason to dread.—"It is," was the prompt reply: and then was added an order to

get up and go along with the unexpected visitor, which, on an assurance of protection, Howes immediately obeyed. Before he left the place of his retreat he called upon his companion in tribulation, Mr. Smith, who came forth from the obscurity beyond, covered only by an old shirt.

At the sight of Smith, Captain Stewart started back in amazement. "I thought you were dead!" said he:—then, as if reflecting on the extraordinary fact of his preservation, he paused for an instant, and added,—"I now believe you were innocent; I am sorry for having hurt you; it was God spared your life!" Stewart then appealed to him, in justification of what he had done, as to the fact of the miserable slain having, within his hearing, confessed themselves guilty? The answer of Smith seemed to imply, that, he considered, 'they had confessed their guilt.' But whether Smith affirmed to the appeal of his Captain from apprehension of further mischief to himself, or whether the unhappy men, under the torture of their bonds, had been constrained to make such an avowal, is difficult to determine; though from a careful weighing of the evidence bearing upon this point, it would rather appear that some of them, whatever might have been their motive, had acquiesced in the charge brought against them.

Though Captain Stewart must have been sa-

tisfied with the result of his appeal to Smith, as it bore on his own justification, he was by no means sure that vengeance would not be wreaked against him by the survivors of the general massacre. He expressed himself so greatly anxious, especially respecting what Howes might attempt in the way of retribution, that Captain Callendar prevailed on Howes to submit again to restraint, to the extent of a slight lashing on his hands, for the relie of his Captain's distressing apprehensions.

Arrangements were now made for getting the brig under-way. To assist in navigating her homeward, two fresh hands were left on board; whilst, for Stewart's satisfaction, his two wounded seamen were taken away by Captain Callendar to his own vessel.

This friendly vessel was the MARY STUBBS, schooner, belonging to Campobello in North America. She had sailed from Barbadoes on the 10th of May—the day after the sailing of the Mary Russell—bound for Belfast, under the command of Robert Callendar of St. Andrews, New Brunswick. About 8 A. M. of Monday, 23rd of June—the day to which our narrative has just been brought—the steward of the Mary Stubbs descried the brig, at no very great distance, lying-to, which he pointed out to his Captain. Being then about 300 miles from the southern coast of Ireland, Callendar was much surprised to per-

ceive a vessel under such circumstances: he supposed that they must have mistaken their position, and be trying for soundings; at which, however, he expressed his astonishment, seeing that they were yet so far from land. But, on nearing the brig, this conjecture was dispelled; an ensign half-mast high, and union downwards—the usual signal of distress—being discerned flying in the rigging. Captain Callendar now directed his course straight towards her, with a view to her relief; and, on his close approach, not perceiving any person on deck, hailed, repeatedly, as, in progress of sailing round her, he ranged up alongside, and finally crossed her stern. Then it was that his call was answered from the cabin,—Stewart stretching himself out of the window with a bottle in his hand—which was afterwards found to contain snuff—and urgently soliciting his assistance as we have already described.

The two vessels now proceeded in company, before a favourable breeze, towards Cape Clear; and nothing worthy of observation transpired till the morning of Wednesday, the 25th, when, drawing near the Irish coast, Captain Callendar went on board of the Mary Russell, to inquire into the state of his seamen, and others there. He found Stewart in a very fretful and harassed

state of mind—anxiously apprehensive lest the strangers who had been sent to his assistance should revenge the act he had committed, and murder him. The cause of his present fears he mentioned to his friend; but Captain Callendar assured him that he was perfectly safe, his men having no object whatever, but to take the vessel into port. But so strongly had this apprehension taken hold of his mind, or so painful were his misgivings as to the sanguinary work he had perpetrated, that shortly afterwards he hurried into the main-chains, and crying out, "Lord, help me!" jumped overboard. Happily, for his present preservation, the schooner's boat was towing astern, which, being promptly manned, Stewart, who buoyantly supported himself by swimming, was picked up, and brought back. Captain Callendar having strongly remonstrated with him upon the recklessness of his conduct, which had so greatly perilled his life, conceived that he had become so subdued under a sense of his rash folly, that, without any apprehension of a repetition of the act, he walked towards the forecastle, with the object of looking out for land. But no sooner was Callendar out of the way, than the opportunity was embraced by the unhappy Stewart for throwing himself a second time into the sea: he was, however, as promptly succoured

as before; and, being again recovered, was now secured, by the tying of his legs, against present renewal of his attempts at self-destruction.

Considerable uneasiness was now manifested by the two seamen belonging to the Mary Stubbs, in having with them so dangerous a character—one, who it now appeared, was as free to sacrifice his own life, as he had been daring and successful in taking the lives of others. To relieve them from their embarrassment, as well as for his better security, Captain Callendar took Stewart along with him on his return to his own vessel. On his arrival there, he took some coffee, and was then prevailed upon to seek the much-needed refreshment of his wearied body, and the soothing of his agitated feelings, by repose. But the harassed condition of his mind prevented any continued quiescence. He soon left his retreat, and appeared again upon deck. But there, a renewed source of excitement awaited him, in the persons of his two wounded sailors, Smith and Howes, whom his earnest gaze immediately encountered. Apprehensive that they would now take vengeance on him for his attempts against their lives, he went into the cabin to seek for some instrument of defence, and returned armed with a case knife and fork.

With the expectation of pacifying him, the Captain of the schooner ordered the two sailors

below, and affected to fasten them down: but, though Stewart was evidently satisfied that his attack upon them was fully justified by the necessity of his condition, he could not get rid of his dread of their vengeance.

After Stewart had been but a very few hours on board the Mary Stubbs, the weather, which had previously been dark and hazy, cleared up, and three hookers—small Irish sloops—were seen, one of them within a very short distance. Stewart requested that the schooner might be hauled up for one of the hookers, that they might ascertain the position of the land. As they were in progress of compliance, Stewart, taking advantage of the moment when all the people around him were occupied in trimming the sails, again jumped overboard, and was seen exerting all his energies in swimming towards the hooker. The two vessels having shortly afterwards approached within hail of each other, Captain Callendar pointed out to the people in the hooker the exposed adventurer in the water, who immediately directed their efforts for his rescue, and picked him up. The Mary Stubbs was now hove-to, with the expectation of receiving back their difficult charge; but, to the surprise of all on board, the hooker made sail from them, and stood away to the westward.

Nothing was left, therefore, to Captain Cal-

lendar, but to pursue his voyage to its destination: and this he did so successfully, that, about mid-night of the same day, he arrived safely, with the Mary Russell in charge, at an anchorage in Cork Harbour.

Chapter II.

INVESTIGATIONS, PERSONAL AND LEGAL, OF THE CASE OF CAPTAIN STEWART.

Section I.—*Personal Examination of the Mary Russell, and of the Survivors of her Crew.*

With the foregoing details of the tragical proceedings on board the brig Mary Russell, I could only become acquainted by means of testimony derived from others; we now come to the period, however, embracing the domestic circumstances connected with the present memorial, the records of which, for the most part, were derived from personal inquiries or observations.

It was in the morning of the 26th of June, but a few hours after the arrival of the Mary Stubbs and her convoy at their anchorage at Cove, when, accompanied by Colonel FitzGerald—my late lamented brother-in-law—and another friend, I visited these now remarkable vessels. The Mary Russell, as I have said, was in charge of a civil officer; he, and two of the apprentice-boys, being the only persons then on board. Through the

open hatch of the cabin sky-light, to which we were directed as we reached the deck, we had an unobstructed view of the sickening scene beneath. Five swollen bodies, lashed on their backs, "mangled with ghastly wounds," and clotted with gore, were lying conspicuously visible beneath, with the lower extremities of two others, seen projecting from the mate's cabin, or larboard state-room; the whole of which had remained, I believe, undisturbed, from the hour of the massacre. The body of the unhappy Raynes, with the head and face shockingly mangled, lay almost immediately beneath the opening,—a frightful object; and the rest, in various degrees of conspicuousness, combined in the completion of the appalling spectacle.* It required more than an ordinary nerve and habit of self-possession, to contemplate unsickened the dreadful charnel-house; whilst the depth of the impression on the mind has been

* Thomas Sharpe, Esq. the Surgeon who inspected the bodies at the time of the inquest, stated—that the seven persons (so often referred to in this narrative), had each of them "extensive fractures on the skull. James Raynes had a mortal fracture on the anterior part of the skull and face. William Swanson, a mortal fracture on the right side of his head. James Murley, a mortal fracture on the right side and back part of the head. Francis Sullivan's head, on the left side, was extensively fractured. John Cramer had the anterior part of his skull beaten in. Timothy Connell, had a mortal fracture on the left side of his head; and John Keating's head, on the left side and anterior part, was mortally fractured and beaten in,—all which fractures must have been occasioned by some very weighty pointed instrument,—a crow-bar, as he had been informed—and must have produced almost instant death." All the men were strongly tied by the arms, legs and thighs, and partly by the neck, and were lying on what appeared to be mattresses.

strikingly marked, in the case of the writer of this record, by the small approach to oblivion of the sad exhibition, notwithstanding the operation of the considerable interval of time which has since then elapsed.

Colonel FitzGerald, being the first magistrate who had visited the vessel, examined, at considerable length, the two boys, then on board the Mary Russell, as to the particulars of the transaction, the dreadful result of which was at the moment before us. The investigation, which occupied a considerable time, being completed, I proceeded to the schooner Mary Stubbs, which was lying in a contiguous berth, for the purpose of seeing the residue of the ill-fated crew, and making further inquiries into the details of the calamity.

Another of the apprentices belonging to the Mary Russell was here met with, besides Smith the chief mate, and the seaman Howes. The appearance of these men—monuments as they were of preserving Mercy—excited feelings of intense and anxious interest. Both of them, more particularly Howes—though able to come upon deck—were shockingly mutilated. Their wounds were yet undressed; and their whole persons and clothing bore affecting indications, both of the terrible conflict through which they had recently passed, and of the vehement efforts

which had been made to involve them in the general slaughter.

Mr. Smith was freely communicative of all the particulars of the eventful day; and Howes, though he spoke cautiously—appearing to have been put upon his guard against exposing himself to personal risk by any perverted evidence—yet answered distinctly to the point, and with a manner characteristic of his determined hardihood, whatever questions I put to him.

Imagination instinctively summoned up, as the hardy sailor stood leaning against the bulwark of the vessel, a most lively picture of the frightful scenes in which he had been at once so great a sufferer, and so distinguished an object of Providential preservation. He was a man in whose appearance there was an intelligible indication of the firmness and perseverance in resistance, which he had been enabled so profitably to bring into exercise in the hour of his extraordinary trial. His face was considerably weather-beaten, and his countenance, as it appeared to me, was strongly marked, if not harsh,—combining, with some severity of expression, an indication of straightforward manliness of character. He was the very man one would have picked out of a whole ship's company as likely to be the foremost in any act of daring—the man one could suppose capable of boldly avowing himself vigorously

alive, when the only chance he seemed to have of escape was the maintenance of the opinion, come to by his formidable foe, that he was dead. He seemed the very character whom one could believe capable of saying to his determined commander, when standing over him armed with deadly weapons—"I will die before I will again submit to be tied!"

The other survivor of the dread calamity—the companion of Howes in mercy now, as he had recently been in peril—though not associated with such circumstances of incident, adventure, and developement of character, as had rendered Howes so conspicuous,—yet was not to be looked upon without feelings of both commiseration and interest. The tremendous violence attempted against him, had left very impressive marks. His wounded eye, and cheek, and head, not only bore testimony to the truthfulness of his account of his own adventures, but evinced likewise, as an unquestionable fact, this measure of his peril, that there had been but a hair's-breadth betwixt him and death.

The examination of the boys on board of the brig, by Colonel FitzGerald, elicited, under the guidance of occasional questions, a circumstantial detail of the proceedings which had led to the fatal catastrophe; whilst the information derived from the survivors on board the

Mary Stubbs, afforded, altogether, a very complete view of the chief events of the whole calamitous voyage. Notes of the various particulars I made on the spot, which I had opportunity, subsequently, in repeated and unreserved communications with the chief in the sanguinary adventure, of amply verifying and filling up. From these memoranda,—assisted by the published evidence before the Coroner, and very minute, and, I believe, accurate reports of the trial given in the local papers of the day, together with a few other facts occasionally derived from other quarters,—the particulars of this memorial were derived. And although there were a few minor circumstances, necessary to be introduced, as to which, because of little discrepancies in the evidence, I have felt some doubt;—yet as to the great body of the facts, so amply testified and abundantly verified, no such doubt could exist. And in regard to the occasional variations in the evidence on unimportant points, these I have endeavoured to reconcile with the general facts, either by giving the preference to the testimony of the more intelligent witnesses, where such an adaptation would answer, or by reference to the probabilities, which a clear understanding of the nautical and other circumstances, sometimes enabled me satisfactorily, to myself, to estimate.

In the beginning of the following week, I had again an opportunity, under new circumstances, of visiting the Mary Russell;—the brig then lying at the Custom-house Quay at Cork, and being in progress of the discharging of her cargo.

The cabin, though now cleared of the bodies, and of their more offensive extravasations, bore abundant and indelible marks of the sanguinary deed which had so recently been perpetrated there. In the blood-stained floor were conspicuously visible, the places of the nails and staples whereby the prisoners had been secured down; together with the hole broken through the floor into the prison-room of the chief mate, Smith, which yet remained unrepaired.

Besides these more permanent marks of the recent transactions, other objects and places of melancholy interest, referred to in our memorial, were met with at every step, eliciting associations intensely impressive. In one place were seen the granes, and the axe, with other instruments of destruction which had been used in the massacre, or in its attendant circumstances; in another place, was met with, the case of books [or shells?], which Howes had used as a shield against the pistol-shot of his master, extensively bespattered with blood. In the half-deck,—the scene of the extraordinary conflict betwixt Captain Stewart and Howes,—the original arrangements were

undisturbed; a hammock and bedding yet remained, whilst the surface of the sugar-casks, forming the platform of the compartment, still exhibited abundant traces of the blood which had flowed out there.

The passage from the deck to the cabin, with its nail-locker, and the marks of the barricading therein, was a position rendered interesting by the circumstances connected with it; and the different berths and interior compartments of the cabin yielded, severally, their portion to the general impression. Besides these things, as matters of melancholy interest,—the presence of one of the monuments of preserving Mercy, together with one of the youthful abettors of the infatuated Captain, greatly enhanced the impression produced on the feelings by the general survey of the Mary Russell. All these things being strongly associated with the recent events, produced, together, such an extraordinary measure of excitement and perturbation, as no mere record or description could possibly yield the counterpart of,—for the imagination, assisted and stimulated by these various striking objects, was so powerfully brought to the apprehension of the whole course of carnage, as to occasion sensations of dismay and horror in the mind of the conscious examiner,—sensations so vivid and distinct, as only to be exceeded by real recol-

lections, or by the actual witnessing of the original dreadful scenes.

Section II.—*Coroner's Inquest.*

In the afternoon of the day of my first visit to the Mary Russell, a Coroner and Jury came down from Cork to enquire into the origin and results of this unprecedented transaction. After inspecting the state of the bodies of the dead, and making such investigations as time permitted—not being able to finish their examination of all the witnesses—they adjourned till the following day, and agreed to meet in Cork.

At the opening of the second day's investigation, the Coroner read two letters, communicating the intelligence of Captain Stewart being in custody at Skibbereen. They were as follow.

"Ballincollig, 27th June, 1828.

Friday morning—Seven o'clock.

"My Lord—I have this instant received the enclosed letter from Chief Constable Brownrig, superintending the constabulary force in Carbery West, East Division, detailing one of the most dreadful acts ever committed.

"When your Lordship has done with the en-

closed communication, I request you will be so good as to return it by post.

"I am, my Lord, &c. &c.,

"JOHN GALWAY,

Local Inspector County Cork Constabulary."

"To the Mayor of Cork."

"Skibbereen, June 26, 1828.

"Sir—I beg leave to acquaint you, that a man named William Stewart, Master of the brig Mary Russell, bound for Cork from Barbadoes, was brought in here a prisoner, a few hours since, by the Constable Station at Baltimore, to whom he had been given up, at a late hour last night, by the Coast Guard, charged, upon his own confession, of having killed six [seven] of his crew, and wounding two, all of whom he alleges mutinied. It further appears by his statement, that his brig was boarded by the Captain of the brig [schooner] Mary Stubbs, of Campo-bello, New Brunswick, bound for Belfast, who took charge of her; but on his being roughly treated by the Captain of the sloop, he leaped overboard from his brig, and swam to the sloop. Still feeling that an attempt would be made on his life, he again leaped over-board, and swam to a fishing-boat (off Cape Clear), which picked him up and gave him in charge to the Coast Guard. The above unfortunate man is well known here, and was

always considered extremely humane; he is very respectably connected, being nephew to Dr. Stewart, of Clonakilty.

"At first I considered the statement a mere fabrication; but now I fear it is but too true: and if he destroyed his unfortunate crew in the manner he says he did, it is one of the most horrible cases which has ever come before the public.

"The above vessels having proceeded, as I understand, for Cork, I deem it proper to give you the earliest intelligence of the above lamentable circumstances;—and in order that you may apprise the authorities in Cork, of Wm. Stewart, the Master of the Mary Russell, being in custody, about whose apprehension they are no doubt anxious.

"I have the honor to be, &c.

J. BROWNRIG, C. C. of Police."

"To Capt. Galway, Local Inspector."

After the reading of these communications, the examination of the survivors of the dreadful carnage was continued, and completed,—the leading particulars of whose evidence have already been incorporated in the foregoing narrative. The result of this enquiry before the Coroner, it is some satisfaction to be able to say,—both for the sake of humanity, and for the temporal safety as well as eternal hopes of the unhappy perpetrator

of the dreadful carnage,—was the following qualified verdict,—"*That the several Sailors and Passengers were killed by the hands of Captain Stewart, being then, and for some days before, in a state of mental derangement.*"

Though there are sufficient indications, in the narrative before us, of the incorrect state of mind of Captain Stewart,—admitting what appears to be the truth, that there were no *real grounds* for the suspicion of any mutiny being intended by the passengers or crew,—yet it is very astonishing that no serious conviction, of his being under the influence of this malady, seems to have been entertained by any person on board. For though, on the trial, intimations of this knowledge were given by some of the witnesses, yet, on the arrival of the vessel, not the *slightest suspicion* to this effect was stated to me by any of the survivors, all of whom, except the boy Hammond, I saw, and questioned most particularly as to their opinion of the cause of the Captain's dreadful proceeding. If, indeed, any serious apprehension had been entertained of his insanity —would the people have so promptly obeyed the extraordinary orders for lying the ship to, when approaching, with a favourable wind, so near her port? Would the chief officer, in the first place, and then the rest of the crew, have submitted

under any threatenings, to be bound in the way they were secured, and to remain a whole night in this condition, without attempting either to release themselves or one another? Would the Captain of the Mary Harriett have furnished him with pistols for his defence against a mutinous crew, if he had perceived any indications of a disordered mind?

But these interrogatories are not intended to cast any doubt on the correctness of the verdict agreed to by the Coroner's jury; but are merely put forth as representing the kind of reflections, which were made by myself and others, on our first acquaintance with the extraordinary transactions. For, when the question was started, as to Stewart's soundness of mind, it was repeatedly urged among the persons with whom I happened to be associated, that, if either party were deranged, the natural inference would rather be—that the nine unhappy men, comprising the crew and passengers, who allowed themselves to be overcome by a single individual, less robust than any among them—these, if any, must have been the madmen!

The doubts, however, which in the first instance might have existed in regard to Stewart's state of mind, and measure of criminality, were, subsequently, sufficiently cleared away—so that his real condition will, we trust, appear free from

uncertainty, even on consideration, but of a very brief record, of the trial.

SECTION III.—*Personal interviews with Captain Stewart, and further investigations concerning the lamentable transactions on board the Mary Russell.*

The principal actor in the appalling tragedy, of which the foregoing pages afford a detailed record, was speedily conveyed to a place of security—the county gaol of Cork. A few days subsequently—on the 5th of July, 1828—I had an opportunity, through the assistance of one of the Magistrates on the Gaol Committee, of visiting this extraordinary character. Capt. Stewart being acquainted with my friend,—who was resident in the neighbourhood of Cove, where Stewart's family lived,—received him kindly, and even welcomed his visit; but on me, being a total stranger, he looked with an eye of suspicious objection—evidently considering my presence as intrusive. My friend, however, having made me known to him, in such a way as to remove the impression of my visit being intended in idle curiosity, he at length permitted me to enter his cell, where, the jailor having left us, we spent nearly a couple of hours, whilst he related to us,

with increasing confidence and openness, the leading circumstances of the fatal voyage. There was an evident candour of manner which impressed us with the decided conviction, that he felt himself justified in all that he had done; for, whilst he avowed himself ready to meet his trial, he declared himself prepared to establish the *necessity* of the act which he had committed.

Unless it were a certain sharpness of expression in the eye, and quickness of manner, we perceived scarcely any other indications, that the person before us was of unsound mind. He seemed to be in the full possession, indeed, of all his ordinary faculties, and related his proceedings, on the adventurous voyage, with such consistency, minuteness of detail, and apparent accuracy, that—had his suspicions been well founded, as to which he made out a clear and forcible case—one would have been led, certainly, to palliate, if not to justify, on principles of self-preservation, a very considerable proportion of his course of treatment of his unhappy crew.

It was not possible to contemplate, without peculiar emotions, the singular character before us;—feelings of astonishment becoming predominant on the reflection, that a person so evidently inferior in bodily strength to the muscular power of most of the individuals of his slaugh-

tered people, could have performed a deed, from which the most powerful of his species might have shrunk, as apparently impracticable.

His appearance, at the time of this interview, was remarkable, chiefly, by association. His figure appeared slight, and below the middle stature, but evidently smart and agile. With features somewhat sharp, complexion fair, hair red, and a profile straight, and indicative of intelligence, he exhibited a moral physiognomy not so much characteristic of any thing bad or repulsive, as of a temperament excitable, ardent, and passionate. The fire of the eye, and quickness of movement in the body, to which I have already alluded, were the only apparent characteristics which struck me as being peculiar.

Feelings of repulsion and distrust were forcibly excited by being locked up with a man who had been the agent of such a terrific slaughter; and it was not without shuddering from the very heart, that I received, at the close of this first interview, the now freely offered, but not obtruded, murderous hand.

Very unexpectedly, a second opportunity, under most favourable circumstances for hearing more particulars on the subject of this Memorial, was afforded me a few days after the interview just recorded. Captain Stewart, in natural anx-

iety as to the grounds of his defence on his expected trial, requested an audience with Capt. Hoare, R.N.,—one of the very efficient and diligent members of the Gaol Committee, and a brother-in-law of mine—in order to lay before him a statement of his case, and to take his opinion, under the supposition of an intended mutiny, as to the justifiableness of the act which he had committed. Fortunately, I was on a visit at Captain Hoare's at the very time when the message reached him, and thus obtained, in his company, admission again to Stewart's cell, which would not otherwise have been permitted, because of a strict prohibition, by the magistrates, against the admission of visitors to this particular prisoner, whose unexampled case had been productive of a degree of interest and excitement from which no small measure of inconvenience had been found to result.

We found the object of our visit in the common-room of his ward, engaged in writing, for the information and satisfaction of his uncle, the Reverend Dr. S———, a detailed account of the melancholy transaction. Having led us to the privacy of his own cell, he read to us his memorial at length—which, we found, was drawn up with great clearness, and with a peculiar regard to unity. In every thing, indeed, excepting what related to his notion of an intended mutiny, his

narrative struck us as being strikingly consistent, and as characterized by all the ordinary marks of truthfulness and accuracy. He then proceeded to detail to us, in regular series, many additional particulars, so as to give a complete and connected view of the various events of the melancholy voyage, especially of those which had a bearing on, and were influential in leading to, the fatal tragedy. The whole of his relation, occupying nearly two hours in the communication, he went through with singular attention to chronological order, dwelling, most minutely and pointedly, on the different circumstances of suspicion in the behaviour of his crew, which he esteemed corroborative of his apprehension of their mutinous designs, and on which, indeed, all his expectations of personal justification, seemed to rest.

These circumstances of suspicion, which have been already stated in detail, he summed up after the following manner;—"Captain Raynes," said he, "whom I took on board from charitable motives at Barbadoes, was the cause of the whole. He tampered with the men, to stir up a mutiny. I consulted with the mate, who said, he did not fear them. But," added Stewart—after describing a daring transaction in which his chief officer acknowledged himself to have been once engaged —"when the mate made that confession, I lost all confidence in him. Howes had been in a

better situation, and was therefore discontented: him I could not trust. The mate, who denied all knowledge of celestial observations, was seen taking the distance of the moon: I suspected him of a mutinous design in concealing that knowledge. Captain Raynes, who was in disgrace at home, had no desire to return;* and having lost his situation both as captain and mate, he could have no hopes of a ship: I suspected him, therefore, that he wanted to turn pirate: and when I threw over-board the charts and log-line, I marked his confusion and disappointment."

After this general summary of the circumstances of suspicion,—we questioned Captain Stewart as to the *necessity* of his putting his prisoners to death, when they were in such a state of helpless bondage that their resistance, and their revenge, were alike impracticable? His answer was to this effect—'His hopes of relief,' he said, 'from his anxious situation, had been greatly excited by the near approach of the second vessel which they saw on Sunday afternoon; but when she bore away, the disappointment was *unbearable;* and he considered it as a providential indication of the guilt of his prisoners, and of their being designed for death.' From these,

* It may be proper to remark, here, that very respectable mention was made of the unhappy Raynes, by different witnesses on the trial. They stated his conduct to have been gentlemanly and correct, and by no means deserving the censures with which Captain Stewart visited him.

and various other considerations, he intimated, 'his mind was wrought up to a state of reckless despair. Dreading the revenge of Howes, then adrift in the hold, who had sworn he would have his life; seeing night coming on, which would expose him to unseen attacks; being so worn out from fatigue, anxiety, and want of rest, that he could no longer keep his eyes open; suspecting the fidelity of the boys, some one of whom, he believed, must have loosed Howes, he being better tied than any of the rest,—and fearing, therefore, lest they should liberate the other prisoners whilst he slept,—he saw no alternative but either putting them all to death, or falling a sacrifice himself to their revenge'! "Therefore," he concluded, "*I was under the necessity of killing them!*" "But," he added, "if that fellow Howes had not been adrift in the hold, I would not have put them to death; but I was afraid of him."

Captain Stewart having thus finished his singular and appalling statement—in which however, the more dreadful circumstances were passed slightly over—and having exhausted every argument that he could think of to make out a case of *necessity* for the deed he had committed,—he anxiously appealed to Captain Hoare for his opinion on the subject. Captain Hoare candidly told him, that although the mutiny which was

imagined, had been really intended—with the proofs of which, however, he was not at all satisfied,—he should not think the act to have been justifiable, especially considering the very perfect manner in which he had effected their security. Stewart seemed greatly disappointed and affected, anxiously exclaiming—"I'm sorry for it!"—"I'm very sorry for it!" He still, however, persisted in his own conviction 'that he was compelled by necessity to commit the act;' but he once avowed, that 'when he thought of the sixth Commandment, he felt some misgivings of conscience.'

As we retired from the ward of the prisoner, we found his almost heart-broken wife, awaiting our coming out, that she might visit her unhappy husband. We spoke to her as we passed, and truly sympathized with her deep-seated, remediless grief. "Poor sufferer!" as the heart's sympathy would have urged its expression of feeling, —"thy woes, alas! admit, from human sources, of but small relief; for, whether thy imprisoned husband be designed for life or death, to thee the verdict speaks only sorrow! Seek then, from Heaven, thy comforts, and remember how it is consolingly written, that, whilst "the sorrow of the world worketh death," "godly sorrow worketh repentance to salvation not to be repented of:" seek, for thy sorrows, the enriching trans-

forming influence of heavenly love, remembering the Scriptural assurance, "that *all things* work together for good to them that love God !"

SECTION IV.—*Arraignment and Trial of Captain Stewart.*

The verdict of the Coroner occasioned some doubt as to the legality of trying Captain Stewart on a charge of "Murder"; but after a lengthened deliberation of the City Grand Jury, assembled at Cork on the 4th of August, 1828, the prisoner was duly arraigned on their returning a true bill against him for the capital charge. The indictment—charging the prisoner for the several murders committed on board the brig Mary Russell, on the high seas, within the jurisdiction of the Court of Admiralty, whereupon he was to be tried by Commission at Cork,—having been read to Captain Stewart,—he answered, by his solicitor, to the usual question—"Not Guilty." "He was then removed from the bar, having preserved an uninterrupted silence during the whole proceedings, and having borne, with the utmost composure, the ardent gaze of the multitude which crowded the Court, the case having, as might be supposed, excited a most intense interest in the public mind." *

* For the particulars here given respecting the trial of Captain Stewart, I have been indebted chiefly to the ample, and I believe correct, reports given of the proceedings in the local papers of the day. The passages here distinguished by quotation marks were taken from the "Southern Reporter."

On the morning of the Monday following, August 11th, according to the arrangement made at the time of Captain Stewart being brought to the bar, he was put upon his trial in the City Court at Cork, before the Lord Chief Baron O'Grady and Baron Pennefather, the Commissioners appointed by the Admiralty Court for the trial of this cause. Such was the interest produced by this extraordinary case, which had been almost the absorbing subject of public attention throughout the country, during the six or seven preceding weeks, that it was with the utmost difficulty, notwithstanding the admirable arrangements that had been made for the occasion, that the sheriffs and city officers could retain the places appointed for the barristers, and other persons who had the claims of business for authorizing their presence.

The prisoner "was dressed in a black coat, with white waistcoat and cravat. His face appeared fresh and healthy, and his features exhibited composure and firmness. Whilst the pannel was calling over, he looked attentively at the several individuals as they answered to their names." Having been informed that he had the privilege of challenging any number of the proposed jury, not exceeding twenty, and as many more as he could show any reasonable ground of objection to, —several gentlemen were challenged on the part of Captain Stewart, and several more at the sug-

gestion of the Crown Solicitor. Among the number that was left, two objected to serve; one, because "he was acquainted with all the circumstances of the case, and had formed an opinion which he feared was unalterable;" and the other, on still stronger grounds,—because 'he had been engaged in making a collection for the benefit of the families of the sufferers, and had formed an opinion so decided that he had not hesitated to express it in different places.' The Lord Chief Baron, however, refused to admit these considerations as *legal grounds* of objection; on which the two gentlemen were severally challenged by the prisoner's solicitor and himself.

Thus having cleared the jury of such persons as were known to hold opinions unfavourable to the prisoner's safety, he entered upon his trial with every possible advantage. Mr. Sergeant Goold, and Messrs. George Bennett, Quin, and Plunkett, were engaged in the Prosecution; along with whom Mr. O'Connell was likewise retained, but did not appear. Messrs. O'Loghlin, Freeman, Croke, Pigott, and Barrington appeared for the Defence.

The Jury being all sworn, and the prisoner given in charge "for the murder of *James Goold Raynes*, on the high seas, about a hundred leagues off the land, on Sunday, the 22d of June last,"—Mr. Sergeant Goold opened the case for the prosecution, on behalf of the Crown. After

a clear, but brief, detail of the facts of the case expected to be proved by the subsequent evidence,—wherein he remarked with pleasing manifestation of piety of feeling, on the "wonderful interposition of a superintending Providence," by which Howes and Smith still remained among the living, to tell the marvellous story, —the Learned Gentleman, according to the report of the trial, concluded in words to this effect:— "Gentlemen of the Jury, I don't think it necessary for me to trouble you further. The facts of the case are briefly as I have detailed them. They furnish a history unequalled, I believe, even in the annals of romance. How seven men should allow themselves to be tied and butchered in this way, seems a very extraordinary thing. Why the prisoner should have murdered those persons, it will be for him, or for the Learned Gentlemen who appear as his Counsel, to explain. If there was a mutiny on board the vessel, it is for the Learned Gentlemen opposite to show it. If the defence intended to be set up is, that the prisoner, when he committed the murder, was in a state of mind which made the act excusable in law, it is necessary that this defence should be made out to your perfect satisfaction. In order to make out that defence, it must appear that the prisoner was in a state of such derangement, that he was incapable of knowing what he was doing; that he was incapable of appreci-

ating the consequences of his own acts; and, in short, that he was incapable of distinguishing between right and wrong. I need not advert to the cases which appear in the books, nor to those cases where the circumstance of persons having been previously confined in mad-houses, was not considered an excuse for the commission of a crime: I need not point the attention of their Lordships to the cases of Bellingham and others; it is enough for me to say, under the correction of the Court, that derangement of mind is not considered a sufficient excuse, unless the party is totally incapable of distinguishing between right and wrong. We shall examine all the survivors, gentlemen; and it is our wish, as indeed it is the duty of the Crown, by whom this prosecution is undertaken, to put forward every thing that can be considered favourable to the prisoner, as well as every material fact connected with the transaction. And I pray to God, for the sake of human nature, that it will appear that the prisoner is innocent; and that you, by your conscientious verdict, will relieve him, and relieve our country, from the imputation which this horrible transaction, more horrible than fancy could have created, has thrown on it."

The Learned Sergeant's statement was listened to by the crowded audience in unbroken silence; and the prisoner betrayed no other emotion but a slight hectic, which might, indeed, have

been an effect of the heat of the Court, instead of a disturbance of mind.

After a brief address from the Lord Chief Baron to the Jury, charging them to dismiss from their minds the opinions they had already formed on this case, that they might follow the evidence now to be adduced, so as to arrive at a just verdict,—the witnesses for the prosecution were severally called, and examined. These were *Daniel* (or *Denis) Scully*, one of the boys; *William Smith*, the chief mate; and *John Howes*, one of the seamen of the Mary Russell,—which were the only survivors examined on the part of the Crown: then, *Captain Callendar*, of the Mary Stubbs, and *William Delany*, one of his seamen, who assisted in bringing the Mary Russell into port; and *Mr. Thomas Harvey*, of Cork, who gave evidence as to the value of the cargo of the Mary Russell, as well as of the vessel. *John Deaves*, another of the boys, was likewise called, and cross-examined in this part of the trial; but it was by one of the prisoner's Counsel.

The fact of the murder of the seven men by Captain Stewart, and the innocence of these men as to any intention of mutiny, being equally admitted by both the prosecuting and opposing Counsel, the only defence attempted to be set up was the plea of *insanity*. For establishing this plea, *Dr. St. John Clerke*, of Skibbereen; *Dr. Ed. Townsend*, Local Inspector of the County Gaol;

Dr. Osborne, of Cork; and *Mr. Richard Maguire*, Medical Attendant of the City and County Gaols, were severally examined; as also some others, not being professional persons, who gave evidence in respect to the unsound state of the prisoner's mind, either at the present, or at former periods. In the evidence of Dr. Townsend, it is reported to have been stated, that the disease of Captain Stewart seemed to be what is called *monomania*, the peculiar feature of which is, 'that the person afflicted might be perfectly sane on all other subjects, but a particular one; until that cord be touched, the individual might manifest correctness of intellect.' 'To distrust others, is a symptom common to every species of insanity. Extreme anxiety about plots might be an attendant, and also excitability and impatience;' 'but there is more of bodily excitement in general mania than in monomania:' hence Capt. Stewart 'never exhibited in his countenance a symptom of insanity.'

The Lord Chief Baron's charge to the Jury, after the close of the case on both sides, included, in substance, according to the local reports, these important remarks:—'Gentlemen of the Jury: I am very sorry,' said the Learned Judge, 'that a great and most responsible duty has fallen upon us—perhaps I should rather have said, on you—for it devolves more on the Jury than on the Court, in this instance, there being very little of law in the case; and the whole rests upon the

opinion which you shall deliberately form, upon a consideration of the evidence, as to the prisoner's state of mind at the time of this transaction.' 'That the prisoner has been unfortunate enough to commit the act, admits of no doubt.' 'The question, therefore, is, whether he acted deliberately by the instigation of the Devil, or whether he acted under the visitation of God which impaired his senses. When it pleases God to deprive a man of his understanding, it belongs not to any human tribunal to bring that man to punishment. Hence you are to consider, Gentlemen, whether the prisoner acted *malo animo*, or whether he acted under the visitation of God.' 'If I myself had found that he was always considered a man of sound mind, and never had shown any signs of aberration until a week before this transaction, and that it commenced with a dream, I should have been disposed to have viewed the case with much jealousy; but I find by the evidence (of persons whom he named) that the prisoner was subject to aberration more than once.' 'The question, I again repeat, is, whether the prisoner acted by the instigation of the Devil, or under the visitation of God, which left him no longer master of himself at the time he committed the offence. If, on the whole case, you have a rational ground for doubt, it is the duty of the Court to direct you on this, as on all other occasions, to lean to the

side of mercy; if, on the other hand, your minds are made up as to the prisoner's guilt, you are bound to pronounce him guilty without hesitation. It is right for me to warn you, that you are not to suffer your feelings to be operated on by the magnitude of the crime: in the deplorable carnage which has taken place, and in the enormity of the crime, there is, certainly, I conceive, some presumption in favour of the prisoner, and some reason why we should suppose him innocent. If he acted deliberately, and by the instigation of the Devil, he is one of the most celebrated of all those monsters who have disgraced their country and human nature; for he has been guilty of one of the foulest and most brutal acts which was ever committed by man, and one which must render him most obnoxious in the eyes of God.'

After consulting about an hour and a half, the foreman of the Jury delivered the following verdict:—"GUILTY; but we believe he was labouring under mental derangement when he committed the act." This verdict, however, being objected to by the Lord Chief Baron, as not affording a legal decision, the jury, under his directions, agreed to the following, which was finally recorded:—

"NOT GUILTY;—*because we believe that the prisoner was labouring under mental derangement when he committed the act.*"

'The prisoner continued apparently unmoved, and without evincing any symptoms of mental or corporeal weakness, throughout the trial, which lasted from 10 o'clock in the morning, until 7 in the evening.' Before he was removed from the dock, however, he expressed his gratitude to Mr. Bennett, his Solicitor, and to his Counsel, for their able exertions, and requested that information might immediately be given to his wife of the result of the trial. Just as he was about retiring, he lifted up his hands, and with great apparent fervour, said, "I have great reason to bless GOD; for if I had committed the murder wilfully, I would not have wished to live myself,—but I did not!" This concluding act of the prisoner excited the attention, and seemed to awaken, in his behalf, the better feelings of the great body of the audience,—producing, no doubt, in many who had attended the proceedings of the day, a substitution of commiseration and compassion, for the previous feelings of repugnance and horror.

Under the directions of the Lord Chief Baron, Stewart was conveyed back to the City Gaol—to which he had been removed from the County Prison, a few days before his trial—to be kept in safe custody till further orders. His sentence was,—*that he be kept in close confinement during life, or during his Majesty's pleasure.*

Chapter III.

Captain Stewart's change of mind, and subsequent condition.

Section I.—*Cautionary Reflections.*

Having stated so much at large, in the preceding pages, the various circumstances connected with the frightful massacre perpetrated by the hands of Captain Stewart, it becomes my duty now to append some other matters, of a palliative nature, which came immediately within my own knowledge and observation, after the foregoing narrative was completed. And though the outward acts of this extraordinary man, confined for life within the walls of a Lunatic Asylum, must be comparatively uninteresting, yet by no means so his religious experiences; for in regard to these experiences, he appears to have become not less the subject of astonishing mercies, than formerly he was an instrument of cruelty and an object of horror! For the miserable man, who under the influence of temporary derangement destroyed the lives of seven of his unoffending sailors, has not only escaped that violent mortal

punishment which he himself inflicted on others, but has obtained, as far as human judgment, assisted by Scriptural evidences, can determine, mercy and pardon at the hands of an infinitely merciful God.

In thus speaking, however, of Captain Stewart's condition of mind after the commission of the horrible act herein recorded, I consider it right to admit, that both the interests of our holy faith, and the due reprobation of the wicked courses of criminals, require very clear and decisive evidence to justify such a statement. For great injury, I conceive, has been done to the cause of good morals among the lower classes, and a stumbling-block, against the reception of the Gospel, in its peculiar doctrines, placed in the way of others, and very false views presented to the world in regard to the nature of the deep, and heart-renewing work of repentance,—by the frequent and unguarded putting-forth of statements declaratory of the godly dying of the worst of criminals. In regard to the repentance of the condemned cell—like that of a brief death-bed—however much the power of the Gospel, the mercy of Jehovah, and the plenitude of redemption in Christ Jesus, may yield to Christian Charity ground for hope,—the previous neglect of the Gospel and the just provoking of the Divine indignation, with the trampling under-foot the

blood of the Cross, must generally give cause, the rather, for doubt and fear. Whilst the *apparent* repentance, then, not being capable of any satisfactory trial, must, in the case of executed criminals, be always uncertain; it is surely most unwise to yield to the depraved pursuers of a like course of iniquity, the doubtful, if not most fallacious, prospect, that their course of iniquity leaves them still the final and confident refuge of a prison repentance! To encourage the condemned criminal to make trial of the all-sufficient blood of Atonement, is at once the duty and the consolation of the Minister of the Gospel; but to give encouragement to the wicked in their ways of vice, by the publication of unproved cases of penitency among hardened criminals, is alike injurious to the system of the Gospel, and perilous to the souls of men.

But the case now under consideration is essentially different from those referred to. As the foregoing records sufficiently show, Stewart was not a murderer. And as to his spiritual condition, subsequent to his trial, we shall find, I do believe, in these additional particulars, satisfactory indications—to the minds at least of those who themselves know by experience in what saving faith, and soul-renewing repentance consist—that Stewart did really become a converted character!

Introductory to the favourable character now to be exhibited of Captain Stewart,—I feel called upon to make a few observations, in justification of the claim, which may herein be made on the sympathy of the readers of this memorial, on his behalf. For there is a *sentimentality* of compassion for criminals, now prevalent in the civilized world, very plausible in its amiableness, but most mischievous in its tendencies,—betwixt which, and the call for commiseration, in the case of Captain Stewart, I should wish clearly to discriminate. The feeling to which I refer is of a truly morbid character, seeming, in many instances, to rise in measure with the criminality of the criminal. So far from its being honourable to Christian kindness, it actually confounds and inverts the Christian distinctions betwixt the objects of pity and of blame—bestowing the undeserved commiseration on the culprit, and slighting the unmerited sorrows of those who have been injured by him! Whilst the Christian should maintain the obligation of charity to all men, and of pity, in a Scriptural sense, towards the sufferers among men, though even they suffer from the effects of their own iniquity; yet such pity should be so guarded and directed, as neither to supersede that reasonable and well-attempered *justice*, which is both requisite as "a terror to evil doers," and as a defence of the

good order of society, nor to abstract from that salutary odium of vice, always existing in a healthful condition of the public mind, which is at once an honour and a protection to a nation!

Though such are the views of the author of these memorials, as to the pernicious tendencies of the sentimental pity for the objects of moral delinquency, in the present day so popular and *fashionable;* yet he ventures to put forth the case of the once awfully misguided commander of the Mary Russell, in the aspect of interest and commiseration, not only because the law of the land, as well as public avowal, has acquitted him of criminality in the perpetration of his fearful massacre; but because, likewise, of his having so long survived the period of deceptive first impressions, as now to have evinced, through a series of several years, the reality, as far as human judgment can discriminate, of the work of repentance in his heart, by a consistent, well-defined, and satisfactory profession of godliness. It is true that the penitency of his condition has not been tried by exposure to the usual temptations of the world and the flesh; but that the spiritual tokens of his state are nevertheless characteristic of real conversion,—the following details of his conduct, experiences, and sentiments, derived from personal intercourse or correspondence with him, may serve to testify.

SECTION II.—*Communications with Captain Stewart, exhibiting the change in his condition of mind.*

Being on a visit in the South of Ireland in the summer of 1829, I found, on enquiring after Captain Stewart, that he was at that time in confinement in the City Gaol of Cork. The proximity to this city of the residence of the friends with whom I was residing, afforded me the opportunity of again seeing the principal character of this memorial; the condition of whose mind, after a lapse of a year from the period of his trial, I was anxious to enquire into, conceiving that it might now be investigated, far more satisfactorily, than under the circumstances of peril and excitement when I had before had intercourse with him.

It was on the 18th of August of the year referred to, when I paid my first visit. The governor of the gaol, who, in tenderness to the feelings of his prisoner, admitted no one to his cell without his permission, intimated to Captain Stewart my wish to see him. I was invited *in*; and being instantly recognized, he gratefully welcomed me to his apartment. His appearance now differed from what I had formerly observed, in his complexion being less florid, the expression of his eye less sharp, his manner more subdued,

and his dress, from the effects of constant wear, less respectable. The governor having kindly put him by himself into one of the better wards, not then required, he had abundance of space and convenience. Here his wife was allowed to visit him; and in this apartment, his children, two together, were permitted to spend their time during the day. Two boys of his were present when I entered, with whom he had just been engaged in teaching them writing and arithmetic, which, with the communication to them of religious instruction, was, I found, a part of his daily occupation.

In welcoming me to his apartment, he gave me a ready assurance that he well recollected me, by referring to my former visits to him, and then added—"I knew your father also: was he not a great ship-owner?" On my answering that he was a ship-owner, he said, "I knew him when he was fitting out the John, about — years ago; she was a teak-built ship. Your father wished me to have gone as his mate to the whale fishery, but I had another engagement which prevented me."

After this, Stewart began at once to speak of his religious feelings and anxieties, when I was not a little astonished to find, a man, who twelve months before had had very erroneous views of the principles of the Gospel, now speaking on

the leading matters both of Christian doctrine and practical godliness, and that with such a degree of accuracy, and with such an extent of knowledge of the sacred Scriptures, as nothing but the most persevering study, under the special teaching of the Holy Ghost, could, in my opinion, have qualified him to do. He soon explained to me the causes, instrumentally, of this astonishing progress. The pious ministrations of the excellent and talented Chaplain and Inspector of the Gaol, Dr. Quarry,—of whom Stewart spoke with the most feeling and affectionate gratitude, —had first opened his mind to the errors of his former pharisaical views, and directed him to the true simplicity and perfection of religious doctrine, in the appropriation to the sinner, by faith, of the blood and righteousness of Christ.

And these views of Divine truth, which, under the blessing of God, had first been opened to him by the Chaplain's teaching, had been progressively carried forward, under the same blessing, by the assiduous and prayerful reading of the Scriptures, to the surprising measure of advancement to which he had now attained.

The ordinary extent of his religious exercises, I ascertained, in the course of my visit, to be as follows:—*Twenty Chapters* of the Scriptures, in succession, he had for some time been in the habit of reading *upon his knees*, daily; besides

what he read upon his bed, and in the presence of his children. And in addition to his own private prayers, which seemed, when he was alone, to have been almost perpetual, he always commenced his labour with his children by reading the "Morning Service," out of the book of Common Prayer, to which he was wont to add some parts of the "Commination Service," because peculiarly applicable to his individual case. The fifty-first Psalm, which occurs in that service, he particularly pointed out to me, and with much feeling repeated the passages,— "Make me a clean heart, O God! and renew a right spirit within me." "Deliver me *from blood-guiltiness*, O God!"

Besides these exercises, he usually concluded his course of daily instruction, by reading the "Evening Prayer;" and then, after his children left him, he devoted the rest of his waking hours to reading, meditation, and prayer. That this was really his daily habit, and that his whole time, at this period, was accustomed to be spent in devotional exercises, or in the instruction of his children, was confirmed to me both by the Governor, and by one of the medical officers belonging to the gaol, as also by the Chaplain.

His views of religion, I have intimated, were greatly changed. In respect to this, he thus expressed himself. "I used to think," said he,

"that my being moral and sober, and having prayers in my ship on Sundays, was enough for my salvation; but now I see the error. All that man can do is nothing, without faith and repentance. I used to think, that because so many were worse than myself, I should have little to fear; and that God would not surely condemn such multitudes of people who were thoughtless and wicked, but spare them from his infinite mercy. But now I see that if he condemned Sodom and Gomorrah, and also the world before the flood, exactly as he had threatened, he would surely condemn every sinner that did not repent and believe the Gospel."

In answer to the question—'whether he was comfortable in his present situation'? he assured me that he was, and also perfectly resigned and content; yea, that he had no desire to be released, but had rather live and die in the place he now occupied! "For," said he, with a distinct perception of the disadvantages he must ever endure, "I am better and safer for my soul's good where I am: if I should be released—every one would point to me, and say, There goes that miserable man who killed his sailors! If I were to go to a place of worship, people would point at me there. And," with a peculiar energy he added, "I might be tempted to deny that I

was the unfortunate Stewart,—and I would rather die than tell a lie!"

As in all this there was every indication not only of a sound mind, but also of "a wise and an understanding heart," I was anxious to ascertain, by a well-known touchstone in his case, whether the monomania, with which he had been afflicted, was entirely removed. To this end, I asked him, 'what his present views were respecting the unhappy transaction in the Mary Russell?' Without either hesitation or apparent excitement, he replied, that 'his mind, on that subject, had altogether changed; for he now saw that his poor fellows were innocent, and that he committed the act he had done, under the influence of derangement: 'he was now convinced,' he proceeded to say, 'that his mind had been wrong, from the curious visions which he fancied he saw after he came into confinement. Yet one of these visions,' which he described as consisting of seven lights that appeared in his cell, 'had given him comfort. He fancied he perceived in it a token, that his poor fellows, being innocent, had found mercy. And this hope,' he added, 'was his chief comfort, —that God had heard their earnest prayers at the hour of death; and if so, he had then little to regret concerning them, as what had happened would be their gain.' In regard to his culpableness in what he had done, 'he hoped,' he said,

'that God would pardon him, and receive him, because he had done it in ignorance; for he could appeal unto Heaven for his veracity when he said, that he did it under the strongest conviction that he was driven to it by the greatest necessity —firmly believing, at the time, that there was no other means in the world of saving his own life.'

In the course of my conversation with him, he brought forward a great number of passages of Scripture, in which he had met with difficulties, asking me for explanations. Several of these, I perceived, were the leading texts on which different errors of the Roman Catholic Church are attempted to be maintained; with which errors, he had formerly been tinctured, from the circumstance, probably, of his wife being a papist, or of his constant intercourse with the members of the Romish Church. 'Hence, though he was a Protestant,' he confessed, 'he could not help sometimes praying for the souls of his poor men:—it could do no harm, he thought, and he found comfort in doing so.' The passages bearing upon the doctrine of Purgatory most perplexed him; and he appeared much relieved and delighted when I explained to him the case of the raising of Samuel, by the witch of Endor; for, from that case being made so satisfactory to him, 'there could be no doubt,' he inferred, 'that all the rest might be equally well explained.'

Understanding that his life had been a very adventurous one, I referred to what I had heard; and he related the following instance of an astonishing deliverance which he had experienced from shipwreck.

In the month of December, 1825, he was attempting to bring a small schooner, of only 30 tons burden, and five hands, across the Atlantic from America, deeply laden with deals. Soon after leaving the coast, they encountered so heavy a gale, as to oblige them to heave-to. The personal attendance of the crew on deck, where they were greatly exposed, being now useless, all hands, excepting one, retreated to the cabin. Providentially, the one who was left in turn to look out, had occasion to go below, when, at the very moment, the vessel was struck by a heavy sea, which threw her so completely over, that a large chest, belonging to one of the crew, was pitched from the cabin floor against the *coamings* of the sky-light, and some papers that lay on the Captain's bed were struck up against the roof of the state-room! In this awful condition they remained but a few moments—the closeness of the hatches and sky-light, with the solid construction of the stern, preventing their being at once inundated—when the deck cargo having separated, the vessel righted. They all now rushed upon deck, terrified at the extraordi-

nary event that had occurred. After the first alarm had subsided, two men were set to clear the wreck about the decks, whilst the rest went to some requisite duty below,—when another heavy sea was shipped. This struck the main-mast, near the deck, with such violence, as not only to carry it away, but to hurl, by the re-action, the head of the mast over the side to *windward*! It also broke all the deck beams, and washed overboard two poor fellows who were exposed to its action. One of them, however, after going under the vessel's bottom, got entangled in the wreck of the mast, as he rose to windward, and was hauled safely on board;—the other perished!

The vessel, after this, strained so much, that, to prevent her falling to pieces, they set themselves to work to *swifter* the sides together with a hawser, (an operation described, in the account of St. Paul's tempestuous voyage towards Rome, as "under-girding the ship;") and in this they so far succeeded as to prevent the threatened calamity. They also let go their anchor, though in deep water, allowing the cable to run out to the end; by the resistance of which, the schooner's head was kept somewhat towards the sea, so as to preserve them from being overwhelmed with the waves. For six days they continued in a state of extreme peril, the gale not having subsided during

the whole of that time; when, being reduced to the last extremity of suffering and despair, they descried a ship approaching them. Providentially the schooner lay directly in her track, so as to bring the two vessels within hail of each other. At no small risk of his masts and sails, the kindly stranger hauled suddenly to, and after making a tack to windward, hoisted out his long-boat. But the highly excited hopes of the little crew were almost sunk into despair, when they observed, that, from the heavy sea that was still running, the boat filled along-side. The persevering benevolence of the Captain, however, prevailed over this discouragement. With very masterly address, he recovered his boat; and, having again beat up to the foundering schooner, suddenly dropped it into the sea, secured by a hawser, and passed it clear astern. It was then manned over the stern, and speedily came within reach of the anxious little party—all of whom were thus rescued from their desperate condition.

In remarking upon this extraordinary deliverance, Captain Stewart observed, 'that he ascribed his subsequent misfortunes to his neglect of this providential warning, and to the breaking of the vows which he then made. He had vowed before God, in his extremity of despair, that if He would this time spare him, he would live to his service and glory: but when safety was attained, he soon

forgot his vows, and therefore a worse thing came upon him!'

Captain Stewart expressed himself so much relieved and comforted by my conversation with him,—so grateful for this little attention—'I being the only person except Mr. —— to whom, he said, he could freely unbosom himself"—and so anxious to see me again, that I was induced to repeat my visit the next day. In the interval, I had some conversation, respecting Stewart, with the Rev. Dr. Quarry—with whom I had become accidentally acquainted, immediately after leaving the gaol,—who corroborated the opinion I had formed as to the improved religious condition of the prisoner. He stated it to be his then decided conviction, from what he had observed in the case of Stewart, that 'a saving change had taken place in his heart!' The governor also spoke of his good behaviour, of his unwearied diligence in instructing his children, and of his constancy in religious exercises. By all of which evidence I was more and more confirmed in the hope and belief, that this extraordinary man had found mercy at the hands of a merciful God. And such was the influence of this conviction on my own mind, that the man on whom I had at first looked with an indescribable feeling of horror, I now beheld in sympathizing kindness,—with mixed

emotions of compassion, admiration, and astonishment.

Stewart himself, speaking in an humble and Christian-like manner of the tokens of regeneracy in his own heart, made this remark,—'that one of the evidences from which he derived much comfort was, his being able freely to forgive his greatest enemies, some of whom, (the friends of the poor men he had killed,) he knew were thirsting for his blood; and he did not blame them, but could earnestly pray for them, which he did almost daily, that God would forgive them, and turn their hearts. This, he hoped, was a favourable sign, as he thought a man in his unconverted state could not *love* his enemies as he did!' Another corroborating observation was, 'that he found every part of Scripture applying personally, as if written for himself,' which he very aptly illustrated by a reference to the histories of Saul and Hazael.* 'Men ignorant of the nature of conversion,' he also remarked, 'would wonder at *his* hopes, who had been so great a sinner, and would say they surely need not despair: but,' he justly and scripturally explained, adding,—" no extent or depth of sin *can* be too great for the efficacy of the blood of Christ, in which is all my hope."

* Acts xxvi. 10, and 1 Timothy i. 13; 2 Kings viii. 13.

As I parted from him, he anxiously intreated my prayers, and then, with an affecting and elevated excitement, spoke in this remarkable manner;—"You see before you, Sir, the greatest curiosity in the world,—a man who has had the misery of killing seven of his fellow-creatures, and yet God has given him the hope of salvation through the blood of Christ, and permits him to remain here in safety, and to sleep in peace! Because I did it in ignorance, and under a deranged mind, the Lord hath had mercy on me!"

SECTION III.—*Further communications, personally, and by correspondence, with Capt. Stewart, after a relapse of his former disorder.*

Within a twelvemonth of the time of the communications with Captain Stewart just recorded, I became again a temporary resident in the neighbourhood of the place of his confinement. In the mean time the pitiable prisoner had relapsed, I found, into a state of violent derangement. At the period of my former visits to him, he appeared to me to be in a *sound* condition of mind, and, in the opinion of some of those more immediately around him, had been so for several months previous to that time. The lucid interval seemed to have been permitted to him in special mercy,—the Lord having distinctly shown him

his error and delusion, in respect to the frightful slaughter of which he had been the instrument, and likewise had made known to him, apparently, His great salvation, through the power of His grace. Then again was the afflictive dispensation of his former pitiable malady renewed. But it was far more severe and decisive. On the former occasion of his mental aberration, so much of sound sense, and of rational powers was, on the great majority of subjects, retained, that many persons greatly questioned the reality of his derangement. Now, however, the matter was placed beyond the possibility of a doubt. His disease was no longer mere monomania, but absolute madness! He was obliged to be put under restraint, and, for a time, secured to his bed. A spirited and remarkable sketch, now in my possession, was taken of him during this attack, by a fellow-maniac in the Cork Lunatic Asylum, to which Stewart had been previously removed. It represents him throwing off his blanket—his sole covering—and stretching out his arms, with his uplifted countenance, towards Heaven—whilst he energetically and solemnly protested his innocence of the *crime* with which he had been charged!

Having passed through this violent attack, Stewart, for some time previous to my return to Ireland, had been slowly recovering. His pre-

vious excitement and violence had changed, by ordinary re-action, into anxiety and depression. And still, on some points, he continued decidedly insane.

Such was his condition when I was informed, that, having heard of my being in the country, he had expressed an earnest desire to see me. In accordance with this wish, as well as from a real feeling of commiseration towards him, I paid him a visit, at the Asylum, on the 7th of August, 1830. Approaching him without any previous intimation, I found him kneeling on the stone floor of his cell, apparently quite absorbed, reading the Bible. Instantly recognizing me, he arose from his knees, earnestly seized my hand, and blessed God for the privilege of seeing me. 'God was angry with him,' he said, 'one evidence of which, he had long been thinking, was, that neither myself, nor the Rev. Doctor Quarry,' to whom he was much attached, 'came near him. There was no one about him,' he added, 'to whom he could unbosom himself, or, being like-minded, from whom he could obtain instruction or comfort! He rejoiced exceedingly on seeing me, and thought that God had sent me to console him in his affliction.' His mind was greatly harassed, I found, with similar fears of personal injury being designed against him, as had possessed him when he committed the dreadful act

for which he was incarcerated. My decided assurance that he was under a mistake, seemed greatly to relieve him; for instead of rejecting the opinion, with the usual tenacity of the maniac, he seemed to receive it confidingly, and to take the comfort of it. But lunatic, as he evidently was,—his tenderness of conscience, his knowledge of the Scriptures, and his habit of applying their contents practically to himself, were even at this time such, as might have served both for example and edification to many who are accounted to be of the religious world! An example of his tenderness of conscience, was on this visit indicated—affording a striking proof of his innocence from *blood-guiltiness* in the sad transaction so often referred to,—which may here be properly adduced. 'One circumstance,' he informed me, 'pressed heavily upon his conscience, which, though it might affect his life, if known, he would freely reveal to me. Before God he could solemnly aver, that, when he committed the melancholy deed upon his poor men, he thought himself fully justified in it—yea, driven to it by necessity, and directed to it, as he then thought, by the finger of Providence. But yet in respect to the man Howes, whom he so severely wounded, he confessed he was guilty. "When I found him loose in the hold," said he, "and thought it necessary either to secure him or

to kill him, the thought passed through my mind that he *might possibly* be innocent; but when he threatened my life if he could get at me, I was urged to fire at him, in order to save my own life by taking his! But," added he, "I know I did wrong in attacking him when such a thought crossed my mind. For this, God, I fear, is angry with me; and for this I should perhaps yet suffer if it was known,—and I think I ought to suffer! If it be the will of God, I am ready to die. God surely requires my life. For the Scripture says—'He shall have judgment without mercy, that hath showed no mercy:'—I showed no mercy, and I fear I shall find none!"

Another circumstance likewise harassed his mind. 'In detailing the events of his adventurous voyage to the Governor of the Asylum, he had asserted,' he said, 'his innocence before God; and he had improperly declared, that he did not think that God held him guilty for the blood which he had shed, seeing he had done it in ignorance.—"But," in words to this effect, he added—"there I was wrong; I spoke presumptuously, and men might think that I boasted in what I had done: and the Lord has been displeased with me for it. I ought to have been humbled for my sins, and spoken with more lowliness and self-abasement."

His conscience was also pained, he said, by

another circumstance : " When poor Raynes lay bound in the cabin, he mentioned the name of God ; but thinking it was hypocrisy, I then reproached him, saying, The devil is your God !"

He was further distressed by the belief that an opinion had gone abroad that he was a vile *murderer*—a report so unjust to himself, and so injurious to his family. I told him that I had taken notes respecting his case, which, if published, might serve to remove such an impression where it unhappily prevailed.

His love and reverence for the Holy Scriptures, as evinced by his manner of reading them, with his knowledge of the words of inspiration, and of Divine things, were, on this occasion, found to be as remarkable as on my previous visits.

After the manner of the Psalmist, seven times a day he was now wont, I found, to bow himself before God ; and to the extent of about twenty chapters each day, he was in the habit of reading the Scriptures on his knees, besides the reading of the Morning and Evening Prayers of the Church. And in proof that he read not as a mere self-righteous performance, it may be satisfactorily urged, that *numerous* Scriptures, applying to his own *peculiar case*, were quoted to me in succession ; and that large portions from the Prophets, as well as from the Evangelists and Apostles, were

repeated from memory, with strict and verbal accuracy; and, generaliy, with a due reference, and often with a striking application, to the subject of conversation.

'He knew that he had been mad,' he said; and he lamented the absurdness of his views and the presumptuousness of his declarations when in that state. 'He thought he had seen visions, and even now he fancied he saw strange things; but it was very shocking for him to state such things as he had!'

Besides his fears respecting his life, another apprehension was, at this time, greatly destressing him, lest his repentance should not have been real, and his sins, therefore, not forgiven. On this subject, indeed, his anxiety seemed bordering on despair. This feeling, I thought it right to endeavour to counteract, by recalling to his mind the evidences he had formerly had of the reality of his faith—by appeals to his present convictions, whether his views and feelings were not in real accordance with the Scriptural characteristics of a believer in Christ?—and by suggesting the enquiry, whether the deep depression, respecting his spiritual state, under which he now suffered, might not be the result of the machinations of the Enemy of Souls attacking his comforts through the delusion of his mind?

On recapitulating these considerations, as I

was about to depart, I urged him, as frequently aforetime, with a view to his spiritual comfort and well-being, to look more to that Almighty Saviour, who is the sinner's only refuge, and less to himself in despondency for sin; to remember in his looking to Christ, that "the blood of the cross" is of unlimited efficacy, cleansing from *all sin*, and surely sufficient for the cleansing of *his;* to strive, rather, to fix the anchor of his soul on the consolations of the Gospel, than to allow himself, unresistingly, to drift away in the current of despair; to recall his former evidences of a saving condition, so as by God's present dealings with him to draw this appointed consolation—that his afflictions were not to be viewed as the punishment of an angry God, but rather as the chastisement of a heavenly Father.

Grasping my hand, when I concluded my address to him, his eyes filled with tears, as, with affecting earnestness he spoke to this effect, —"May God bless you: you have done me much good: I know that God has sent you to me in mercy: you have spoken by the Spirit of God, for I feel it in my heart"!

Surely the reflections—the devotions—the studying of the Scriptures of this extraordinary inmate of a Lunatic Asylum, might read a powerful and profitable lesson to many who are already esteemed wise among Christians!

On the 16th of November, in the following year, I had again an opportunity of visiting the Cork Lunatic Asylum. Stewart was at that time calm, and comparatively rational, and had been so, I was told, for some months previous. He was employed rigging and fitting up a large model of a ship—five or six feet in length—which he had nearly completed; it was in good taste, of correct proportions, and of really clever workmanship. He hoped by the sale of it, he informed me, when finished, to obtain some help for his almost starving family.* As on former occasions, he appeared much delighted to see me, and soon entered into those usual subjects of conversation which evidently came most directly from his heart. He spoke of his own religious experiences and temptations, which he illustrated and explained by numerous, correct, and appropriate quotations from the scriptures. He recalled to my remembrance several suggestions which I made, and admonitions which I gave to him,

* Should any of the readers of this Memorial, in commiseration for the subject of it, and for his truly pitiable family, feel disposed to assist them by any pecuniary contribution; the author will most cheerfully take charge of their benevolence, and transmit it to its destination.—The case of Captain Stewart, as herein set forth, the author takes advantage of this note to explain, has been drawn up, he trusts and believes, without either prejudice on the one hand, or undue partiality on the other. As to his religious condition, to which the author more particularly refers, he would wish the records of the various conversations held with him, together with the consistency of his behaviour before others, and his pious habits and devotional exercises in private, simply and directly to speak: for whilst God alone knoweth the secrets of the heart, man must be content to judge of the state of the heart by the fruits which appear.

when I first saw him in the City Gaol after his trial, and showed me that he had really and satisfactorily applied them. 'Having now,' he said, 'an humble yet confident hope of obtaining forgiveness at the hands of God, through the blood of the Cross, he was very desirous of departing from this earthly state.' But whilst he thus spoke, the whole tenor of his conversation showed, that he was willing, whether for life or for death, that the good pleasure of God should be done.

Having given my former conversations with Captain Stewart so much in detail—to an extent, I fear, which some of my readers may have felt tedious—and having recorded sufficient facts for the ground-work of a decided judgment on his case,—I shall conclude these records with a few extracts of letters, received from him subsequent to the period of my personal communications, which will serve, I trust, to confirm and establish the opinions concerning him previously put forth.

The first letter addressed to me by this extraordinary character, bearing date the 24th of June, 1832, includes,—besides much that is characteristic of a pious condition, and some things indicative of the remains of mental excitement—the following passage;—"Oh, how thankful am

I to the Almighty for his beloved Son coming into the world to save sinners, of whom I am chief, and for the comfort he has left us in his Gospel. But were it not for the goodness of God leading us to repentance, we should be left in the dark. How careful and cautious should we be not to believe in vain, by letting go the greatest of all gifts, the Truth,—the knowledge of which, nothing can equal; for Solomon justly observes, that rubies are not to be compared to it."

In his next letter, dated "Lunatic Asylum, 4th July 1833,"—after referring to my answer to his former communication, he writes,—"You will now be truly gratified when I can assure you that every earnest wish you expressed in it, respecting my spiritual consolation and welfare, has been bestowed on me by the LORD, so that I earnestly intreat your kindest acknowledgments to the Lord for his mercies, who has not only rendered my lot easy, but truly happy,—for I enjoy the comforts of the spirit of love which worketh by faith, and which has cast out all fear; so that the life I now live is by faith in the Son of GOD, who loved me, and gave himself for me; and I am filled with that comfort which the world can neither give nor take away."

"When I was out in the world, and had, I may say, what the world terms all things, I thought I wanted nothing; at the same time I

was actually naked and destitute of all things that tend to make us happy;*—but since the Lord lay his heavy hand on me, I found out this great secret, and I look back on the dark days of my distress now, as the best spent moments of my life: for I have been counselled by the Lord, and have been buying gold tried in the fire, and white raiment that I may not appear naked in the great day of need.†

"What an inexpressible blessing it is for me that the Lord caused [causes] me at all times to hunger and thirst after righteousness, and to believe his word, that I should be filled—which I am, blessed be his Holy Name—and that this wine and milk *are* to be bought without money and without price.

"Though I am separated from my family, still the Lord does not suffer me to repine at it, since it is his blessed will; and I think often of St. Paul's words—They that have wives, be as though they had none, for our time here, comparatively speaking, is so short, that we cannot make too good a use of it.

"As the Lord inclined my heart to seek *first* the kingdom of heaven, so He has been graciously pleased to add all temporals for the body to me. I am now as respectably clothed as when I was out in the world; and as for eating,

* See Revelation iii. 17. †*Id.* ch. iii. 18.

Dr. Osborne has never let me know the want of comfortable diet, and I enjoy great privileges from the Governor still, for which I am truly grateful to God and them.

"You will be pleased to hear that my little mechanical works, which you directed me to pursue, have added many pounds to the support of my family, for which I am truly grateful to the Doctor and Governor, who have at all times encouraged me and greatly assisted me."

In conclusion of his letter he adds,—"I have believed Christ's word, and he has fulfilled his blessed promise, by letting me know the truth, and the truth has made me free;* and He that hath begun a good work in me will not forsake me,† for no man can come to Him but by his heavenly Father; and him that cometh to me, saith He, I will in no wise cast out.‡ Neither shall any be able to pluck us out of his hands,§ for he has paid the debt for us, and the Enemy of Souls can have no further claim on us."

In another letter, from the same place, dated September 3rd, 1834, are the following remarks:—

"My dear reverend friend—It behoves us all to attend to what our blessed Saviour says to all —*Watch!* for it is certain we know not the hour of his coming. What a blessing it is when the Lord takes us in hand to chasten us for our profit!

* See John viii. 31, 32.—† Phil. i. 6.—‡ John vi. 44, 37.—§ John x. 28.

Though human nature thinks no chastening for the present joyous, but grievous; nevertheless afterward it yieldeth the peaceable fruits of righteousness to them that are exercised thereby. I am truly thankful to the Lord, who has in the clearest manner verified this passage of Scripture in me. And not only this, my beloved Sir, but I really feel all those blessed promises to the penitent sinner, fulfilled in me, and can truly say, I never knew what true happiness was until I came to Christ." "The Lord in much mercy melted me down to a proper sense of my ingratitude, and suffered me to feel the absence of his reconciled presence, that I may [might] know with the prodigal son, the dreadful folly of parting with a kind and indulgent heavenly Father, and the better how to appreciate his merciful and bountiful favours to me the *Chief of Sinners!*—who has by blessed experience been restored to His favour, through the merits and intercession of our ever blessed and adorable Redeemer."

Comparing himself further with the prodigal "when clothed and received kindly by his earthly father," he adds—"which is so beautiful an emblem of our heavenly Father's willingness to receive us, if we will be only willing to accept his merciful favour, on the glorious Gospel terms."

Speaking of his own comforts in religion, he says—"I feel the Scripture truly verified in me—

'Thou wilt keep that man in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed upon thee'—this is my happy state;—always bearing about in the mind the dying of the Lord Jesus—feeling no confidence in the flesh—and that without Christ I [can] do nothing, but with Him all things! Probably the earth does not produce one whom the Lord has dealt more mercifully with than with me; for he has inclined my heart and soul, constantly to be looking to Him, through Jesus, the author and finisher of our faith. And [through] his loving Spirit, he has added another great blessing, by putting his fear into my heart, that I may never again depart from him." "Surely no one who has suffered what I have, but would part with his life much rather than with the Spirit of Christ, which alone is able to make us happy, both throughout time and eternity."

To these extracts, I add no comments. By those readers who are themselves living in the sincere, and devoted spirit of godliness, they will be felt, I think, to be indicative of a state of mind, in no small measure accordant with the scripturally described characteristics of one sincerely repentant.

Chapter IV.

REFLECTIONS AND OBSERVATIONS ON THE "MEMORIAL OF THE MARY RUSSELL."

Section I.—*On the Nature and Discrimination of Providential Guidance.*

That the Creator of the Universe should regard with special care the works of his own hands, we might have inferred from the mere light of reason. That He doth so regard this lower world in which we have our habitation, in the exercises of a special Providence—governing or guiding, controuling or restraining, impelling or influencing the actions and destinies of mankind—is a truth, written, as by a sunbeam, in almost every page of the sacred volume. In a former memorial—"Sabbaths in the Arctic Regions"—we have endeavoured to illustrate the doctrine of a special Providence, and have advocated its observance:—in the circumstances of the present Memorial, however, we find occasion for guarding the doctrine against enthusiastic perversion, or dangerous presumption.

There are few characteristics of a pious condition of mind more satisfactory, than the habitual observing and conscientious following of "the finger of God" in Providence. For in proportion as men advance in spiritual knowledge and experience, their watchfulness of, and regard to, Providential indications, are found to increase. The spiritually enlightened mind perceives a Providence in every trouble or trial, perplexity or vexation, loss or disappointment, as well as in every blessing or happy endowment. He realizes a voice, as it were, either instructing or warning, admonishing or rebuking, in every passing event of life. In brief, as he knows that the hand of God is either directingly or permissively in every thing, he believes that in every thing there must be some lesson, and, if his piety be truly elevated and practical, he endeavours to learn it.

But if such be the habit of mind characteristic of elevated piety, it is a characteristic, we may perceive, for which superstition may possibly be mistaken—a habit which may, possibly, be betrayed into enthusiasm. Our security against fatal mistakes, or presumptuous abuses of the external leadings of Providence, is the strict and rigid trial of our ways or purposes by the word of Revelation; and that not by particular precepts, which may have only a partial application; not

by peculiar cases in Scripture history, which may have resulted from special appointment; not by insulating passages which are only to be understood in their whole connection;—but by the broad and unequivocal rule of Divine Truth. If, according to our rendering of the book of Providence, we are directed, on the one hand, to that which is clearly and obviously good—so that our zeal be inflamed, our diligence be excited, our benevolence encouraged, our holiness be advanced, our usefulness, humility, self-denial, or heavenly-mindedness be promoted—let us strictly attend to the suggestions we receive, and diligently follow them in the name of the Lord! But if, by apparent Providences, we are encouraged, on the other hand, to fulfil the wayward, selfish, or revengeful propensities of our nature—to do evil that good may come—or, like Captain Stewart, to commit acts of severity under the semblance of justice, or to take away the lives of others under a questionable apprehension of personal danger,—let us be on our guard; the beacon-light is not that of God's Providence, but an ignis fatuus of Satan, calculated only to mislead and betray us. If, moreover, the word of Truth, as interpreted with the strictest regard to moral rule and Gospel principle, do not sanction the reading of the outward signs, the reading must be false, or the signs

themselves not of God. If the indications, therefore, be doubtful, let us pause and pray for heavenly guidance; if their tendency be evil, let us unhesitatingly reject them. In either case it is dangerous to follow them.

And these observations apply not merely to the trial of outward Providences—such as in the case of Jonah, when having found a ship sailing to Tarshish, he imagined he had there gained his purpose, as if Providence were assisting him in fleeing from the presence of God—but also to inward impressions, suggestions, impulses, monitions. For as such inward impressions may be derived either from the Spirit of God or from Satan—their tendency will depend on the source from whence they spring, whilst the source will in some measure be determinable by the nature of the tendency. The inward impressions from God, will certainly be for good—His suggestions, for guidance and assistance in the way of duty or safety; but the thoughts and impulses from Satan will as certainly tend to evil—his influences, proving the prevalent sources of temptation, and incitements to ungodliness. Hence whilst from such mental monitions, when really from God, feelings and suggestions may be derived, calculated for our spiritual furtherance and well-being; yet, from similar impressions, otherwise produced, the most false and ruinous mis-

guidance may unhappily result. Examples of the two kinds of impressions, among a variety of others in the sacred writings, we find in the cases of Nehemiah and Ananias. As to Nehemiah, when influenced to rebuild the walls of Jerusalem for the security and well-being of the returning Israelites, we find it scripturally declared, that 'God put it into his heart to do it:'* and as to Ananias, when he attempted to deceive the Apostles of our Lord by a false return of the price of a property which he had sold, we are informed by St. Peter concerning the influence under which he acted, 'that Satan had filled his heart to lie unto the Holy Ghost.'† Where, therefore, the mind of man is susceptible of impressions so dissimilar, both as to their sources and tendencies—all such impressions should be well scrutinized, and rigidly tested, before they are received as principles of action. For whilst many persons, no doubt, have in such wise been "moved by the Holy Ghost" to great and excellent purposes; others, even among sincere Christians, have been tempted, if not to the performance of acts like that committed by Captain Stewart, at least to unjustifiable courses, or ungodly severity. The only absolute guide, as to impressions of a doubtful origin, or questionable tendency, is the word of Revelation. All Scrip-

* Nehemiah ii. 12. † Acts v. 3.

ture being given by the inspiration of the Holy Ghost—all suggestions to the mind, by the Holy Ghost, will necessarily bear a strict accordance and perfect parallelism with such Scripture. And it should be well remembered, that the Holy Spirit doth not, in His usual influences, give *new* inspirations; but operates chiefly, through these two media—the *natural conscience* and the *words of Revelation.* With those to whom Revelation has been made known, there is a solemn responsibility to verify every inward impression, by this standard; and for those who think they have received any communication direct from God, there is a simple rule for testing it scripturally laid down,—'to the law and to the testimony; if it speak not according to this word, it is because there is no light in it.'*

Though the melancholy misguidance of Captain Stewart, by an erroneous reading of the book of Divine Providence, may claim, as appears from the issue of his trial, a reference to a peculiar rule; yet as many other persons, when under excitement rather than unsoundness of mind, have, in different well-known instances, been acted upon, apparently, by similar impressions, and parallel reasonings, with a most baneful tendency,†—I have thought it not irrelevant to

* Isaiah viii. 20.

†Of the pernicious effects of uncontrouled excitements in religious professors, and of the evils resulting from an untested admission of mental

bring forward these reflections to which the circumstances of the present Memorial have given rise.

Section II.—*On the Mystery of Providence in the awful Transactions described in this Memorial.*

Though we have already glanced at the mystery of the Divine government in the catastrophe we have been considering, and of the benefit which we ought to seek from such dispensations; yet a few further observations may not be unprofitably bestowed, with a view to the clearing away of a portion of the difficulty which such subjects are supposed to present against the doctrine of a special Providence.

The indications of *a difference* in the issues of life with the various individuals among men,—the cutting short, ofttimes, as by a mere breath of air, of the life of the most vigorous, and the prolonging, through extraordinary perils and hardships, of the lives of others comparatively feeble,—are so perpetually, and manifestly exhibited, that both heathens and sceptics have been constrained

impressions, as being the direct influence of the Holy Ghost,—we have melancholy evidence among the disciples of the late Rev. Edward Irving. Mr. Robert Baxter's "Narrative of Facts characterizing the supernatural manifestations in members of Mr. Irving's congregation," and others—exhibits both the mischief, and the peril, of a superstitious following of mere monitions, by a great variety of examples.

to admit, that some mysterious power beyond the *controul* of man must be in operation affecting the destinies of our species—which power these have designated *fate*. But the indications of a secretly controuling, restraining, and influencing power, which heathens and sceptics, in their ignorance or unbelief, refer to an arbitrary fate, we, by the revelation of God, do certainly know to belong to a wise and particular Providence. And, however inexplicable the preservation of one rather than another may appear—however mysterious it may seem, when some are prematurely cut off in spite of a thousand chances of escape, whilst *others* are delivered notwithstanding the most complicated and mortal perils—yet the cause of the difference, with the explanation of the phenomena, are most assuredly involved in the doctrine of Divine Providence. For whilst, to this conclusion, the general tenor of the sacred Scriptures bears unequivocal testimony,—numerous distinct propositions of Revelation, unequivocally assert the important truth. Thus is it written—"it is appointed unto men once to die, but after this the judgement:" again; there is "a time to be born, and a time to die." But this determination of the time and circumstances, under which mankind must encounter the resistless power of death, seems to be of a twofold nature, being either *by the direct appoint-*

ment of God, or *by his special permission.* Whether, therefore, the mandate be to the unfruitful fig-tree,—"Cut it down, why cumbereth it the ground": or whether it be to the righteous,—'Take him away from the evil to come,' it is equally the act of God. And whether the method or instrument of death be disease or old age, accident or calamity; whether it be by the judgment of the law, or by murderous violence; yet there is *a sense* in which the sentence may be said to be executed by Divine appointment. Hence the Prophet Amos asks,—"shall there be *evil* in a city, and the Lord hath not done it?" —whilst Jehovah himself directly asserts the same doctrine, saying,—"I make peace, and *create evil;* [that is natural, not moral evil;] I the Lord do all these things." Wherefore we conclude, that in every stroke of death, the hand of God is there. In natural deaths, or in deaths by unavoidable accident, we seem to have the *direct* appointment of God; and in deaths by our own fault and presumptuous daring, or by the hands of wicked men, we discern again a Divine appointment in a *permissive Providence.* Though, however, we thus decide that there is a Providence in every mode of death, both good and bad, as well when life is taken by the murderous hand of ruffian man, as when the visitation comes by disease or decay of

nature,—yet we must be careful not to ascribe to God the sinful acts, which hasten, beyond the speed of nature, nature's dissolution. To God pertains the Providence, as well as the design of good; to Him belongs the ultimate end—the advancement of the Redeemer's Kingdom, with the promotion of the Divine Glory; but *to us*, assailed by Satan's influence, and wrought upon by a corrupt nature, belongs the sin. The event is permitted, controuled, or directed by wisdom and mercy, infinite; but the sinful act, connected with the event, is the act of sinful man. Does any professed believer in Revelation say, then, that these great events, which involve the eternal interests of immortal souls, are events of chance? A sparrow falls not to the ground by chance—a hair of our head perishes not by chance,—How then shall the lives of those immortal beings, for whom the world, with all its beauties, was created, and for whose redemption the Son of God came down from Heaven and died upon the Cross, be less the objects of our Heavenly Father's care, than the sparrows, which he feeds, or the hairs of our head, which are all numbered? Shall such a precious endowment be permitted to be flung to and fro, like a mote on the wings of the wind, by a blind and reckless chance? No! whatever man may do to us—however accident may injure us—whatever evil may assail

us—however disease may attack us—whatever danger may threaten us,—it is not—it cannot be—either the effect of fate or chance. For the Lord ruleth in the earth, and 'our times are in his hand'!

In the appalling subject that we have been considering, we have a powerful illustration of these Scriptural truths. For in this unparalleled transaction we find a maniac overcoming, and then putting to death, seven individuals, every one of them apparently more powerful than himself. We find the subjects of his daring purposes, unsuspicious of his suspicious dealings with them; unapprehensive when he reefed and furled the sails in preparation for his artful designs; scarcely alarmed when he attempted to tie them, and unresisting when he placed them in helpless bondage. No one previously bound attempted to warn his unsuspecting comrades yet at liberty; no one freed himself, or tried, apparently, to free his neighbour; no one provided any means of self-defence in case of being assailed; no one reserved, or could reserve, a hand at liberty to cover his defenceless head! What can we understand from such an unaccountable infatuation, but that their time was now fulfilled, or else that they were more insane than their maniacal Captain? Surely the dreadful carnage was *permitted* by the Providence of

Heaven, because their hour was come: yet it was a mysterious, as well as a dreadful, visitation, and we must speak of "the might of God's terrible acts" with humility and reverence.

The general proposition, already put forth, with reference to the appointment of death, is—that whatever be the means of death, the hand of God, either directingly or permissively, is there. If the instrument be the arm of the wicked, it is 'the Lord's sword,' and can accomplish no more than he allows; if the means be the ordinary apparatus of national conflicts, then these are 'His battle-axe and weapons of war, wherewith the Lord breaketh in pieces the nations, and destroyeth the kingdoms' devoted to destruction.* Thus, sometimes the instrument is the sea,—as in the overthrow of the hosts of Pharaoh in ancient times; and as in the present destruction of our sailors, by thousands, in every year that passes. Sometimes it is the battle

* See Isaiah x. 5, 15; xiii. 5; xiv. 5, 6; xxxvii. 26; Jeremiah l. 23; li. 20, 23; Micah iv. 13; Zechariah ix. 13, 14; Matthew xxii. 7.—On the doctrine indicated by these various texts, the Rev. Thomas Scott, in his admirable Commentary on the Bible, makes the following, among many other, wise observations:—"The Lord selects and sets apart the weapons of his wrath, who are *of themselves* disposed to the work in which he purposes to employ them; and while they rejoice in gratifying their selfish passions, they unintentionally perform his righteous judgments. He invests them with power, affords them favourable opportunities, gives them helpers, and endues them with intrepidity; and thus the Lord of Hosts 'mustereth the hosts of the battle:' with furious tumult they march from the ends of the earth to assault their enemies, and they are not aware that they are only *the weapons of his indignation.*"—*Practical Observations* on Isaiah xiii.

fulfilling the Divine will, as the sword of the Children of Israel against the original nations of Canaan;—sometimes it is the famine, the pestilence, the whirlwind, the earthquake, the lightning, or the storm; and sometimes the murderous hand of reprobate man.

But it might be objected, that such a doctrine concerning the appointment of premature death, seems to charge the God of Heaven with partiality or inequitable severity. And, it might be asked, would not the unregenerate soul, suddenly hurried into the presence of its Creator by murderous hand, or by unavoidable calamity, be able to say—"I had not *time* to repent: though I was a barren fig-tree, had I been spared another year, I might have become fruitful"? Might not the impenitent youth, cut off in the prime of life, be able to plead,—"If I had been spared till mature years, I should have seen my folly, and repented"!

Whatever be the truth as to the doctrine of a particular Providence, this proposition is unquestionable,—that 'the Judge of all the earth must do right.' And of this, doubtless, will the wicked of every rank and of every age be solemnly convinced, when they shall be called 'to stand before the judgment-seat of Christ, to give an account of the deeds done in the body'; yea, rather then contend before that awful tribunal,

either as to the inequitableness or hardship of their case,—self-condemned and abased they will call on the mountains, saying, "fall on us, and hide us from the face of Him that sitteth on the throne, and from the wrath of the Lamb." For, not only must the great Jehovah do right, but, no doubt, his conduct will condescendingly be justified before assembled worlds; so that unquestionable proof will be given, that "the Lord is good to all, and his tender mercies are over all his works"!

That all the dealings of Jehovah in Providence are consistent with his perfections, whether we, in our short-sightedness, can perceive it or not, is certain. But an enlarged view of Providence, with reference to an eternal world, will enable us to discover, in many cases otherwise mysterious, not merely this necessary consistency, but a glimpse of the wisdom which we know *must* be involved even in these apparently dark dispensations. As in the economy of Providence "it is appointed unto men once to die, but after this the *judgment*," we cannot doubt that the fixing of the period of death must have a special reference to that momentous ordeal. Whilst, therefore, we consider death to be always, in the sense explained, a Divine appointment, both as to its method and as to its time; this we hold to be by no means *an arbitrary appointment*. But, both

from Scriptural testimony, and from the unquestionable goodness of God, we may safely conclude, that the time of death is *an appointment of goodness and mercy:* so that there is more mercy, even to the sufferer by calamity or violence, in the divinely appointed stroke, than there would be in the prolonging of his life to future years. This proposition, I apprehend, may be rendered at least intelligible, by a mere reference to the *foreknowledge* of a merciful God. By reference to this doctrine we can easily understand, how the Lord *may* fix a period to his forbearance or mercy, so as to be most consistent with the real good of the disobedient as well as of the righteous, and, at the same time, the most conducive to the advancement of His own glory.

In this way we can conceive how the *goodness* of God may be manifested, as well by the death of the wicked as by the death of the righteous. The righteous, we know, are often 'taken away from the evil to come'—and that is in mercy: so the wicked, if prevented from accomplishing more and grosser iniquities, will be spared a deeper condemnation, and that is a mercy. Those sinners, the Amalekites, were commanded to be destroyed; and their destruction was not only in judgment, but, doubtless, in mercy. The appointment that neither *man* nor *woman* should

be spared,* was, perhaps, because God foresaw that by sparing them, it would be to aggravate their guilt, therefore to destroy them was mercy. The appointment for the destruction of the helpless *babes* which had not attained to reason or "conscience of sins," might be this: because Infinite Wisdom discerned, perhaps, that if they were spared to grow up, they would follow the courses of their fathers in wickedness: to save them, therefore, from otherwise inevitable woe, they were taken away, and their removal was a dispensation of mercy. And so, from the analogy of faith, we humbly infer, that when the God of Mercy foresees that to spare the sinners yet longer would be for their greater condemnation—that they would grieve still more his Holy Spirit, and reject still further his offers of mercy—that they would mar the spiritual prosperity of their relations and connections, or otherwise hinder the progress of the Gospel in the world; then, to save *them* from a more aggravated punishment in a future state, and *others* from injury by them, their removal, whatever be the means, may be, in the fullness of truth, an act of mercy!

And such, we may reasonably, and I trust not unscripturally, conclude, might be the purpose of God in permitting the terrible calamity which

* I Samuel xv. 3, 18.

we have been considering. For, frightful as the result was, the revelation of the day of judgment will doubtless show, that it was a dispensation, viewed with reference to eternity, not inconsistent with goodness and mercy. The suffering and the horror, indeed, were assuredly a weight of woe, as compared with the bliss of life; but they were only as a drop in the ocean, when compared with the boundless expanse of happiness in a future world. The *severity* was but a momentary insulated speck on the stream of time, whilst the *mercy* becometh constant as the everflowing river, and as endless as the range of eternity! Hence, inscrutable as the ways of Providence in some dispensations necessarily are, yet, by the guidance of Revelation and the analogies of Faith, we may in many cases discern, a purpose of goodness, and an act of mercy. Those among the helpless sufferers, in the catastrophe before us, who, by 'repentance toward God, and faith toward the Lord Jesus Christ,' had been previously secured against the terrors of a final judgment, experienced in the murderous act, a release from a life of toil and suffering, to be advanced to speedy felicity and glory; and those who were not so prepared, if such were among them, were at least delivered from further evils. However man may stand in the great day of account—the God of Heaven must stand jus-

tified; and this sentiment of inspiration concerning Jehovah, both men and angels will then fully realize and attest,—

"Thy *Justice*, like the hills, remains,
Unfathom'd depths thy judgments are;
Thy *Providence* the world sustains;
The whole creation is thy care.

Since of thy goodness all partake,
With what assurance should the Just
Thy shelt'ring wings their refuge make,
And Saints to thy protection trust.

With thee the springs of life remain;
Thy presence is eternal day:
O let thy Saints thy favour gain;
To upright hearts *thy truth display*."

PSALM XXXVI. 6, 7, 9.

SECTION III.—*On the responsibility of Maniacs.*

Whilst the judicature of our country, in its application to the acts of maniacs, proceeds on the wise and merciful principle—that the unhappy being whom it has pleased the Bestower of reason to deprive of his reason, is no longer amenable to any human tribunal; yet it is by no means to be admitted, as a principle, that the maniac has no responsiblity towards God. On the contrary:—so far as there may be a conscious predisposition to the fearful malady of insanity, and so far as that predisposition may be under the individual's controul, there must be a correlative

responsibility. For if the drunkard be considered rigidly accountable to the violated law of man for the acts done by him in the temporary madness which he has brought upon himself by his wilful self-indulgence; the lunatic may, in some measure, be deemed accountable to the violated laws of God, for any evil committed by him whilst in a state of disease, so far as that disease may have been recklessly developed by his own conscious indiscretion. For as the moral mania which results from the excessive indulgence of any passion or vice, might, under a due resistance of the cause, by Divine grace, have been prevented; so it is presumed that the mental or physical mania, to which our constitution may be liable, might, in many cases, be likewise prevented or subdued by proper *personal* resistance and discipline. It is undoubtedly *possible*—as in many analogous cases experience verifies—that peculiar acts or meditations, which are usually considered as the *effects* of disease, may, from their excessive indulgence, become really the *occasion* of insanity, —because, from the sympathy existing between the mind and body, the indulgence of any irritating feeling, or any violent passion, first produces an injurious effect on the condition of the body, and then that influence reacts on the mind. Hence the philosophy of that treatment of lunatics, medically, which has been attended with

such encouraging success—the endeavour to produce quiescence of mind, along with an improved condition of body; and through an improved habit of body, to correct the excitability and aberrations of the mind. And, except in cases where a defective or permanently deranged organization of the system renders the application of this principle necessarily inefficacious, the results are generally found to be eminently successful.

Now if these observations be correct;—if the indulgence of vice can produce a mania so determined and vicious, that neither regard to worldly interest, nor to future happiness, can restrain it; if the giving way to angry and unchristian passions can be productive of a mania of malice or revenge, which nothing but a fellow-creature's blood can satiate;—it may surely be inferred, on reasonable and admitted principles, that the indulgence of improper feelings, and self-provoked excitement, in a mind constitutionally disposed to aberration, may occasion the development of such a morbid derangement, as shall no longer leave to the unhappy subject of it, either moral consciousness or strength.

If so, must not this order of lunatic be in some measure responsible for his acts? Does he not, by the cherishing of irritating or unhallowed passions, which, by God's help, he might at first controul, subject himself to that dominion of pas-

sion, which, under his feeble tenure of sanity, may overcome all possibility of resistance? Does he not, by facilities voluntarily yielded in wayward indulgences to an unsound constitution, prepare the mansion of the breast for satanic possession, even as if it were swept and garnished? In the case of madness resulting from drunkenness or sensuality, we may conceive of Satan being permitted to become the instrument of retributive chastisement, or the powers of darkness being let loose for the scourging of the sinner.

Having in the present "Memorial" done full justice to Captain Stewart, I trust, in regard to his innocence of "blood-guiltiness" in the fearful massacre of which he was the agent,—it would neither be candid nor faithful to withhold from him the application of those principles, which reflection on his case has suggested. Fully, therefore, as he stands justified from all legal crime, we would by no means assert, that, in the circumstances of the calamitous voyage, he was without moral responsibility or blame. If the principles herein laid down be correct, he was no doubt blameable, and that especially in a self-indulgence to which he is said to have been addicted—the taking of stimulants. It does not appear, indeed, that he drank to the extent of intoxication; but he was certainly in the habit of using ardent spirits, at different periods, daily;

and in this, if aware of his excitable constitution, and predisposition to insanity, lay, it would seem, his principal blame in that melancholy voyage. He was not conscious, perhaps, of the pernicious tendency of this self-indulgence; certainly he could have no conception of "how great a matter a little fire kindleth;" whereas *it might be*, that this apparently harmless enjoyment was the spark which developed 'the world of iniquity within; setting fire to the course of nature, and that being set on fire of hell.'*

We here speak of Captain Stewart with reference to the days of his spiritual ignorance and impenitence: but whatever blame then attached to him for a self-indulgence calculated to provoke the development of the malady which led to the fatal catastrophe, we can now only contemplate him as an object of interest and commiseration.

These reflections, I trust, will not be received as a censure on the subject of this Memorial; nor will the foregoing observations on the responsibility of maniacs, I hope, be considered as intended in judgment against these truly pitiable objects: for all we have here advanced has been primarily designed by the way of caution and warning to persons of excitable temperament, or having constitutional predisposition to insa-

*James iii. 5, 6.

nity. When insanity, indeed, results from dissipation or sensuality—which of all the developing causes of this dreadful malady are unquestionably the most prevalent and certain—we may venture, without fear of being charged with severity of judgment, to ascribe it to its blameable origination; but when it is a disease of constitution, developed by the visitation of God, both principle and feeling must require for it the tenderest and most compassionate consideration. Surely nothing can be more melancholy, nor any disease to which our suffering nature is liable, more pitiable, than that exhibition of the wreck of man's distinguishing characteristics, which is displayed in the vacant stare, the incoherent words, or the wild unconscious laugh of the unhappy maniac! Such a case, when resulting from the nature of the constitution, and brought out by the Providence of God, is one most *compassionable;* but far more *deplorable* is the condition of that miserable maniac, who, by a course of sensual dissipation, hath expelled his reason, and hath put himself helpless into the hands of Satan, to possess him, as with a legion, and to make his destruction certain, both of body and soul! As an earnest warning against so dreadful a catastrophe, this section of our Memorial is mainly designed.

Though the observations now brought forward have their primary application to physical constitutions and conditions of mind, analogous to that of Captain Stewart, yet they have a far more extensive bearing. They might, indeed, be philosophically extended in practical adaptation, to the moral responsibility of all persons of excitable passions, or of unequal or incorrect mind. And in such wise—to whom would they not in some measure or other apply? If incorrectness or inequality of mind on any one point be monomania, it would appear that this disease is far more extensive in its prevalence among our species, than mankind in general are aware of, or willing to allow. For how few men, comparatively, do we find, whose mind contemplates the various objects of pursuit, or endowments of life, in their ratable proportions? How few among mankind can claim to have 'a right judgment in all things'? So common is the occurrence of an inequality of mind, as to its estimate of some peculiar object, that few persons are without their favourite or absorbing pursuit or prepossession; few are free from an undue, often unreasonable dislike or aversion; few, therefore, are entirely free from the leading symptom of monomania! But as a certain measure of inequality is, from the very nature of the human mind, almost universal,—it

is only when the inequality extends beyond some arbitrary and ill-defined limit, that it is considered as morbid; but the exact point where the malady begins cannot be determined. Well would it be, however, if mankind at large were fully aware how much they are influenced, and how liable to be betrayed into erroneous acts and false decisions of judgment, by natural constitution, and original mental partialities.

Whatever be the extent of the *intellectual* aberrations among mankind, there is a *moral* mania of the mind, which is as general as the depravity of our species. For, from Scriptural declarations and descriptions, we are justified in the statement—that every unconverted sinner throughout the world—that every man in whom religion has not become the ruling and actuating principle of his life—that every one, however moral, humane, or benevolent he may be, whose heart is not given up to the dominion of Christ, and to the discipline of the Gospel, is *beside himself*, at least on one subject, as utterly as Captain Stewart was; and that is on the matter of vital religion, with its bearing on, and its connection with, a future state! And if the effect of this spiritual malady should not be so destructive to others, as that of the monomania in the frightful instance before us,—though no one can tell the mischief,

in spiritual murder, that is perpetrated through the influence of a wicked example,—yet it will not be less destructive to himself, if he do not, by the grace of God, recover from his disease; for it will betray him to become the murderer of his own soul! And herein is every man's solemn responsibility—to watch against the tendencies of, and to seek the Gospel remedy for, this destructive malady of our spiritual nature. Were the malady as essentially irremediable, as the tendencies of it are necessarily ruinous to our future happiness, then would this melancholy characteristic of our fallen nature be rather our misfortune than our blame: but because of the fulness, adequacy, and attainableness of the remedy, we become reasonably answerable for the consequences of this evil of our nature. For inasmuch as the atoning sacrifice of Christ is revealed to us in the Gospel, as a remedy, when received by faith, against the future penalty of our sins; and as the sanctifying influence of the Holy Ghost is exhibited to us in Scripture, as the corrective, when applied for according to the Gospel appointment, for the spiritual mania and corruption of our original nature,—we are not only responsible both for our sins and our corruptions, with all their consequences, but shall certainly be left, if so be we reject or neglect the remedies, *without excuse!*

MEMORIALS OF THE SEA.

The Hurricane.

THE HURRICANE.

"THEY THAT GO DOWN TO THE SEA IN SHIPS; THAT DO BUSINESS IN GREAT WATERS; THESE SEE THE WORKS OF THE LORD, AND HIS WONDERS IN THE DEEP."—Psalm cvii. 23, 24.

As, in the practice of war, deeds of desperate daring are often crowned with signal success, so, in the peculiar adventures of sea-life, bold, and apparently impracticable attempts, urged by the impulses of generous feeling, and carried into effect by personal bravery, are not unfrequently prospered beyond all imaginable probability. In this latter case, indeed,—where the lives of beings appointed for immortality are at stake, and where the nature of that immortality, as to happiness or misery, is determinable by the present attainment of a certain religious condition,—we can well conceive of a gracious Providence specially interfering, with a view to the benefit of the creatures of His tender care, for their preservation from a premature destruction. And Scriptural principles applied to a case of this kind will justify the inference, that the Lord of heaven and earth may and doth give occasional manifestations of a signal interference in rescuing, for the purpose of

still further trials of grace, some of those men of the sea, too often ill-prepared to meet their God, who, when engaged in an adventurous calling, become exposed to mortal perils through the fury of the elements and tempest-tossed waters.

An instance of extraordinary daring, attended with such a manifestation of Providential furtherance and blessing, forms the subject of this "Memorial of the Sea."* Through the impulse of generous sympathy, and a self-forgetfulness truly British, during the perils of a most disastrous hurricane in the West Indies, this adventure was undertaken, and with such a measure of success, as, by the most sanguine of those at all able to appreciate the difficulties of the attempt, could scarcely have been anticipated.

Captain Atkin, a near connection in my own family, being in command of a remarkably fine West Indiaman, the Ann, of between six and seven hundred tons burden, was on his homeward voyage in the month of August, 1806, in company with a considerable fleet of shipping, laden with sugar and rum from Jamaica, under

* This Memorial was drawn up from the statement of an individual who witnessed the whole transaction, and who himself now holds one of the medals, described in conclusion, commemorative of the remarkable adventure. The circumstance seemed to the Author so particularly encouraging to efforts of humanity, as well as so accordant with the nature of these Memorials, as to justify him in giving it a place in the present volume.

convoy of three British ships of war. Whilst just issuing from the Gulf of Florida, the fleet was unexpectedly subjected to the fury of one of those terrific hurricanes of not unfrequent occurrence, at certain seasons, in that tropical region. Its commencement being sudden, and at night, most of the ships were overtaken with it unawares—with royal yards, and other flying-gear, aloft. In brief space, the whole fleet was brought under bare-poles,—some by the regular process of reefing, others by the summary vehemence of the wind. The opening of day exhibited a disastrous scene;—ships dismasted, or otherwise crippled, appeared widely scattered abroad, and tokens of distress were visible in every direction. But it was not in appearance merely, nor in the matter of masts and spars, to which the distress was confined: some of the deep-laden ships strained so heavily as to become speedily waterlogged; and, whilst yet early in the day, several of the gallant fleet (amounting to the fearful number of 10 or 12 sail!) were seen by the lamenting survivors to founder before their eyes, without the possibility of their holding out a helping hand to rescue a single life from a watery grave!

Among the endangered and crippled ships was the F——, one of the men-of-war in charge of the fleet, which had lost her foremast, bowsprit,

and main-topmast. But her safety was chiefly perilled by the breaking adrift, through the fall of the foremast, of one of her anchors, which, having hooked some portion of the fore rigging, then hanging overboard, was suspended out of reach in such an unfortunate position, that the ship on plunging, frequently received from it heavy and dangerous concussions. The risk, indeed, occasioned by this circumstance was such, that the Ann was called, by telegraph, under the lee of the frigate, and Captain Atkin was directed to remain as near to her as possible, as she was in imminent danger of going down!

The Ann, being a particularly fine "sea-boat," and having altogether escaped damage, kept her appointed station under the lee of the frigate, for several hours afterwards. Whilst in this position, in the afternoon of the same day—the gale yet blowing with considerable vehemence—another of the shattered convoy, at some distance to leeward of the Ann, exhibited obvious tokens of approaching annihilation. Anxiously observing her, and trembling for her deeply-perilled crew, Captain Atkin ordered two men aloft—one into the maintop, and another into the foretop—to watch the fate of the sinking vessel; for the sea was so high as frequently to intercept the view of the neighbouring shipping from the deck. About 4 P. M., whilst the officers were below

taking needful refreshment, a cry aloft was raised —"The ship has gone down"! A rush was simultaneously made, from both the cabin and the 'tween-decks, by the sympathizing crew of the Ann, and every anxious eye naturally directed to the quarter which the ill-fated vessel had previously occupied. No tall mast was to be seen, now pointing into the heavens, and anon sinking to the verge of the wave; but only the shattered remains of the wreck, becoming momentarily visible, as one spar or another, with various human beings clinging thereunto, was successively poised on the top of the rolling mountainous waves! The thought was providentially suggested to the spirited Captain of the Ann, that it was unmanly and cruel to suffer so many fellow-adventurers to perish, without an effort, at least, for their rescue. And the generous impulse was promptly obeyed. The wreck being at some distance on the lee quarter, the order was instantaneously given "to wear ship:" the order, however, involved an attempt exceedingly doubtful as to its practicability, and, if found practicable, in no small degree hazardous. But the predominance of the feeling of humanity excited to the most vigorous efforts to accomplish the object. The storm fore-stay-sail was forthwith hoisted,—not a stitch of canvas being

seen elsewhere spread throughout the fleet;—but so fierce was yet the gale, that, in a few moments, it split, and was exhibited, as if in sympathy for the surrounding desolation, in numerous shreds. The vessel, however, by its powerful action, fell broad off with the wind abaft the beam, when advantage of the position was instantly taken by the prompt weathering of the helm, and the simultaneous order to "man the fore-rigging" for aiding the evolution. Happily the well-timed measures became influential: the ship, feeling their combined power, veered rapidly before the wind; and then, being steered in the direction of the wreck, bounded with amazing velocity over the foaming waves. Suddenly there was a cry from the rigging—"Men under the bows!" "Down with the helm," was the Captain's bold and instantaneous respond; and the helm flew to starboard: and, whilst the quivering ship whirled as upon a centre, heeling over till her yard-arms made contact with the element on which she was borne, and, then, with terrific momentum, darted windward into the threatening waves—the stout heart of many an experienced seaman trembled for the result. But the gallant ship recovered her position; and the good providence of God timed the manœuvre without encountering the fatal surge.

To man a boat suspended at the stern, was the

next generous impulse—at another time it would have appeared the impulse of madness,—in which daring adventure the Captain led the way. Axes, which had been laid ready for other service, were, in a moment, brought to the place of suspension, ready to cut the knots of the "tackle-falls" when the boat should touch the water; and with the same promptness half-a-dozen of the generous-hearted crew jumped into the boat to join their brave Commander. Happily, self-possession, with some of them, was not entirely lost. For even at that excited moment, it was observed and remarked that not a single *officer* was left on board. All, forthwith, urged the Captain to retire from among them, to direct their movements and take charge of the ship. Though the boat was in the act of being lowered, a rope was instantly dropped by the anxious men on the poop; and at the same instant that he was hauled up on board, the gallant little band of adventurers was afloat on the furiously rushing waves.

That a small boat of this description—a mere "jolly-boat," not 20 feet in length—should swim for a moment, under circumstances in which the stoutest ships were absolutely in the act of foundering, could scarcely have been expected; but that it should be able to traverse a considerable interval between its ship and the several portions

of the wreck, seemed scarcely less than miraculous. Doubtless the good hand of God was with them, disposing and guiding every stroke of their oars; so that not one of the fierce roaring surges, which were perpetually breaking around them, was encountered.

With beating hearts and keen watchful eyes, the progress of the boat was anxiously followed by the crew on board. Now towering on the acuminated top of the mountain surge, and then dropping out of sight, as if engulphed in the deep waters, it wended its venturous way till the scattered wreck of the foundered vessel was reached, and six of the all-but-lost and despairing mariners were saved from a watery grave! Encumbered and laden as the little boat was with such an accession to its burthen, it yet retained a due measure of buoyancy; and a few minutes spent in skilful and manly exertion on the part of its crew, brought it within reach of ropes thrown from the ship, by which the whole of the now rescued persons were safely hauled on board. But the philanthropic effort was yet incomplete. The daring spirit which had urged the first attempt, and the kind Providence which had so wonderfully succeeded it, encouraged a second attempt; and once more the brave adventurers set forth on their mission of mercy. One

after another was again picked up from masts, and other floating pieces of wreck, till personal safety reluctantly obliged them to desist; but not till five more of the panting seamen were snatched from the jaws of death. With these they plied their way to the ship, and again were marvellously preserved and prospered, by the safe landing of every one of them upon the deck of the Ann.

The Captain of this now distinguished wreck—being the only wreck out of ten or twelve from which a single man had been rescued—with a small remnant of other survivors, was yet within sight considerably to windward. Humanity again prompted the endeavour to add him to the number of saved; but the distance of his position, with its windward direction, and, above all, the closing in of the day,—for it was now nearly dark,—constituted such a series of untoward circumstances, as to render any additional attempt at once imprudent, and hopeless. Besides, there were others to be cared for, whose safety, notwithstanding the excitement of such an occasion, had strongly awakened the anxieties of their comrades on board the Ann. The voice of humanity, therefore, was now turned in favour of the brave little party who had so generously and so perseveringly hazarded their own lives for the preservation of others; so that the Captain

found himself painfully impelled, in justice to them, to command a cessation of their toil of mercy. And through the same gracious favour of Heaven, the last great risk of boarding their own ship was encountered not only without the loss of a single life, but even without the least personal injury to any individual among the noble-spirited adventurers!

Thus at a time, and under circumstances, when large and well-found ships were in imminent danger from the fierceness of the yet but partially subdued hurricane—eleven individuals were marvellously rescued from portions of floating wreck. They proved to be a part of the crew of the Africa, West Indiaman, of Liverpool; and all of them, it was singular, were taken up entirely naked, having, as if *swimming* under such extreme circumstances could have been expected to avail them, stripped themselves for the exertion!

The escape of a little boy, one of the number, was curious, and, considered with reference even to his fellow-adventurers, extraordinary. He was picked up out of a sort of wooden box—the light-section of the floating binnacle—in which he was found completely *encased*. In describing his marvellous adventure to some of the wondering youths of the Ann, he quaintly remarked, 'that when he

first found himself afloat in the place where he had stowed himself away, he found his *ship* rather deep in the water, on which he contrived, in order to lighten her, to throw overboard one of the compasses.' "But this," said he, "I found, had made her *lapsided*:—I therefore hove overboard the other compass, and then she rode like a duck upon the water." The seamen who rescued him having observed a half-hour glass grasped between his teeth, questioned him as to the meaning of it—"Why," said he, "it was to see how long I should live!" Poor thoughtless boy! Greatly is it to be feared that, of the merciful interposition of Providence in his wonderful preservation, he was totally unconscious; and greatly is it to be lamented how many marvellous escapes from death are experienced by poor reckless seamen, without a thought being realized of the hand by which they are rescued, or the duty which gratitude to Heaven involves with those who have experienced such great deliverances! Oh, that these adventurers 'who go down to the sea in ships, and do business in great waters—who see the works of the Lord, and his wonders in the deep—would praise the Lord for his goodness, and for his wonderful works to the children of men'! "Let them," as behoveth the recipients of such distinguished mercies,

"sacrifice the sacrifices of thanksgiving, and declare His works with rejoicing."

Another of the rescued seamen, the first mate, was picked up from a floating hencoop. As his preservers were anxiously seizing him to haul him into the boat, to their surprise, he hung tenaciously back, resisting, for several moments, their strongest efforts: their attempt indeed did not succeed till the object of their solicitude had deliberately untied from a rib of the hencoop an old silver watch, of very little value, which he had there secured, when every article of clothing was cast off, and the rest of his little property freely abandoned!

On the arrival of the Ann in England, the successful gallantry of her crew, in this remarkable effort of humanity, excited deserved attention. At once to commemorate so remarkable a circumstance, and to distinguish the more immediate adventurers in the act of humanity, a special and handsome gold medal—under the direction, I believe, of the Humane Society—was struck. A specimen of this medal I have seen: it is larger than an English crown. On one side is a device,—the hull of a ship in a storm, with a little boat tossed by tumultuous waves proceeding to its relief—surrounded by this inscription,